

THE
WORKES OF THE
Famous, and vvorthie Knight,
-SIR DAVID LINDESAY
OF THE MOVNT,
alias Lion, King of
ARMBES.

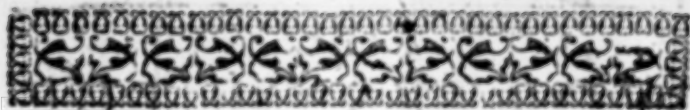
Truelie corrected, and vindicated from the former
Errours, and now justly printed according to the
Author's true Copie; with sundrie thinges
adjoynd here-vnto agayne, which
absurditie were omitted in the
Impressions printed
here-to-fore.

IOB VII.

*Militia est vita Hominis super Terram,
Vivet etiam post funera virtus.*

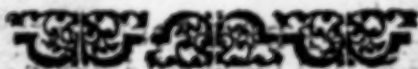


ABERDENE,
Imprinted by Edward Raban, for
David Melvill. 1528.



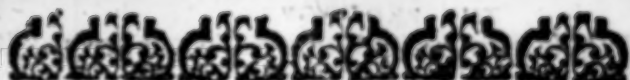
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Vol. 1. of the Works of the Learned and Pious
Man, James Watson, Bishop of Glasgow.

1681. Printed by J. M. W.



THE PROLOGUE.

Mising, and marveling, on the Pliserie,
From day to day in Earth which doth us
And of each State the instabilitie, (create:
Proceeding of the restlesse Businesse:
Wheron the most part doe their Wends addresse,
Inordinatelle on hungrie Cobetyce,
Wayne-gloze, Deceyt, and other sensuall Wyce,

But, tambling in my Bed I might not lye;
Wherefore I went sooth, in a May Morning,
Comfort to get of my Melancholie,
Some-what before fresh Phœbus up-ryng:
Where I might heare the Birdes sweetlie sing.
Into a Parke I past, for my Pleasure,
Decored well, by Craft of Dame Nature.

How I receiued Comfort naturall,
For to descrybe at length, it were too long:
Smelling the wholsome Herbes Medicinall,
Wheron the dulce and balmie Dew downe hang,
Like Orient Pearles upon the Twilles hang,
O how that the Aromaticke Odoures,
Did procede from the tender fragrant flowres.

O how Phœbus, that King Ethereall,
Swiftlie sprang by, into the Orient;
Ascending in his Throne Imperiall:
Whose bright and Bozeall Beames resplendent,
Illuminate all into the Occident,
Comforting euerie corporall Creature,
Which formed were in Earth, by Dame Nature.

Whose donke impurpur'd Vestment nocturnall,
 With his embroydzed Mantle matutine,
 He left into his Region Aurora all;
 Which on him wayted. when he did declyne
 Towardes his Occident Pallace Wespertine:
 And rose in Habite gay, and glorious,
 Brighter than Golde, and Stones precious.

But Cynthia, the horned Nightes Queene,
 She lost her Light, and led a lower Rayle,
 When once her soveraign Lord that she had seene,
 And in his presence waxed darke, and pale;
 And over her Visage cast a mistie Veile.
 So did Venus, the Goddesse amorous,
 With Iupiter, Mars, and Mercurius.

Right so the olde intericate Saturne,
 Perceiuing Phœbus powze his Beames bright
 Aboue the Earth: then made he no Sojourn,
 But suddenlie did lose his borrowed Light,
 Which he durst neuer show, but in the Night.
 The Pole Arcticke, Vrses, and Starres all,
 Which situate are in the Septentrionall.

To erring Ships, which are without all Guide,
 Conuoying them vpon the stormie Night:
 Within their frostie Circle did them hide,
 How-be-it that Starres haue no other light,
 But the reflexe of Phœbus Beames bright.
 That day durst none into the Heavens appeare,
 Till hee had circuite all our Hemisphere.

As I thought it was a Sight Celestiall,
 To see Phœbus so Angell-like ascends,
 Into his sterie Chariot triumphall,
 Whose Beautie bright I could not comprehend.

THE PROLOGVE,

All care of worldly thinges did from mee wende,
 When fresh Flora spred forth her Tapestrie,
 Wrought by Dame Nature, quaint and curiously,
 Paynted with manie hundred heauenly hews,
 Glad of the rising of that Ropall Roy;
 With Blomes breaking on the tender Bewes,
 Which did provoke myne Heart to naturall Joy.
 Neptune that day, and Eolus, helde them coy,
 That Pen on farr might heare the Windes sound,
 Whose noyse did to the Starrie Heauen rebound.

The pleasant Powne punzeing his sethreim sayre,
 The mirthfull Maveis made great Melodie:
 The lustie Larke ascended in the Ayre,
 Rumbzing her naturall Notes craftilie.
 The gay Golde-Spinke, the Merle, right merrilie:
 The noyse of the Noble Nightringales,
 Redounded thzogh the Fountans, Fedes & Dales

Contemplating this Mirthfull Harmonie,
 How euerie Birde drest them, soz to aduance,
 To salute Nature with their Melodie,
 That I stood gazing, almost in a Trance,
 To heare them make their naturall Obseruance,
 So Ropallie, that all the Notches rang,
 Through Repercussion of their Sugred Song.

I lose my Tyme, alace! soz to rehearse
 Such vnfruitfull and vayne Description,
 Of Writ, into my rurall ragged Verse,
 Matter without Edification:
 Considering how that myne Intention,
 Beene to deploze the Mortall Miseries,
 With continuall careful Calamities.

THE PROLOGVE.

Consisting in this wretched Vale of Sorrow,
But sad Sentence should haue a sad indyte,
So Tearmes bright I list not soz to borrow,
Of mourning matter Men haue no delite.
With rousie tearmes therefore I will now write,
With sorrowfull sighs ascending frō the Splaine,
And bitter teares, distilling from myne eene.

Without anie bayne invocation,
To Minerva, oz to Melpomene:
Noz yet will I make Supplication,
For helpe to Clio, oz to Calliope:
Such marr'd Muses may make me no supplie,
Proserpine I refuse, and Apollo,
And right so Euterpe, Iupiter, and Iuno.

Which beane to pleasant Poets comforting,
Wherefoze, because I am not one of tho,
I doe desire of them no supporting:
For I did neuer sleepe in Pernaſso,
As did the Poets of long tyme agoe:
And speciallie, the oynate Ennius;
Noz ozanke I neuer with Hesiodus.

Of Greece, the perfect Poet Soberaigne,
Of Helicon, the source of Eloquence,
Of that mellifluous famous fresh Fountayne,
Wherefoze to them I ought no reverence.
I purpose not to make obedience,
To misant Muses, oz Mahometrie,
Before-tyme vled into Poetrie.

Robing Rhamnusia, Goddess of Despise,
Might bee to mee a Muse right conuenable:
If I desir'd such helpe soz to indite,
This mourning matter mad and miserable,

I must goe seeke a Muse more comfoztable,
And such vayne superstition to refuse,
Beseeching the great G D D to bee my Muse.

By his wisdom al manner of things wer wrought,
The high Heavens, with all their Ornamentes:
And without matter made all things of nought:
Vell in the mid Center of the Elements.
That heauenlic Muse to seek my whole intent is,
The which gaue sapience to King Salomon,
To David grace, and strength to strong Samson.

And of pöze Peter made a prudent Preacher,
And by the power of his Vertue,
Of cruell Paul hee made a cunning Teacher,
I must beseech right lowlie on my Knee,
His high super-excellent Majestie,
That with his heauenlic Sprite hee mee inspire,
To wryte nothing contrarie his desire.

Beseeching eke his Soberaigne Son IESU,
Which was conceived by the holie Sprite,
Incarnate of the purish'd Virgine true:
And into whom the Prophecie was compleat:
That Prince of pice, most humble & most sweete,
Which vnder Pilate suffred Passion
Upon the Crosse, for our Salvation.

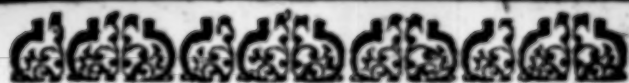
And by that cruell Death intollerable,
Lorde we were from the bonds of Beliall:
And more-ouer, it was so profitable,
That to this houre came never man, nor shall,
In the triumphant joy Emperiall,
Of Epse, although that they were never so good,
But by the Vertue of that precious Blood.

Wherefore, in stead of the Mount Pernaſſo,
 Swiftlie I ſhall goe ſeek my ſoberapgne:
 To Mount Calvarie the ſtraight way that I goe,
 To get a Taſte of that moſt freſh Fountayne:
 That ſource to ſeek, my Heart may not reſtrapne
 Of Helicon, which was both deepe and wyde,
 Which Longinus did graue into HIS hyde.

From that freſh Fountain ſprang a famous flood,
 Which redolent Riber through the Woode runs,
 As Chryſtall cleare, and mixed is with Blood:
 Whoſe ſound aboue the higheſt Heavens dinnes,
 All ſaythfull People purging from their ſinnes:
 Wherefore I ſhall beſeech HIS Excellence,
 To grant me Grace, Wiſdome, and Eloquence.

And bathe mee with the dulce and balmie ſtrands,
 Which on the Croſſe did ſperdilie out-ſpring,
 From HIS moſt tender ſeat, & heavenlie Hands:
 And grant mee Grace, to wyte or dyte no-thing,
 But to HIS high Honour, and Laude loding.
 Without HIS helpe there may no good be wrought
 To HIS pleaſure, good Works, Word, or Thought.

There-fore, O LORD, I pray Thy Maieſtie,
 As Thou bidſt ſhow Thy high Power Divine,
 Firſt playnlie into Cane of Galilie,
 Where Thou convertedſt Water into Wyne,
 Convey my Matter to a fruitful ſpyne,
 And ſave my ſayings, both from ſhame & ſin.
 Take heede; for now my Purpoſe I begin.



A DIALOGUE, Betvvixt *EXPERIENCE*, and a *COVRTEOVR*:

Of the miserable Estate of this World.

I nto that Parke, I saw appeare,
An aged Man, which drew mee neare,
Whose beard was well three quarters lang,
His hayze did over his shoulders hang,
The which as anie Snow was whyte,
Whom to beholde, I thought delight:
His Habite Angell-lyke of bew,
Of colour lyke the Saphyr blew.
Vnder an Holline he reposed,
Of whose presence I was rejoyced:
I did him salute reverentlie,
So did hee mee right courteously:
To sit downe hee requested mee,
Vnder the shadow of that Tree,
To save mee from the Sunne its heat,
Amongst the flowers soft and sweet,
For I was wearied with walking.
Then hee began to fall in talking:
I askt his Name with reverence.

E. I am, (sayde hee) Experience.

C. Then, Sir, (sayde I) you cannot sayle,
To giue a desolate Man Counsaile:
You doe appeare a Man of Fame,
And lth Experience is your Name,
I pray you. father venerable,
Giue mee some Counsell comfortable.

E. What beene (sayde hee) thy Clocation,
Making such Supplication?

C. I haue (sayde I) beene to this houre,
(Since I could ryde) a Courteour,
But now, Father, I thinke it best,
With your counsell, to liue in rest:
And from hence-foorth to take myne ease,
And quyetlie my God to please:
And renounce Curiositie,
Leaving the Court, and learne to die.

Oft haue I sayled ouer the Strandes,
And traueled through diuerse Landes:
Both South, and North, East, and West:
Yet can I never finde where Rest
Doeth make his Habitation,
Without your Supposition.

When I beleue to bee best easde,
Moste suddenlie I am displeasde.
From Trouble when I fastest flee,
Then finde I moste Auerfitie.
Show mee, I pray you heartfullie,
How I may liue moste pleasantlie;
To serue my God, of kinges King,
With I am tyde of Traveling:
And learne mee soz to bee content,
Of quyet Lyle, and sober Rent:
That I may thanke the King of Gloze,
As though I had a Pillion more.
With euerie Court beene variant,
Full of Envie, and inconstant;
Might I, without Griefe, liue in rest,
Now in myne Age, I thinke it best.

E. Thou

OF THE MONARCHIE.

11

E. Thou art a great foole. Sonne (sayde hee)
 That to desire, which may not bee:
 Longing to haue P^rerogatiue,
 Aboue all Creature on liue.
 Since ffather Adam create beene,
 Into the great Campe Damascene,
 Might no Man say vnto this houre,
 What euer hee found perfect Pleasure;
 For neuer shall, till that hee see
 God, in His Diuine Majestie.
 Wherefore, prepare thee for Trabell,
 With Man's Lyfe beene but Battell.
 All Men begin for to die,
 The Day of their Natiuitie:
 And iournallie they doe proceede,
 Till Atropus cut their fatall Threede:
 And in the short time that they haue,
 Betweene their Birth vnto their Graue,
 Thou seest what mutabilitie,
 What miserable Calamities.
 What Trouble, Trabell and Debate,
 Seest thou in euerie mortall State?
 Beginne at pooze low Creatures,
 Ascending then to Senatures,
 To great Princes and Potentates,
 Thou shalt not finde in no Estates,
 Since the beginning generallie,
 For in our tyme now speciallie,
 But tedious restlesse businesse,
 Withouften anie sickernesse.

C. Prudent ffather (said I) alas,
 You tell to mee a carefull case:

You

Thou say, that no man till this houre,
 Hath found in earth perfect pleasure:
 Without infortunate variance,
 Since wee beare thall to such mischance,
 Why doe we set our whole intents,
 On Riches, Dignitie, and Rentes?
 Sith in the Earth beere no man sure
 One day without trouble t'endure:
 And worst of all, when we least weene,
 The cruell death we must susteine.
 If I pour fatherhood durst demand,
 The cause I would faine vnderstand:
 And eke, father, I you employe,
 Shew mee some troubles gone before;
 That hearing others indigence,
 I may the more haue patience:
 Fellowes in tribulation,
 Beere wretches consolation.

E. (Said hee) After my small cunning,
 To thee I shall make answering:
 But orderly so; to beginne,
 This miserie proceeds of sinne:
 But it were long to be defined,
 How all men are to sinne inclined.
 When sinne abounpantly doth reigne,
 Justly GOD maketh punishing:
 Wherfoze great GOD into his handes,
 To daunt the world hath diuerse wandes.
 After our ebill condition,
 He makes on vs punition.
 With hunger, deatch, and indigence:
 Sometimes great p'agres and pestilence;

And

And sometimes with his bloody wand,
Through civill warre by sea and land
Concluding, All our miserie
Procedes of sinne alarmerlie.

C. Father, (said I) declare to mee,
The cause of this fragillitie,
That wee bee all to sinne inclin'd,
In worke and word, and in our minds,
I would the veritie were showane,
Who hath this seede amongst vs sowne:
And why we are condemn'd to dead,
And how that we may get remed.

E. (said he) The Scripture hath concluded,
Men from felicitie were denuded,
By Adam our Progenitour,
Sometime of Paradise Possessour,
By whose most wilfull Arrogance,
Was mankynde brought to this mischance,
When hee was disobedient,
In breaking GOD'S Commandement,
By sollicitation of his Wyfe,
Hee lost that Heavenlie pleasant lyfe,
Eating of the forbidden Tree,
There began all our miserie:
So Adam was cause radicall,
That wee are fragill sinners all:
Adam brought in this Nation,
Sinne, Death, and eke Damnation.
Who will say, That hee is no sinner,
CHAP. III. saveth, Hee is a great lyar.
Mankynde sprang from Adam's Loynes,
And toke of him flesh, blood, and Bones:

And so after his qualitie,
 Are all inclin'd Sinners to bee.
 But yet, my Sonne, despaire thou nought,
 For GOD that all the Worlde hath wrought,
 Hath made a Soberaigne remed,
 To saue vs both from Sinne and Dead,
 And from eternall damnation:
 Therefore take Consolation:
 For GOD, as Scripture doeth recorde,
 Having on Man misericorde,
 Sent downe His onlie Sonne JESU,
 Which lighted in a Virgine true,
 And clad his high Divinitie,
 With our poore vile Humanitie:
 Then from our Sinnes, to conclide,
 Hee wash't vs with his p'cious Blood:
 How bee-it thzough Adam wee must die,
 Thzough that L D R D wee shall rayled bee:
 And euerie Man Hee shall relieue,
 Which in His Blood doeth firme belieue,
 And bring vs all into His Gloze,
 The which thzough Adam beene forloze:
 Without that wee thzough lacke of Fayth,
 Of His God-head incurre the wzath:
 But who in CHRISIE firmelie belienes,
 Shall bee reliev'd from all mischienes.

C. What Fayth is it that you call firme?
 Sir, make mee vnderstand that Terme.

E. Fayth, without Hope, and Charitie,
 Availeth not, my Sonne (sayde hee.)

C. What Charitie is that would I know.

E. (sayde he) My Sonne, that shall I show:

First,

First, Love thy **G O D** aboute all thing,
 And thy Neighbour without feigning:
 Doe none Injurie, no; Villanie,
 But as thou wouldst wete done to thee.
 Quicke Fayth, without charitable workes,
 Can never bee (as wryte best Clarke)
 More than the fire intill his might,
 Can lacke the Heat, or Sunne lacke Light.
 If Charitie into thee sayles,
 Thy Fayth, no; Hope, nothing abayles.
 The Devill hath Fayth, and trembles for dread,
 But hee lackes Hope and Love indeede.
 Doe all the good that may bee wrought,
 Without Charitie abayles nought:
 Wherefore pray to the Trinitie,
 For to support thy Charitie.
 Now haue I shewne thee, as I can,
 How Father Adam the first Man,
 Brought in the World both Sinne and Dead,
 And how **CHRIST IESUS** made remed:
 Which in the great day of Iudgement,
 Shall vs deliver from Torment,
 And bring vs to his lasting Glore,
 Which shall endure for evermore:
 But in this World thou getst no rest,
 I make it to thee manifest:
 Therefore, my Sonne, bee diligent,
 And learne for to bee patient,
 And into **G O D** set all thy trust,
 All things shall then come for the best.

C. Rather, I thanke you heartlie,
 Of your Comfort and Companie,

And

The First Booke,
 And Heauenlie Consolation,
 Making you Supplication,
 If I durst put you to such pyne,
 That pee would please so; to despise,
 And make mee clearlie vnderstand,
 How Adam brake the **G O D S** Command,
 And how through his Transgression,
 Was punish't his Succession.

E. My Sonne, (sayde he) wouldst thou take cure,
 To looke on the Diuine Scripture,
 Into the Booke of Genesis,
 That Historie thou shalt not misse,
 And also sundrie cunning Clarks,
 Haue done rehearse into their warkes.
 Of Adam's fall, full ornatelie,
 A thousand tymes better than I
 Can wryte of that unhappie Man:
 But I shall doe the best I can,
 Shewilie to shew that carefull Case,
 With the support of **G O D S** Grace.

AN EXCLAMATION TO THE
 Reader, touching the wryting in vulgar
 and maternall Language.

Gentle Reader, haue at mee no despyte,
 Thinking that I presumptuously pretend,
 In vulgar Tongue so high matter to wryte,
 But where I misse, I pray thee to amende:
 To the vnlearn'd I would the cause were kend,
 Of our most miserable trauell and torment,
 And how in Earth no place is permanent.

How.

Of the Monarchie.

Howbeit that others be not cunning Clarke,
In Latine Tongue haue written sundrie Booke,
Our vniuersities know little of their works,
More than they doe the raving of the Rokes:
Wherefore, to Colliers, Carriers, and to Cokes,
To lackies and to men, my Ryme shall bee resorted,
With cunning speeche howbeit that it bee lacked.

Though euerie Common may not be a Clarke,
Yet hath no Laid, except their tongue maternall.
Why should of God y^e martirolous beauenly work
Bee hid from them? I thinke it not fraternall,
The Father of Heauen, who was and is eternall,
To Moses gave the Law on Mount Sinay,
Not into Greeke, nor Latine, as they say.

He wrote the Law in Tables hard of stone,
In their owne vulgar Language of Hebrew,
That the Children of Israel euerie one,
Might know the Law, and to the same enioyned.
Was bee done wrote in Latine, or in Grew,
It had to them bene a favourlesse Iell:
He may wel know, GOD wrought all for the well.

Aristotle, nor Plato: I heare saie,
Wrote not their Philosophie naturall,
In Dutch, nor Dence, nor Tongue Italian,
But in their most proper Tongue maternall.
Whole Fame and Name both reigne perpetuall.
Famous Virgil, the Prince of Poetrie,
Nor Cicero, the flower of Oratorie,

Wrote not in Chaldie Language, nor in Grew,
Nor yet into the Language Saracene,

Not in the naturall Language of Hebrew,
But in the Romane Tongue, as may bee seene:
Which was more proper Language, as I weene,
When Romanes reigned Dominators indeede,
The orinate Latine was their proper Leede.

In the meane tyme, whi that these bold Romans
Over all the World had the Dominion,
Made Latine Scholes, their Gloze for to aduance,
That their Language might bee oyer all common;
To that intent, by myne opinion,
Trusting, that their Emperre should aye endure,
But of Fortune allwayes they were not sure.

Of Languages the first diuersitie,
Was made by Gods Malediction,
When Babylon was builded in Chaldie:
Those Builders got none other affliction,
Beside the tyme of that punition,
Was but one Tongue, which Ads spake himselte,
Where now of tongues there be thre score & twelue.

Notwithstanding, I thinke it great pleasure,
Where running men haue Languages anew,
That in their youth, by diligent labour,
Haue learned Latine, Greeke, and Hebrew.
That I am not of that sort soe I rewe:
Wherefore I would all Bookes necessarye,
For our Faith were into our Tongues bulgare.

Christ, after His glorious Ascension,
To His Disciples sent his holie Sprite,
In Tongues of fire, to that intention,
That being of all Languages repleat,
Through all the World, with words salte & sweet,

To euerie man the fayth they should forth shew,
In their owne Land, delivering them the Law.

Therefore, I thinke a great verision,
To heare Annies, and Sisters, night and day,
Singing and saying Psalmes and Orison,
Not vnderstanding what they sing or say:
But lyke a Stirling, or a Poppingay,
Which learned are to speake by long blage,
Them I compare to Birds in a Cage,

Right to Childzen and Ladies of honours,
Pray in Latine, to them an vnconth Lede:
Humbling their Marine, Even-song, & their Hours,
Their Water noster, Ave, and their Creede.
It were as pleasant to their Spite indeede,
God, haue mercie on mee, so, to say thus,
As so, to say, Miserere mei Deus.

Saint Hierome in his proper Tongue Romane,
The Law of God truelie he did translate,
Out of Hebrew, and Greeke, Latine in plaine:
Which hath bene his stb vs longtyme (God wate)
Untill this tyme. But after my conceit,
Had Saint Hierome bene borne into Argyle,
In Yrish Tongue his Bookes had done compile.

Prudent Saint Paul doeth make narration,
Touching the diuers Languages of euerie Land:
Saying, There bene moze edification,
In fife wordes, which folke doe vnderstand,
Than to pronounce of wordes ten thousand,
In strange Language, & know not what it means:
I thinke such prattling is not worth two pence.

Unlearned people on the Holp-day,
 Solemnely they heare the Ewangell sung:
 Not knowing what the Priest doeth sing or say:
 But as a Bell, when that they heare it rung.
 Yet would the Priests in their mother Tongue,
 Passe to the Pulpet, and that doctrine declare,
 To Laicke people, it were more necessarie.

I would Prelates, and Doctors of the Law,
 With vs Laicke people were not discontent:
 Though we into our vulgar Tongue did know,
 Of CHRIS T I C H W S the Law & Testament:
 And how that we should keepe Commandement:
 But in our Language let vs pray and reade,
 Our Pater noster, Aye, and our Credo.

I would some Princes of great discretion,
 In vulgar language plainly cause translate,
 The needfull Lawes of this Region:
 Then would there not be halfe so great debate
 Amongst vs people of the low estate.
 If every man the veritie did know,
 Wee needes not to treat these men of Law.

To see our neighbour wrong we would beware,
 If we did feare the Lawes punishment:
 There would not be such bawling at the Barre:
 Nor men of Lawe claime to such ropall Kent.
 To keepe the Law if all men were content,
 And each man doe as hee would bee done to,
 The Judges would get little thing adoe.

The Prophet David, King of Israel,
 Composed the pleasant Psalmes of the Psalter,

In his owne proper Tongue, as I heare tell:
 And Salomon, which was his Sonne and Heire,
 Did make his bookes into his Tongue vulgar.
 Why should not their sayings bee to vs knowne,
 In our Language? I would the cause were knowne.

Let Dodoys write their curious questions,
 And Arguments; sowne full of Sophistrie:
 Their Logicke, and their high Opinions,
 Their darke judgements of Astronomie:
 Their Medicine, and their Philosophie:
 Let Poets show their glorious engine,
 As euer they please, in Greeke, or in Latine.

But let vs haue the Bookes necessarie,
 To Common-wealth, and our saluation,
 Iustlie translated in our Tongue vulgar:
 And eke I make thee supplication,
 O gentle Reader, haue none indignation,
 Thinking I meddle with so high matter,
 Now to my purpose so; ward will I fare.

The Creation of *Adam* and *Eue*.

When God had made y^e Heavens bright,
 The Sun & Moone so; to giue light.
 The Starrie-heaven & Chryselline,
 And by his Sapience diuine,
 The Planets and the Circles round,
 Whirling about with merrie sound:
 Of whom Phœbus was principall,
 Just in his Line Eccipticall:
 And gaue by Diuine Sapience,

To euerie Starre their influence :
 With motion continuall,
 Which both endure perpetuall.
 And farthest from the Heavens Empyre,
 The Earth, the Water, Aire, and Fyre.
 He clad the Earth with Herbs and Trees,
 All kinde of Fishes in the Seas.
 All kinde of Beastes he did prepare,
 With Fowles flying in the Aire.
 Thus by His word all thinges were wrought,
 Without materiall made of nought.
 So by His wisdom infinite,
 All was made pleasant and perfit.

¶ When Heaven and Earth, & their Contents
 Were ended, with their Ornamentes :
 Then last of all the Lord began,
 Of most vile Earth to make the Man :
 Not of the Lillie, nor of the Rose,
 Nor Cypre Tree, as I suppose.
 Neither of Golde nor Precious Stones :
 Of Earth hee made flesh, Blood, and Bones.
 To that intent God made him thus,
 That Man should not bee glorious :
 Nor in himselfe should nothing see,
 But matter of humilitie.
 When Man was made, as I haue tolde,
 God in his face did him beholde :
 Breathing in him a liuelie Sprite.
 When all these wordes were complext,
 He made Man to His similitude :
 Excelling into pulchritude :
 Doted with the gifts of Nature.

Above all Earthlie Creature.
Then pleasantlie did him convoy,
To a Region complext with ioy,
Of all pleasure which bare the price,
And called, Earthlie Paradiſe.
And brought by Divine providence,
All Beasts and Birds to his preſence,
Adam did craſtlye impoſe,
A ſpeciall name to everie one:
And to all thinges materiall,
A name hee gave in ſpeciall.
Now bee them named yet heere liende,
And ſhall bee to the Worlds ende.
Into that Garden of Pleaſance,
Two Trees grew moſt to advance,
Above all other which bare the price,
In middeſt of that Paradiſe:
The one was call'd the Tree of Life,
The other Tree began our ſtrife:
The Tree to know both good and evil,
Which by perſwaſion of the Devill,
Began our miſerie and woe:
But let us to our purpoſe goe,
How God gave Adam ſtraite command,
That Tree not to touch with his hand,
All other fruites of Paradiſe,
Hee bade him eate at his devyce:
Saying, If thou eate of this Tree,
With double Death then ſhalt thou die,
Therefore, I thee command, Beware,
And from this Tree thou ſtand aſſure,
Yet ſather Adam was alone,

Without companie of anie one.
 Then thought the Lord it necessarie,
 To create to him an helper.
 God put in Adam such sopor,
 That for to sleepe hee took pleasure:
 And laid him downe vpon the ground:
 Then when Adam was sleeping sound,
 Hee took a Rib forth of his side,
 Then filled it with flesh and blode;
 And made a Woman of that Bone,
 Fairer of forme was never none.
 Then to Adam incontinent,
 That faire Ladie hee did present:
 Which shortly she sayde, for to conclude,
 Thou art my flesh, my bones, and blood:
 And Virago hee call'd her then:
 Which is interprete, Made of Man.
 Which Eva afterwarde was named,
 When for her fault she was defamed,
 Then did the Lord them sanctifie,
 Saying, Increase and multiplie.
 By this, men should leaue all their kinne,
 And with their wiues make dwelling,
 And for their sake leaue father and Mother,
 And loue them best aboue all other.
 For GOD hath ordain'd them truly,
 To be two soules in one body.

¶ My wit is weake for to indite,
 Their heavenly pleasure infinite:
 Was never earthly Creature,
 Since that time, had perfect pleasure:
 They had puissance Imperiall.

Aboue all things materiall.
 And cunning Clarke doe conclude,
 Adam precelde in pulchritude:
 Most naturall, and the fairest man,
 That euer was since the world began.
 Except Christ Iesus, Gods owne Sonne,
 To whom was no comparison.
 And Eue the fairest creature,
 That euer was formed by nature.
 Though they were naked as they were made,
 No shame either of other had.
 What pleasure might a man haue more,
 For haue his Lady him before,
 So lusty, pleasant, and perfit,
 Ready to serue his appetite?
 They had none other care, I wisse,
 But pass their time with ioy and blisse:
 Wild Beasts did to them repaire,
 So did the fowles of the Aire,
 With noyse most Angelicall,
 Making them mirths Muscicall.
 The fishes swimming in the Strandes,
 Were wholly all at their commandes.
 All Creatures with one accord,
 Obeyed him as their Soueraigne Lord:
 They suffered neither heat nor cold,
 With every pleasure that they would:
 And to the death they were not thrall,
 And right so should wee haue bene all:
 For hee and all his Successors,
 Should haue possessed these pleasures.
 Then from that ioy materiall,

Gone to the gloze imperiall.
 They had, if I can right descriue,
 Great ioyes in all their wits syue:
 In hearing, seeing, tasting, smelling,
 Enduring that delightfome dwelling:
 Hearing the Birds harmonies,
 Tasting the fruits of diuerse trees,
 Smelling the balmie dulce odours,
 Which did proceede from fragrant flowers:
 Seeing so manie beauenlie brwes,
 Of blowmes breaking on the bewes.
 Of touching eke they had delgte,
 Of others bodies soft and whyte:
 Doubtlesse enduring that pleasure,
 They loved each other Paramour.
 No marbell though that so should bee,
 Considering this their great beantie.
 And God gaue them Command expresse,
 To multiplie, and to encrease:
 That their seede and succession,
 Might plenish euerle Pasion.

I list not tattle for to declare,
 All properties of that place preclare;
 How Herbs and Trees grew ever greene,
 And of the temperate Ayre serene:
 How fruits indelicient,
 Were alyke ripe and redolent:
 No of the fountayne, no of the floods,
 No of the flowers pulchritudes:
 What matter Clarke doe declare,
 Wherefoze of them I speake no more:
 The Scripture makes no mention,

How long they reign'd in that Region:
But I beleue the tyme was short,
As diuerse Doctors doe report.

Of the miserable Transgression of *Adam*.

After, how happened that mischance?
(Sayde I) shew mee the circumstance:
Declare to mee that carefull case,

How Adam lost that pleasant place,
From him and his succession,
How did proceede Transgression?

E. (Sayde hee) after my rude engine,
I shall rehearse thee that ruine.

¶ When God the Creator of all,
Into the Heauen imperiall,
Did create all the Angels bright,
Hee made an Angell most of might,
To whom He gaue preheminence,
Abooue them all in Sapience:
Because all others hee did preferre,
Named hee was bright Lucifer:
Hee was so pleasant and so faire,
He thought himselfe without compare,
And grew so gay and glorious,
Began to be presumptuous:
Hee thought that hee would set his seat,
Into the South, and make habite,
Contrare the Majestie diuine,
Which was the cause of his ruine:
For hee incurred Gods ire,
And banisht from the Heavens Empyre,

With Angels many a Legion,
Which were of his opinion,
Innumerable with him there fell,
Some lighted in the lowest Hell:

Some in the Sea did make repaire,
Some in the Earth, some in the Aire.

That most unhappie companie,
At father Adam had enbry:
Perceiuing Adam and his Deede,

Into their places to succede:
The Serpent was the subtillest,
Aboue all Beastes and craftiest.

Then Satban with a false intent,
Did enter into the Serpent,

Imagining some craftie wyle,
How hee might Adam best beguile,
And cause him breake Commandement.

But to the Woman first hee went,
Trusting the better to prebaile,
Full subtiltie did her assaile:

With sacund words, false and laire,
Hee grew with her familiar:

That hee his purpose might aduance,
Believing in her inconstance.

What beene the cause, Madame, (saide hee)
That yee so beare paine pleasant Tree,

Which beene piercelesse and precious,
Whose fruit beene most delicious?

I will (saide hee) thereto accord,
Which are forbidden by the Lord,

The which hath giuen vs libertie,
To eate of euery fruit and Tree,

Of the Monarchie.

Which growes into Paradise.
Because wee Command we are not wise,
Hee gave to vs a strait Command,
That Tree not to touch with our hand,
Eate wee of it, without remeade,
(She saide) Doubtlesse wee shall bee deade,
Belieue not that (saide the Serpent)
Eate you of it incontinent,
Repleat you shall bee with science,
And haue perfect intelligence,
Like God himselfe of ehill and good.
Then hastie, so; to concla
Hearing of this Perog
Shee pulled downe from the tree,
Through counsell of this false Serpent,
And ate of it incontinent,
And put her Husband in belietie,
That pleasant fruit if hee would please,
That hee should bee as sapient,
As the Great God Omnipotent.
I thinke you not that a pleasant thing,
That wee like God should euer ring,
Hee bearing this narration,
And by her sollicitation,
Moued by pridefull ambition,
Hee ate on that condition:
The principall points of this offence,
Was pride and inobedience:
Desiring so; to bee equal,
To God the Creator of all.

¶ Alace, Adam, why dost thou so
Why causedst thou this mortall woe?

Hast thou bene constant, firme, and stable,
Thy glorie had bene incomparable,
Where was thy consideration?
Who hadst the domination,
Of euerie living creature,
That God had foirmed by Nature,
To ble them at thine owne deuyse?
Wast thou not Prince of Paradyse?
Was never man since thou on line,
That God gaue such prerogative,
We gaue thee strength above Samson,
And sapience as in Salomon,
Young Abow was more most faire,
To thy beantie was he compare,
Aristotle thou dost excell,
Into Philosophie naturall;
Virgill into his Poetrie,
Not Cicero in his Oratorie,
Were never halfe so eloquent,
Why brak'st thou Gods Commandement?
Where was thy wit, that wouldest not flye,
Farre from the presence of that Tree?
Gave not thy Maker thee free-will,
To take the good and leane the ill?
How might thy sore fault be excused,
That Gods Commandement refused?
Through thy wylfull persuasion,
Which hath bene the occasion,
Since that time many noble men,
By the evill counsell of Women,
Have altogether destroyed bene,
As in the histories may bee seene:

Which now wee neede not to declare,
But to our purpose let vs fare.

¶ When they had eaten of the fruit,
Of Iop then were they destitute:
Then gan they both so; to thinke shame,
And to bee naked through desame,
And made them Bylesches of leaues greene,
That their Secrets should not be scene:
But in th estate of innocence,
They had no such experience:

But when to sinne they were subjected,
To shame and sinne they were coated:
And in a Bush they did them close,
Ashamed of the Lord's voyce,
Which called Adam by his name.

(Sayde hee) My Lord, I thinke great shame,
To come in Thy presence.

Thou hadst no such experience,

(Sayde God) when thou wast innocent,

Why brake thou My Commandment?

Alate! (sayde Adam) to the Lord,

The veritie I shall record,

This Woman that thou gaue to mee,

Causde mee eate of yon pleasant Tree.

Right so the Woman her excused,

And sayde, The Serpent mee abused.

Then to the Serpent God sayde thus,

O thou Deceiuer venomous,

Because the Woman thou beguilde,

From hence-foorth shalt thou bee exiled,

Cursed and waried shalt thou bee,

So shalt thy seede bee after thee:

Colt

Colde Earth shall bee thy frowd also,
 And creeping on thy brest shalt goe;
 And I shall put Enimities,
 Betweene the Woman euer, and thee:
 Betweene thy seede, and Womans Seed,
 Shall bee continuall mortall feede.
 Howbeit thou hast wrought their mischieues,
 It shall not bee as thou desirest:
 Such Seed shall bee in Woman sowne,
 That thy power shall bee downe thy owne,
 Treading thine Head, that thou mayst feele,
 And thou shalt treade Him on the Heele.
 This was his promise and meaning,
 That the immaculate Virgine,
 Should beare the Prince Omnipotent,
 Which should treade downe that false Serpent,
 Satan and all his Companie,
 And them confound all eternitie.

C. (Sapient 3) If Satan, Prince of Hell,
 Spake in the Serpent, as you tell,
 And Beasts can no way liue at all,
 Why was the Serpent made so thall?
 I heare Men say, before that houre,
 The Serpent had a sayre figure;
 And went vp straight vpon its feete,
 And had its members all compleat,
 As other Beasts vpon the Bent.

E. (Sapient 11) For hee was instrument,
 To Satan in his miserie:
 Punisht hee was, as you may see.
 As by Experience thou mayst know,
 Expresses into the common Law:

A man conbid of Bougerie,
 The Beast is burnt as well as bee,
 How-bee-it the Beast bee innocent,
 And so befell of this Serpent,
 It was the fiendfull of despites,
 Of Adam's fall which had the toyle
 As bee hath bad of maintenance,
 But to our purpose let us goe,

¶ Then to the Woman, for her offence,
 God did pronounce this lofe sentence:
 All pleasure that thou hast deforow,
 Shall changed bee in lasting sorrow,
 Where that thou shouldest with mirth and ioy,
 Haue borne thy Birth withoutten noy,
 Now all thy Chilozen thou shalt beare,
 With dolour and continuall care,
 And thou shalt bee for ought thou canst,
 Ever subiect vnto Man.
 By this sentence God did canclade,
 Women from libertie denude,
 When by experience we may see,
 When Queenes of most high degree,
 Are vnder most subjection,
 And suffers most correction,
 For they lyke Birds into a Cage,
 Are keeped aye vnder thirlage.
 So all Women in their degree,
 Should to their Men subiect bee.
 How-bee-it some pat will sturue for state,
 And for the matter make debate:
 Which if they lacke, both euen and more,
 Their Men will suffer mickle sorrow,

Of Eue they take that quality,
To desire **S**overaignty.

And then to Adam (said the Lord),
Because that thou hast done accord
Thy will, and hearkned to thy wyfe,
Now shalt thou lose this pleasant lyfe:
Thou wast to her obedient,
But thou brake my Commandement.
Curst and barren the Earth shall be,
Where ever thou goest, till that thou die,
But Thissell, Pettie, Briere, and Thorne,
Without labour shall beate no Cozne:
For thou gettest none other bield,
But eat the Verbs upon the field:
Soe labouring, till thy brows sweate,
From henceforth shalt thou win thy meate.
I made thee of the earth certaine,
And thou to Earth shalt turne againe.

¶ Then made hee them a bulliment,
Of Shinnes, and ragged rayment,
Them to preserve from heat and colde:
Then grew their dejection manifolde.
Now Adam, you are like to vs,
With your gay garments glorious.
To them these words said the Lord.
Then cried they both, **M**isericorde
When from that Earth with hearts sore,
Banisht they were for evermore
Into this wretched Vale of sorrow,
With dayly labour **E**ben and **M**ozro
After whose dolorous departing,
The Lord gaue **P**aradise in keeping.

Unto the Angell Cherubin,
That none should haue entrie therein.

At the which entresse hee did stand,
With flaming fiery sword in hand:

To keepe, that Adam and his wife,
Should not taste of the Tree of life:

For if they of the Tree had parted,
Perpetually they might haue liued.

So Adam, and his Succession,
Of Paradise lost possession.

And by his sinne originall,
Were men to misery made thall.

By sonne, now mayst thou clearly see,
This world began with misery.

With misery it doth procede,
Whose fine shall dolour bee and deade.

C. Father (said I) what kinde of life,
Led Adam, with his lustie wife,
After their bailfull banishing?

E. (Said hee) Continuall lamenting.
Mine heart hath yet compassion,

How they went wandring up and downe,
Weeping with many longe, Moe,

That they had lost that pleasant place,
In wilderness to bee exiled,

Where they found nought but Beasts wilde
Manasing, them for to deuore.

Which all obedient were before.
C. Father (said I) in what Countrey,

Did Adam live, after that hee
Was banished from that delite?

E. The Clarke (said hee) haue put in write,
C 2

How Adam dwelt with mickle baile,
 In Mamre, in that lustie Dale:
 Which after was the Iewish Land,
 Where yet his Sepulture doeth stand.
 I list not tarrise to descryue,
 The woe of Adam and his wyfe:
 For how that they had sonnes two,
 Kain and Abel, and nomoe:
 For how curst Kain for envie,
 Did slay his Brother cruellie:
 For of their mourning, noz of their moane,
 When they sornelesse were left alone.
 Abel lay flatte vpon the ground,
 Curst Kain seemde and bagabound:
 For how God of his speciall grace,
 Sent them the thirde sonne, saire of face:
 Most like Adam of flesh and blood:
 Sech was his name, gracious and good:
 For how blinde Lamech rachelesly,
 Did slay Kain unhappily.
 ¶ Adam, as Clarke doe destine,
 Begat with Eve his woefull line,
 Of men children thirtie and two,
 And of daughters alike also.
 Vpon this thou mayest well understand,
 That Adam saw many a thousand,
 That of his body he descend,
 Ere hee out of the world hee wend.
 Adam liued in Earth but weir dail,
 Compleet nine hundred and thirtie yeete:
 And all his dayes were but sorrow,
 Remembryng both Eden and Mayow.

Of Paradise the Prosperitie,
And then of his great Miserie;
His Heart might never be rejoyced:
Rememb'ring now the Heavens were closed,
From him, and his Succession,
And that by his Transgression.

„ * After his death, as I heere tell,
„ His Soule descended into Hell;
„ And there remayned Prisoner,
„ In that Dungeon three thousand yeere
„ And more. So did both Evil and Good;
„ Till CHRIST for them had shed HIS Blood,
„ Then, by that moste precious Ransome,
„ They were delivered out of Prison.

* This was
an Hero-
nious Op-
nion, hol-
den at that
tyme.

I haue declared now, as I can,
The Miserie of the first Man.

How GOD destroyed all living Creatures on the
Earth, for Sinne, by drowning them with a terrible
Flood, in the tyme of NOAH.

Pudent Father, EXPERIENCE,
Declare to mee, ere you goe hence,
What was the Cause GOD did destroy
All Creatures in the tyme of Noye?

Exp. Sayde hee. I tremble for to tell,
What Infortune, how it befell:
The Cause beeing so abominable,
And the Patter so miserable.
But, for to shew the Circumstance,
Manifestlie of that Mischance,
First, I must must make thee understand,
How Adam gave expresse Command,

To those that were of Seth's blood,
 Because they were gracious and good,
 Should not contract with Cain's kinne,
 Which were inclined all to sinne.
 To obserue that commandement,
 Cain past to the Dyent,
 With his wife, called Calmana:
 Which was his owne Sister allwa.
 Where his off-spring did long remaine,
 Hard by the Mountaine of Tarbane.
 And Seth did long time leade his life.
 With Delhora, his prudent wife:
 Which was his Sister, good and faire,
 In Damascene made their repaire.
 In that Countie of Seth's clan,
 Descended manie holie man.
 So long as Adam was liuand,
 The people did obserue command.
 When he was dead, and laide in Ground,
 All people greatlie did abound.
 And Cain slaine, as I haue sholene,
 And Seth's dayes all over-blowne.
 The sonnes then of Seth's blood,
 Seeing the pleasant pulchritude,
 Of the Ladies of Cain's kinne,
 Howbeit they knew well it was sinne:
 Opprest with sensuall lusts rage,
 Did take them into Marriages:
 And so corrupted was that Blood,
 The good with euill, and euill with good.
 When as the people did increase,
 They did abound in wickednesse,

Exp. I trust, sayde hee, that Wickednesse,
 Entred through sloathfull Idlenesse.
 The Deuill, with all the craft hee can,
 When he perceyues an ydle Man,
 O: Woman, giuen to Idlenesse,
 He getteth easilie entresse:
 And so, by this Occasion,
 And the fiend's perswasion,
 The whole Worlde, vniuersallie,
 Corrupted was allinterlie.

Court. What was the Cause they ydle were?
 That Cause, sayde I, to mee declare.

Exp. Sayde hee, By myne Imagination,
 For lacke of vertuous Occupation:
 For of Craftes they had small vsage,
 Of Merchandize, or Labourage.
 The Earth was then so plenteous,
 Of fruite and Svyce delicious:
 The Herbes were so comfortable,
 Delightsome, and medicinable:
 The Fountaynes fresh, and redolent;
 To labouring they toke little tent.
 All manner of Beastes, of their pleasure,
 Did multiplie without labour.

The tyme betwene Adam and Noy,
 To see the Earth, it was great joy:
 Planted with precious Trees of pyre:
 Foure famous Floues of Paradyse,
 Ran through the Earth, in sundrie partes,
 Spreading their Branches in all partes,
 The Weather was so sweet, and fine,
 They would not labour, to finde wyne.
 The fruite and Herbes were so good,

Of The Monarchie.

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They made no care for other good.
 And so the People took no cure,
 But past the time at their pleasure:
 Aye finding new Inventions,
 To fulfill their Intentions.
 And so the LORD Omnipotent,
 That he made Man, did him repent:
 And shewde vnto his Seruant Noy,
 That he would all the Worlde destroy,
 Except him-selfe, and his Penie.
 Alace! sayde Noe, when shall that bee?
 Then sayde the LORD, With that thou spiers,
 I shall prolong five score of yeares:
 Carrying vpon their Repentance,
 Ere I fulfill my last Sentence.
 In the meane time, fall thou to worke,
 Incontinent, and build an Arke.
 Which Noe began obedientlie,
 And wrought on it continuallie.
 And to the People daylie preached:
 To crye for Grace, bee to them teachd.
 And to them plapnlie did declare,
 That God his Rodde no more would spare:
 But on them he would worke vengeance.
 To Noe yet they gaue no Credence.
 And so they were uncounsellable,
 Doing their worst abominable:
 And took his preaching in despite,
 Aye following their foule Delight,
 More and more, till that dolefull Day,
 Which all the Worlde put in array.

Court. Father, you made mee vnderstand,

When Adam brake the Lords command:
 To augment his affliction,
 God gaue His malediction,
 Vnto the Earth, which was so fayre,
 That it should barren bee and bare,
 And without labour beare no Cozne,
 Nor fruit, but Thistle, Briere, and Thorne.
 Now say you, in the tyme of Noy,
 To see the Earth it was great joy,
 Planted with fruits good and fayre:
 The soth of this to mee declare.
 These sayings two, make mee consider,
 How you make them agree together.

Exp. God made that promise sickerlie,
 Howbeit it came not instantlie,
 (Sayde hee) as Clerks doe conclude:
 But after when the furious flood,
 Destroyde the Earth allinterlie:
 Then came that promise sickerlie,
 Even as God did giue command,
 Adam should not touch with his hand,
 Nor eate of the forbidden Tree,
 If hee did so, that hee should die:
 Howbeit hee died not but weire,
 After that day, nine hundred yere.
 Right so the Prophet Esaias,
 Speaking of Christ, the great Messias,
 Saying, The Chylde is to bee borne,
 To saue mankynde that is so lozne:
 As hee had beene borne instantlie,
 Yet was hee not borne becille,
 After that saying manie a yere,
 As in the Scripture thou mayst heare.

A thousand yeare, who reckons right,
Is as an houre into Gods sight.
Examplcs manie I might tell,
Where it not tedious for to dwell.

¶ To our purpose let vs proceede,
Showing the height, the length, and bzeede,
And quantitie of Noah's Arke,
Which was a right excellent warke,
Of Wyne-tree made, bound well about,
Layde over with Pitch within and out:
Ioynd full close with nayles strong,
And was thzee hundredeth Cubits long:
Fiftie in bzeadth, thirtie in height:
Thzee Chambers Ioynd well and wight:
And euerie Loft aboue another,
Without Ancho2, Gaze, or Ruther.
A right Cubite, as I heare tell,
Of measure now might bee an Ell.
In the midside a dooze there was,
For beaſts a full easie entresse.
This Arke which was both long and large,
Made in the bottome lyke a Barge,
Covered with boozds well aboue,
Holt lyke an house with set on roose:
Whose rigging was one Cubite bzead,
Wherein there was a window made.
Some say, well close with Chypſtall cleare,
Where-through the daylight might appeare.
This worke the more was to bee prayſed,
Because by God it was deuyſed.
The making of this Arke but weire,
Endured well an hundredeth yeare.

¶ When

¶ When Noe had ended this warke,
 God did him close within the Arke,
 With him his Wife and Sonnes three,
 With their Wyues, and no more menie.
 Of all the fowles of the Aire,
 Of euerie kinde entred one paire :
 Right so two Beasts of euerie kinde.
 For why? it was the Lord's murther,
 That Generation should not faile :
 Wherefore of female and of male,
 Of euerie kind were kepted two.
 But to rehearse mine heart is woe,
 The dolent lamentation,
 That tyme of euerie Nation :
 Saying, alas a thousand yse,
 When Wind, and Raine began to rse :
 The Rocks with reied began to rse,
 Then vglie Clouds did over-drye,
 And darkened so the Heavens bright,
 That Sunne no; Moone might shew no light :
 The terrible trembling of Earth-quake,
 Made Buildings bow, and Cities shake :
 The Thunder rent the Cloudes sable,
 With fearfull noise inevitable.
 The fire-flaughts flew over through the fells :
 Then was there not but shouts and pells.
 When they perceiv'd without remead,
 All Creatures to suffer deade :
 All fountains from the Earth by sprang,
 And from the Heaven the Raine downs dang,
 Fourtie daies and fourtie nights.
 Then ran the people to the heights.
 Some climbs on Hills, some climbs on Trees,

Come to the highest Mountaines fies:
 With moze terrour than I can tell:
 But all for nought, the floods downe fell:
 And Wynde did rout with such a reard,
 That euerie wight waried his weard:
 Crying, Alas, that they were bozne,
 Into that flood to bee forlozne.
 Men might make no helpe to their Wyues,
 For yet suppozt their Childezens lyes:
 The floods rose with such great mights,
 That they over-covered all the hights.
 They might no moze their lyes length,
 But swim'de so long as they had strength:
 And so with cries lamentable,
 Ended their lyes miserable.
 Aboue Mountaines that were most hie,
 Fiftie cubits did rylse the Sea.
 Men may imagine in their mynde,
 All Creatures in their kynde,
 Both Beasts and Fowls in the Aire,
 In their manner made meikle care.
 The fishes thought themselves beguilde,
 When they swim'de through the Woods wilde.
 The Whales tumbling amongst the trees,
 Wyld Beastes swimming in the Seas:
 Birds with manie a pigeons petw,
 Afraidle in the Aire they flew:
 So long as they had strength to lie,
 Then swattered downe into the Sea.
 Nothing on Earth was left on lyfe,
 Beastes, nor fowles. Man nor Wyfe:
 For whollie God did them destroy,

Except them in the Arke with Noy;
 The which lay floating on the flood,
 Waltring among the streames wood,
 With maule terrible affrayes,
 Remayned an hundred and fiftie Dapen,
 In great Languoz, and Heavynrile,
 Ere Winde or Rayne began to cease,
 Some tyme effectuallic praying;
 Some tyme the Beastes visiting.
 For by the Lord's Commandement,
 He made Provision sufficient.
 For Noe dwelt in the Arke, no doubt,
 A yeare complete, ere he came out.

Now, at more length, in holic scrpte,
 This dolefull hystorie borne in scrpte;
 And how that Noe gan to rejoyce,
 When Conduites of the Heaben did close,
 So that the Rayne no more descended,
 Nor yet the floods no more ascended.
 When he perceiv'd the Heavens cleare,
 He sent forth Raven Messengiers,
 Into the Ayre, for to spyre,
 If he sawe anyeountaynes dye.
 Some sayes, the Raven forth did remayne,
 And came not to the Arke agayne.
 Forth flieth the Dove, at Noe's command;
 And when she did perceine drye land,
 Of an Olive she brake a Branch,
 That Noe knew the flood did slanch;
 And there some more she did sojourne,
 But with the Branch she did returne;
 That Noe might clearlie understand,
 That sellon flood was decreasand.

Of the Monarchie.

And so it did; till at the last,
The Arke vpon the ground sticke fast,
On the top of a Mountayne hie,
In the Land of Armenie.
And, when Noe had done espye,
How that the Earth began to dzye,
Then threw hee downe the Doores all,
Andlosed them the which were thzall.
The Fowles fline south, into the Ayre:
And all the Beastes, by payze and payze,
Past south, to sake their Pasturages.
There were none, but eyght personages;
Noe, his thze Sonnes, and their Wyues,
On Earth, that were left with their lynes:
Whom God did blesse, and sanctispe;
Daping, Increase, and multiplge.
God wots, if Noe was blythe and glad,
When of that Prison hee was freed.

¶ When Noe had made his sacrifice,
Thanking God of His benefice:
Hee standing on mount Armenie,
Where hee the Countre might espie:
Hee may beliene his heart was soze,
Seeing the Earth, which was besoze
The flood, so pleasant and perfyte,
Which to beholde was great delyte:
That now was barren made and bare,
Besoze which fructuous was and sayze.
The pleasant Trees bearing fruits,
Where lying pull'd by by the rotes:
The wholsome Herbes, and fragrant flowres,
Had lost both vertus and coloures.

8 The first Booke,
The fieldes greene, and flowrist Meads,
Were spogled of their pleasant Meeds.
The Earth, which first was so fayre formed,
Was by that furious flood deformed.
Where some tyme were the pleasant Playnes,
Were steeple Canes, and high Mountaynes,
From sounding Rocks, great and gras,
The earth was walshen cleane away.

But Noe had greatest Displeasures,
Beholding the dead Creatures:
Which was a sight most lamentable;
Men, Women, Beastes, innumerable:
Seeing them lye vpon the Landes,
And some were floting on the Strandes,
Whales, and Monsters of the Seas,
Sticking on Stobbes, amongst the Trees.
And when the flood was decreasand,
They were left waltering on the Land.

Before the flood, during that space,
The Sea was all into one place.
Right so the Earth, as beene decayed,
In sundrie partes was not diuided:
As beene Europa, and Asia,
Diuided aye from Africa.
You see now diuerse famous Ples,
Standing from Land right manie myles.
All these great Ples, I vnderstand,
Were then equall with the firme Land.
There was no Sea Mediterrane,
But onelie the Great Ocean:
Which did not spreade such bulking Strandes,
As it doeth now, ouer throught the Landes.
Then, by the raging of that flood,

The Earth of vertue was denude:
 The which befoze was to be praysed,
 Whose beautie then was disagayned.
 Then was the malediction knowne,
 Which was by God to Adam shewne.
 I heare how Clarkis doe conclude,
 Enduring that most furious flood:
 With which the Earth was soze oppress:
 The wynde blew south of the South-west:
 As may be seene by Experience,
 How thzough the waters violence,
 The high mountaynes in eberie Airt.
 Are bare sozement the South-west part:
 As the mountaynes of Pyrenes,
 The Alpes and rockes in the Seas,
 Right so the rockes great and gray,
 Which standeth into Norroway.
 The highest hilles in eberie airt,
 And in Scotland soz the most part,
 Thzough waltring of that furious flood,
 The hilles of earth were made denude:
 Travelling men may consider best,
 The mountaynes bare next the South-west.

C. Declare (sayde I) ere you conclude,
 How long liv'd Noe after the flood.

E. (Sayde hee) in Genesis thou may'st heare,
 How that Noe was sixe hundred years,
 The tyme of that great punishment,
 And age to God obedient:
 And was the best of Seth's blood.
 And moze, hee lived after the flood,
 Thre hundred and fiftie yeares,

As bolle Scripture witnesse beares;
 And was ere he rendred the Spzite,
 Nine hundred, and fiftie yeares compleet.
 To show this Storie miserable,
 At length my wits are not able.
 And more, (my Sonne) as I suppose,
 It belongs not to our purpose:
 To show how Noah's sonnes three,
 Can to increase and multiplie:
 No: how that Noe planted the Vine,
 And dranke till hee was drunken fine:
 And slept with his members bare:
 And how Cham made for him no care,
 But laught to see his Father so,
 Howbeit his Brethren were right woe:
 No: how Noah but restriction,
 Gave Cham his malediction,
 And put him vnder serbitude,
 To Shem and Iaphet, that were good:
 No: how God made a Covenant,
 With Noe, To make no punishment:
 No: by no Flood the people drowned,
 In signe of that condiction,
 His Rayne-bow set into the Ayre,
 Of diuerse heauenlie coloures fayre,
 For to bee a perpetuall signe,
 By flood to sende no punishing.
 This Storie if thou list to know,
 At length the BIBLE shall thee show.

The end of the first Booke, of
 the Monarchie.

THE SECOND BOOKE,

Contayning the building of *Babylon*, by *Nimrod*:
and, How King *Ninus* began the first *Monarchie*
of their *Idolatrie*: and, How *Queene Semiramis*
governed the *Empyre*, after her Husband, King
Ninus.

Ifther, I pray you to mee tell,
The first Infortune that befell,
Immediatlie after the flood?
And who did first shed guiltlesse Blood?
And how *Idolatrie* began?

Exp. Sayde hee, I shall doe as I can.

After the flood I finde no *Storie*,
Worthie to put in *Pemorie*:
Till *Nimrod* did begin to reigne,
Aboue the People, as a King:
Which was the principall Pan, of one,
That Builder was of *Babylon*.

Courr. That *Storie*, *Passer*, would I know,
Sayde I, if thou the *Soth* wouldst know,
Whyp, and so; what Occasion,
They builded such a strong *Dungeon*?

Then sayde to mee *Experience*,
I shall declare, with diligence,
These Questions, at thy Command:
But, first, *Honne*, thou must understand,
Of *Nimrod* the *Genealogie*,
His *Strength*, *Cowrage*, and *Quantitie*:
How-be-it *Moses*, in his first Booke,
That *Storie* lightlie doeth ober-loke:

(2. of 30.)

52. The Second Booke,
Of him no more hee doeth declare,
Except hee was a strong Hunter.
But other Clarke's curious,
As Orose doeth, and Iosephus,
Describ'es Nimrod at more length,
Both of his stature and his strength.

This Nimrod was the fourth person,
From Noe, by line descending downe.
Noe begat Cham, Cham begat Chus,
And Chus, Nimrod, the soth borne thus.
This Nimrod grew a man of might,
That tyme on Earth was none so wight:
Hee was a Gyant stout and strong,
Perforce wyld beasts hee downe-throng.

The people of that Region,
Came vnder his dominion.

No man there was in all that Land,
His valwardnesse that durst gaignstand.

No marvell was though hee was wight,
Ten cubites large hee was of hight:

Proportionate of length and bread,
Conforme vnto his height wee reade.

Hee grew so great and glorious,
So pꝛdefull and pꝛsumptuous,
That hee came inobedient;

To the great God omnipotent.

This Nimrod was the principall man,
That first Idolatrie began.

Then caus'd hee all the people call,

To his pꝛesence, both great and small:

And in that great convention,

Did propose his institution:

My friends (sayde hee) I make it knowne,

The great vengeance that God hath shewne,
 In tyme of our fore-father Noy,
 When hee did all the world destroy,
 And drownde them in a furious flode:
 Wherefore, I thinke, we should conclude,
 How we may make a strong defence,
 Against the waters violence,
 For to resist his furious eye,
 Contrary both to flood and fire.
 Let vs goe spye some pleasant felde,
 Where a strong Building we may bield:
 A Citie with a strong Dungeon,
 That no engyne may beate it downe:
 So high, so thicke, so large, so long,
 That God to vs shall doe no wrong,
 It shall surmount the Planets seaven,
 That we from God may win the Heauen.
 These people with a firme intent,
 All to his counsell did consent.
 And did espye a pleasant place,
 Ward on the flood of Euphrates,
 The people then did there repare,
 Into the plaine felde of Shinar:
 Which now of Chaldie beares the name,
 Which did long tyme flourish in same.

That great Portresse then did they found,
 And searcht it till they got (as ground)
 And sell to worke both Man and Chylde,
 Some found out Clay, some burnt the Tyld,
 Nimrod, that curious Champion,
 Debyler was of that Dungeon.
 Nothing they spared their labours,

Like busse Was vpon the flowz:
 O; Emmets traueiling into Iunc.
 Some vnder wought, and some aboue,
 With strong engenious Passonry,
 Upward that Worke did soztisy.
 With burnt Tyle-Tones large and wight,
 That Towze they raised to such hight,
 Aboue the Aires Region,
 And ioined of so strong fashion.
 With Spimont made of Picke and Tarre,
 They used no other Morter.
 Though fire and water it assailed,
 Contrare that Dungeon nought abailed.
 The Land about was faire and plaine,
 And it rose like an high Mountaine.
 Those folish people did intende,
 That to the Heavens it should ascende.
 So great a strength was never sene,
 Into the world with mens ene:
 And the walles of that Worke they made,
 Two and fiftie fathome bread.
 One fathome then, as some men sayes,
 Might be two fathomes in our dayes.
 One man was then of moze stature,
 Than two are now, of that be sure.
 ¶ Iosephus holdes opinion,
 Saying the height of that Dungeon,
 Of large paces of measure beane,
 Five thousand, eight score, and fourtene.
 By this reckoning it is full right,
 Five miles and an halfe in hight.
 A thousand pace take for a myle,
 And thou shalt finde it heare that Tyle

This Towre in compasse round about,
 Were myles ten, withoutten doubt:
 About the City of Stages,
 Foure hundred and fourescore, I wis.
 And by this number in compasse,
 About threescore of myles it was.
 And as Orosius reports,
 There was five score of Brasen Portes.

The Translator of Orosius,
 Into his Chronicle writes thus:
 That when the Sunne is at the hight,
 At none, when it doth shine most bright:
 The shadow of that hideous strength,
 Sixe myles and more it is of length.
 Thus may you iudge into your thought,
 If Babylon bee high or nought.

How GOD made the diversitie of Languages,
 and made impediment to the building of Babylon.

Then the Great GOD Omnipotent,
 To whom all thinges beene present,
 That was, and is, and ever shall bee,
 Are present to His Majestie.

The verie Secrets of Man's Heart,
 From His Presence may not depart.

Wee seeing the Ambition,
 And the p:presumpt: Presumption,
 How those p:bloud People did pretende,
 Up through the Heavens to ascende,
 Which was great follie to devyle,
 Such a presumptuous Enterpryse,
 For when they were moste diligent,

When they were moste diligent,

The Second Booke,
God made them such impediment,
They were constrainde with hearts soze,
From thence to goe, and bulde no more.
Such Language on them he laide,
That none knew what another saide,
Where was but one Language before,
God sent them Languages thir score.
At that tyme all did speake Hebrew,
Then some began so; to speake Grew,
Some did speake Dutch, some Saraline,
And some began to speake Larine,
The matter men were almost wyld,
Crying so; Treas, they brought them Tyld.
Some said, Bring Morter here at once,
Then brought they to them flacks and stones.
Then Nimrod their great Champion,
Ran raging like a wyldc Lyon:
Threatning them with words most rude,
But neuer a word they understood.
Before they found him god and kynde,
But then they thought him by his mynde.
When he so furiously did fyre,
Then turnde his pride into despyre.
Full darke etysped was his gloze,
When they mynde wo;ke so; him no more.

Beholde how God was gracious,
To them which were outrageous,
He neither brake their Legges nor Armes,
Nor did to them none other harmes:
Except of Tongues diuision,
And so; finall conclusion,
Constrainde they were so; to depart,
Each Companie in a sundry act.

Some past into the Orient,
 And some into the Occident.
 Some South, some North, as they thought best,
 And so their policie lest waste,
 But how that Citie was repaired,
 Hereafter it shall be declared.

Of the first invention of Idolatrie: How Nimrod
 compelled the People to adore the Fyre in *Chaldea*.

NOW, Sir, (saide I) shew mee the man,
 Which first Idolatrie began.

E. That shall I doe with all myne heart:
 My sonne (saide he) ere we depart,
 When Nimrod saw his purpose failed,
 And his great labour nought aduailed,
 In manner of contemptiō,
 Departed south of that Region.
 And as Orolius doth rehearse,
 He past into the Land of Perse:
 And many a yere did there remaine;
 And then to Babylon came againe;
 And found hudge people of Chaldie,
 Remaining in that great Citie:
 That were glad of his returning,
 And did obey him as their King.
 Nimrod his name so; to aduance,
 Among them made new ordinance,
 Saying, I thinke you are not wise,
 That to no God make sacrifice.

Then to fulfill his false desire,
 He caused be made a flaming fire:
 And made it of such breedth and hight,

Hee caused it burne both day and night.

Then all the people of that Land,

Adoꝛbe the fire at his command:

Prostrate on knees, and on faces,

Beseecching their new god of graces,

To giue them moze occasion,

Hee made them great perswasion.

This god (said hee) is most of might,

Shewing his beames on the night:

When Sunne and Moone are both obscure,

His heavenly brightnesse both indure.

When mans members suffer colde,

Fire warmeth them even as they would.

Then cryde the people at his desire,

There is no God except the fire.

Ere there was any Imagerie,

Began this first Idolatrie:

At that tyme there was no vsage,

To carue, or soꝛ to paint Image.

Then made hee proclamation,

Who made not adozation,

To that new god, without remead,

Into that fire shoulde suffer dead.

I finde noe man into that Land,

His tyranny that durst gainstand:

But Abram and Aram his Brother,

That disobeyed, I finde none other:

Which dwelling were in that Countrey,

With their father, called Tharie.

These Brethren Nimrod did repressue:

Saying to him, Loꝛd by your leue,

This fire is but an Element,

Pray you to God Omnipotent,

Which made the Heavens by his might, of the
Sunne, Moone, and Starres, for to giue light.
Hee made the fishes in the Seas,

The Earth with Beasts, Herbs and Trees;
And last of all, for to conclude,
Hee made Man to his Similitude.

To that great God giue praise and gloze,
Whose Reigne indures for euermore.

Then Nimrod in his furious yre,
These Brethren both cast in the fyre.

Abram by God hee was preserved,
But Aram in the fyre hee sterued.

When Thare heard his sonne was dead,
Hee did depart out of that dead,

With Abram, Nachor, and their Wines,
As the Scripture at length describes:

And left the Land of Chaldea,
And past to Mesopotamia:

And dwelt in Tharam all his dayes,
And died there, as the story sayes.

The lyfe of Abram, I suppose,
Nothing belongs to our purpose.

Into the Bible thou mayest roade;
His vertuous lyfe in word and deede.

Now to thee I haue showane the span,
That first Idolatry began.

Of the great miseries and skales that cometh of
WARRES; And how King NINVS beganne the
first WARRES, and Brake the first Battell.

After, I pray you with mine heart,
Declare to mee ere wee depart,

Who first began those mortall Warres,
 Which euerie faithfull heart so sharrs;
 And euerie Policie downe throwes,
 Cryeselle against the Lord's Lawes.
 Since Christ our King Omnipotent,
 Left peace into his Testament,
 How doth proceed this crueltie,
 Against Justice and Equitie?
 In Land where ever Warres haue bene,
 Great miserie there may bee sene.
 All thinges on Earth that God hath wrought,
 Warres doe destroy and bring to nought.
 Cities, with manie strong Dungeon,
 Are burnt, and the earth throwne downe:
 Virgines and Matrones are defozed:
 Temples that richlie were decozed,
 Are burnt, and all their Priests spoylde:
 Poore Orphanes vnder scete are foyle.
 Manie olde Men made Childzenlesse,
 And manie Children fatherlesse.
 Of famous Scholes the Doctrine,
 Both Naturall Science and Diuine:
 And euerie vertue troden downe,
 No reuerence done to Religion;
 Strengthes destroyed allutterlie,
 Faire Ladies forced shamefullie:
 Young Widowes spoyled of their Spouses,
 Poore Labourers vnderen from their houses:
 Where dare no Merchant take in hand,
 No travell epyther by Sea or Land,
 For Butchers that doe them confound:
 Some murdered beens, and some are downe de.
 And Craftesmen of good engine,

Of the Monarchie.

Are altogether brought to rayne.
The Bestiall rest, the Commons slaine,
The Land without labouring doth remaine,
Of Policie the perfect works,
Buildings, Gardens, pleasant Parks,
Hane altogether destroyed beene.
Great Oranges burnt there may be seene.
Riches is turn'de to Povertie,
And plentie into Penurie.
Death, Hunger, Dearth, it is well kende,
Of Warre this is the fatall ende.
Justice turned in Tyrannie,
All Pleasure in aduersitie,
The Warre alluterlie downe thzowes,
Both the Cibill and Common Lawes.
Warre geners further and Mischiefe,
Soze lamenting without reliefe.
Warre doth destroy Realmes and Kings,
Great Princes Warre to Prison brings.
Warre doth shed mickle guiltlesse blood.
Since I can say of Warre no good,
Declare to mee, Sir, if you can,
Who first this miserie began.

A short Description of the foure Monarchies And
how King Nim began his first Monarchie.

Of Warres (said hee) the great outrage,
Began into the second Age:
By cruell, Bywdfull, covetous Minges,
Reabers but right of others Wignes.
Potwell Cam befoze the flood,
Was first shedder of guiltlesse blood.

Ninus was first, and principall Man,
 That sinistrone Conquest began:
 And was the Man, withoutten faple,
 On Earth that strake the first Battayle:
 And first indented Imagerie,
 Where-through came great Apolatricie.

Wee must know, ere wee farther wende,
 Of whome King Ninus did descende.
 Ninus, if I can right desyne,
 Hee was from Noe the first, by Lpne:
 Noe begate Cham, Cham begate Chus;
 And Chus, Nimrod; Nimrod, Belus;
 And Belus Ninus, but liesing,
 Of Assyria the second King,
 And Builder of that great Citie,
 The which is called Ninivie:
 And was the first, and principall Man,
 Which the Monarchie began.

Court. Father, sayde I, declare to mee,
 What signifies a Monarchie?

E. The dooth, sayd he, sonne, if thou knew,
 Monarchie is a fearme of Grew;
 As when a Province principall,
 Had whole Power Emperiall,
 During their Dominations,
 Above all Kinges, and Nations.
 A Monarchie that Men doe call,
 Of whome I finde foure principall,
 Which hath reigne since the Worlde began.

Court. Then, sayde I, Father, if you can,
 Which foure are they? Show mee; I pray you.

E. My sonne, sayd he, that shall I show you
 First reigne the King of Assyrians:

Secondlie, reigne the Persians:
The Greekes thirddie with Sword, and Peere,
Perforce obtained the third Emppre.

The fourth Monarchie, as I heare,
The Romanes kepted manie a peare.

Let vs speake first of Ninus King,
How he began his conquesting.

The olde Greeke Historiaine,
Diodorus hee wrytes plaine,

At right great length of Ninus King,
Of his Emppre, and conquesting.

And of Semiramis his Wyfe,
That tyme the lustiest on lyfe.

It were too long to put in wyte,
Which Diodore doeth endyte,

But I shall shew as I suppose,
Which most belongs to our purpose.

When Nimrod Prince of Babylon,
Out of this wretched world was gone,

And his sonne Belus dead allwa,
The first King of Assyria,

This Ninus which was second King,
Triumphantly began to ring:

And was not pleased, nor content,
Of his owne Region nor Kent:

Thinking his gloze for to advance,
By his great people and puissance,

Through Pride, Cobetice, and vaine-Gloze,
Did him prepare to conquesse moze:

And gathered forth the great Armie,
Contrare Babylon and Chaldie.

Whereof hee had ardent desire.

To sojgne that Land to his Emppze,
Howbeit hee had thereto no right,
But by his tyranny and might.
Withouften feare of God oꝝ Man,
His conquessing hee thus began.

¶ His people beeing in arraye,
To Chaldea toke the ready way.
When that the Babylonians,
Together with the Chaldeans
Heard tell King Ninus was command,
Made Proclamation through the Land,
That each Man after his degree,
Should come and saue their owne Countrie:
Though that they had no vse of warre;
Without all feare they past forward:
And put them selues in good order,
To meete King Ninus on the Border.
In that tyme you may vnderstand,
There was no harnesse in the Land,
For to defende, noꝝ yet invade,
Whereby more slaughter there was made.
They fought through strength of their bodies.
With Coades of Iron, with Stones and Trees,
With sound of Horne and hideous cry,
They rushed together right rudely.
With hardy heart and strength of handes,
Till thousands lay dead on the Lands:
Where men in Battell naked beene,
Great slaughter sone there may bee seene,
They fought so long and cruelly,
And with vncertaine victorie:
So Man might iudge that stood on farre,
Who got the better oꝝ the war.

But when he did approach the night,
The Chaldeans they took the flight.
Then the King and his companie,
Were right glad of that victorie:
Because hee was the first Battaille,
That stricken was on earth but faile;
And peaceable of that Region,
Did take the whole Domintion:
Then was hee King of Chaldea,
As well as of Assyria:
As for the King of Arabie,
In his Conquest made him supplie.
Of this yet was hee not content,
But to the Realme of Mede hee went:
Where Farnus King of that Countrie,
Did meeete him with a great Armie.
But King Ninus the Battell wan,
Where slaine was many Noble Man,
And to that King would giue no grace,
But plainlie in a publicke place,
With his seven Sonnes and his Ladie,
Cruellie did them crucifie.
Of that triumph hee did reioyce:
Then forward to the field hee goes.
Then conquest hee Armenia,
Perse, Egypt, and Pamphilia,
Capadoce, Lyde, and Mauricane,
Caspia, Phrygia, and Hircane,
All Africa, and Asia,
Except Great Inde and Bactria,
Which hee did conquests afterward,
As you shall heere ere wee depart.

66 The Second Booke,
Now would I, ere we farther wende,
That his Idolatrie were kende.
Then after that without sojourn,
To our purpose we shall returne.

How King NINVS. invented the first Idolatrie,
or worshipping of Images.

NINVS an Image hee caused make,
For King Belus, his father's sake:
Most lyke his father of figure,
Of quantitie, and portraiture:
Of fine Golde was that figure made,
A craftie Crowne vpon his head:
With precious Stones, in tokening
His father Belus was a King.
In Babylon hee a Temple made,
Of craftie worke, both high and breade:
Wherein that Image gloriouslie,
Was Chozed by triumphantie.
Then Ninus gaue a strait command,
To all the people of that Land,
As well into Assyria,
As in Shinar and in Chaldea,
Vnder his Domination,
They should make adozation,
Vpon their knees to that figure,
Vnder the paine of sore-faulture.
There was no Lord in all that Land,
His sommonding that durst gaine-stand.
Then young and olde, both great and small,
To that Image they prayed all:
And chang'de his name, as I heare tell,
From Belus, to that great god Bell.

In that Temple hee did debyse,
 That Priests should make their Sacrifice.
 By consuetude then came a Law,
 None other God that they would know,
 Also hee gaue so that Image,
 Of Sanctuary the Priviledge.
 For whatsoever Transgressor,
 An homicide or Oppressor,
 Seeing that Image in the face,
 Of their guilt got the Kings grace.

C. Declare to mee, sweet Wy (said I)
 Was there no more Idolatrie,
 After that this false Idole Bell,
 Was Throned vp as you maie tell?

E. My sonne (said he) incontinent,
 These novels through the world went:
 How King Ninus, as I haue said,
 A curious Image hee had made:
 To the which all his Nation,
 Made devote adozation.
 Then every Countrey toke conceit;
 They would King Ninus counterfeit.
 When anie famous Man was dead,
 Set vp an Image in his head:
 Which they did honour from the Splene;
 As it Immozfall God had bene.
 Images some made for the nones,
 Of fine Golde, of Stones and Stones:
 Of Silver some, and of bone:
 With diuerse names to euerie one.
 For some they called Saturnus,
 Some Iupiter, some Neptunus:

And some they called Cupido,
 Their god of Love: and some Pluto.
 They called some Mercurius,
 And some the windie Eolus.
 Some Mars, made like a man of Warre,
 Enarmed well with Sword and Speare.
 Some Bacchus, and some Apollo,
 Of names they had an hundred and moe.

When anie Ladie of great fame
 Was dead, to exalt her name,
 An Image of a Portratur,
 Would set vp in an Oratour,
 The which they called their Goddesses,
 As Venus, Iuno, and Pallas:
 Some Ceres, Vesta, and Diana,
 Some Clio, some Proserpina,
 And some the Great Goddesses Minerve,
 With curious colours they would carue.
 Among the Poets you may see,
 Of false gods the Genealogie.

So these abominations,
 Did spreade throughout all Nations,
 Except good Abram, as we reade,
 Who honourde God in word and dede:
 For Abram had his beginning,
 Into the tyme of Ninus King.
 Ninus began with Tyrannie,
 And Abram with humilitie.
 Ninus beganne the first Emperre,
 Abram of warre had no desyre.
 Ninus began Idolatrie,
 Abram in Spirit and Vertue.

He prayed to the Lord alone,
 False Imagery he would haue none.
 Of him descended I heare tell,
 The twelue tribes of Israel.
 These people made adoration,
 With humble supplication,
 To him who was of Kings King,
 And Heauen and Earth made of nothing.
 Dead Images they helde at nought,
 Which were with mens hands wrought:
 But the Almighty God on lyne.

Pysonne, now haue I done describing,
 These questions at thy command,
 The which thou didst at mee demand.

C. What was the cause, why make me sure,
 Idolatrie did so long indure,
 Out through the World so generallie,
 And with the Gentiles speciallie?

E. (Said hee) Some causes principally,
 I finde in my memorials:
 first was through Princes commandement,
 Which did Idolatrie inuent:
 Then singular profite of the Priestes,
 Painters, Goldsmiths, Masons, Wrights,
 These men of Craft full curiously,
 Made Images so pleasantlie,
 And solde them to; a sumptuous price,
 So by their craftie perchaunce,
 They were made rich above measure.
 As for the Priestes I thee assure,
 They got practise into all Mannes,
 Through Sacrifice and Offerands.

And

And by their segined sanctitude,
 Abused manie a man of goode.
 As in the tyme of Daniell,
 The Priests of that Idole Bell,
 When Nobuchodonozor King,
 In Babylon highlie did reigne,
 The Priests the King made vnderstand,
 That Image made with mens hand,
 He was a glozious god of Lye,
 And also had prerogative:
 That by his great power diuine,
 Would eate Beefe, Putton, Bread and Wine:
 And so the King coulde euerie day,
 Besore Bell on his Altar lay,
 Fortie fatte Wedders, fresh and fine,
 And sixe great Robbours of wight: Wine:
 Twelue great Loanes of boulded Flowze,
 Which was all eaten in an houre.
 Not by that Image deafe and dumbe,
 But by the Priests all and some.
 As by the Bible thou mayst kenne,
 Whose number was threescore and tenne.
 They and their Wolues euerie day,
 Ate all that on the Altar lay.
 Then Daniell in conclusion,
 Shewde the King their abusion,
 And by their craft he made him sure,
 How vnderneath the Temple floze,
 Through a passage they came by night,
 And ate that meate by Candle-light:
 The King when he the matter knew,
 The Priests with all their Wyues hee slew,
 Thus subtiltie the King was yled,

And all the people were beguiled:

Opp' sonne (saide hee) now may you ken,
How by the Priests and Craftsmen,
And by their craftinesse, and care,
Idolatrie did so long endure.

¶ Behold how Iohn Boccacius,
Hath written woakes wonderous,
Of Gentiles superstition,
And of their great abusion:
And in his great Booke thou mayst see,
Of the false gods Genealogie.
Of Demogorgon in speciall,
Fore-grandfather to the gods all,
Honour'd among Arcadians,
And of the false Philistians:
With their great Deuillish god Dagon,
With other Idoles made one.
But I abhorre the truth to tell,
Of the Princes of Israel,
Chosen by God omnipotent,
How they brake his Commandement.
King Salomon, as the Scripture says,
Hee boasted in his latter dayes:
His wanton Wyues so; to please,
Hee cared not God so; to displease:
And did commit Idolatrie,
Wo;shipping carbed Imagines:
As Molech, god of Ammonites,
And Chemosh, god of Moabites,
Ashtaroch, god of Sydonians;
So so; his inobedience,
And soule abomination,

Was punisht his succession,
 His sonne Roboam, I heare tell,
 Lost the seauen Tribes of Israel
 For his fathers Idolatrie,
 As in the Scripture thou mayst see.

Of Images vsed among Christian Men.

Further, yet one thing I would spiere,
 Beholde in euerie Church and Quiere,
 Through Christendome in Burgh & Land
 Images made with man's hand:
 To whom are given diuerse names,
 Some Peter and Paul, some Iohn and Iames,
 Sainct Peter carbed with his Keyes,
 Sainct Michael with his Wings and Scales,
 Sainct Catherin with her Sword and Whele,
 An Wynde set vp hard by Sainct Geor,
 It were ober long for to descriue,
 Sainct Francis, with his wounds five,
 Sainct Rednall eke there may bee seene,
 Who on a picke hath both her eene,
 Sainct Paul well painted with a Sword,
 As hee would fight at the first word,
 Sainct Appollon on Altar stands,
 With all her teeth into her hands,
 Sainct Roch well leashed men may see,
 A Wyle new broken on his thie,
 Sainct Eloy hee doth steele stand,
 A new Wozle shoue into his hand,
 Sainct Ninian of a rotten Stocke,
 Sainct Ducho bo' de out of a Blocke,
 Sainct Andro with his Crosse in hand,
 Sainct George vpon a Wozle ryband,

Sainct

Saint Antone set vp with a Sow,
 Saint Bryde well carbed with a Cow,
 With costlie colours fine and faire.
 A thousand moze I might declare:
 As Saint Cosme and Damian,
 The Spouters Saint Crispinian.
 All these on Altars staetlie stand,
 Priests crying for their offerands:
 To whom wee Commons on our knees,
 Doe worship all these Imageries:
 In Church, in Quiere, and in the Closter,
 Praying to them our Pater noster.
 In Pilgrimage from Towne to Towne,
 With Offering and Adozation,
 To them are babling on our Knees,
 That they may helpe vs in our needes.
 What differs this, declare to mee,
 From the Gentiles Idolatrie?

E. If that bee true that thou reports,
 It goes right neare the selfe-same sorts:
 But wee, by Counsell of Clergie,
 Haue licence to make Imagerie:
 Which of vnlearned beene the Wories,
 For when the Laikes on them looke,
 It brings them to remembrance,
 Of Saincts liues the circumstance:
 How the Faith for to fortifie,
 They suffred paine right patientlie,
 Seeing the Image on the Rode,
 Men shoulde remember on the blode,
 Which Christ into his Passion,
 Did shedde for our Salvation.

O; when thou seest the Portraiture,
Of blessed Marie Virgine pure:
A pleasant Babe vpon her knee,
Then in thy minde remember thee,
The words which the Prophet saide,
How she should be both Mother and Maide:
But who that sits downe on their knees,
Praying to anie Imageries,
With Oration and Offerands,
Kneeling with Cap into their hands:
No difference beane (I say to thee)
From the Gentiles Idolatrie.
Right so of diuerse Nations,
I reade the abominations,
How Greekes made their deuotion haile,
To Mars, to saue them in Battaille.
To Iupiter some take their voyage,
To saue them from the stormes rage.
Some prayed to Venus from the wplaine,
That they their Lovers might obtaine.
And some to Iuno for riches,
Their Pilgrimage they would addresse.
So doeth our common populace,
Which were too long for to declare,
Their superstitious Pilgrimages,
To manie diuerse Images:
Some to Sainct Roch with diligence,
To saue them from the Pestilence.
For their Teeth to Sainct Apolline.
To Sainct Tredwell to mende their kine.
Some make Offerings to Sainct Eloy,
That hee their Horse may well conboy.
They runne when they haue Jewels tint;

To save Saine Syech ere ever they sint.
 And to Saine Germane to get remead,
 For maledies into their head.
 They bring mad men on sote and hoise,
 And binde them to Saine Mungoes Crosse,
 To Saine Barbara they cry full fast,
 To save them from the Thunder blast:
 For god nobels, as I heare tell,
 Some takes their way to Gabriel.
 Some wyues Saine Margare doth exhort,
 Into their Birth them to support,
 To Saine Anthone, to save theyr Sow,
 And to Saine Bryde for Calse and Cow:
 To Saine Sebestian they ran and ride,
 That from the Shot hee save their side.
 And some in hope to get theyr heale,
 Runnes to the olde Rode of Karreale:
 Howbeit these simple people rude,
 Thinke their intention to bee good:
 Woe bee to Priests, I say, for mee,
 Which shoud shew them the veritie.
 Prelates which haue of them the cure,
 Shall make answere, thereof bee sure,
 In the great day of Judgement,
 Where no time is for to repent:
 Where manifest Idolatrie,
 Shall punish be perpetuallie.

An Exclamation against Idolatrie.

Independent people, ignorant and blinde,
 By what Reason, Law, or Authoritie:
 Or what autentike Scripture can yee find,
 Law

Lawfull to commit Idolatrie?
Which is to bow your bodie, or your knee,
With devote humble adoration,
To anie Image made of Stone or Tree,
Giving to them Offering or oblation?

Why doe yee give the Honour, Laude, & Gloze,
Pertaining to God, who made all things of nought,
Who was, and is, and shall bee ever more,
To Images by mens hands wrought?
O foolish folke! why haue yee succour sought,
Of them that cannot helpe you in distresse?
Yet reasonable reholue into your thought,
In Stocke or Stone can bee no Holinesse.

In the Desert the People of Israel,
Moses remaining on the Mount Sinai
They made a molten Calf of fine Mettall,
Which they did honour as their God alway.
But when Moses descended, I heare say,
And did consider their Idolatrie,
Of that People three thousand coulde hee slay,
As the Scripture at length doth testifie.

Because the holie Prophet Daniel,
In Babylon Idolatrie repriebed:
And would not worship their false Idole Bell:
The whole people at him were so agriebed,
To that effect that hee should bee mischiebed;
Delivered him to ramping Lyons seaden:
But of that dangerous Den hee was reliebed,
Through Miracle of the great God of Headen.

Beholde how Nabuchodonozor King,
Into the Vale of Duran did prepare,

An Image of fine Golde, a marvellous thing,
 Threescore of Cubits high, and six in square:
 As moze clearlie the Scripture doth declare,
 To whom all people by proclamation,
 With bodies bow'de and on their knees bare,
 Right humble made their adozation.

A great wonder that day was seene also,
 How Nabuchodonozor in his ire,
 Tooke Sediach, Mesach and Abednago,
 Which would not bow their knee at his desire,
 To that Idole, caus'de cast them in the fire,
 For to bee burnt ere hee stir'd off that fire:
 When he believ'd they were burnt bone and lyre,
 Was not consum'de a small haire of their head.

The Angell of the Lord was with them seene,
 In that hote soynace passing by and downe:
 Into a rosie Earth as they had beene.
 No spot of fire distaining Coate nor Colours:
 Of victorie they did obtaine the Crowne,
 And were to them that made adozation,
 To that Idole, or bow'de their bodies downe,
 A witnessing of their damnation.

What was the cause, at me thou mayst demand,
 That Salomon vsed no Imagerye,
 In his triumphant Temple so to stand,
 Of Abraham, Isaac, Iacob, nor Iesse,
 Nor of Moses, their safeguard through the Sea,
 Nor of Josua their valiant Champion?
 Because God did command the contrarie,
 They should not be such superstition.

Beholde how the great God omnipotent,
 To p̄serue Israel from Idolatrie:
 Directed them a strait commandement,
 That they should make no graven Imageris,
 Nept̄her of golde, silver, stone, nor trees,
 Nor giue worship to anie similitude,
 Being in Heauen, in Earth, or in the Sea,
 But openlie to His soberaigne celsit̄ude.

The Prophet David playnlie did rep̄sente,
 Idolatrie to their confusion:
 In graven stocke, or stone, that did belieue,
 Declaring to them their great abusion:
 Speaking in manner of derision,
 How dead Idoles by mens hands wrought,
 Whom they honour'd with humble oration,
 Were in the Market daylie solde and bought.

The Debills seeing the ill condition,
 Of the Gentiles, and their vnfaithfulness:
 For to augment their superstition,
 In these Idols they made their entresse,
 And in them spake, as stozies doe expresse:
 Then men believ'de of them to get reliefe,
 Asking theyr helpe in all their businesse,
 But finally that turnde to their mischiefe.

Trust well, in them is no diuinitie,
 When with the roust their faire colour doth fade,
 Though they haue seete, one foot they cannot stee:
 Howbeit the Temple burne aboue their head,
 In them is neither friendship nor remead,
 In such figures what labour can you finde?

With mouth, eares & eyes though they be made,
All men may see they are dumbe, deafe, and blinde.

Howbeit they fall downe flatlings on the flore,
They haue no strength themselves to raise againe:
Though Kats doe ouer them run, they take no cure.
Howbeit they broke their neck, they feele no paine,
Whyp should men Psalmes to them sing, or saine:
Since growing Trees, that pearlie beares fruit,
Are moze to praise, I make it to thee plaine,
Than cutted Stocks, wanting both crop and roote.

OF EDINBURGH the great Idolatrie,
And manifest Abomination:
On their Feast-day all creature may see.
They beare an old stocke Image thzogh the Town,
With Taberne, Trumpet, Shalms, and Clarion:
Which hath beene bled manie yeares by gone.
With Priests and Friers into Procession,
Like vnto Bell carried through Babylon.

Thinke ye not shame, ye secular Priests & Friers,
To so great superstition to consent:
Idolaters ye haue beene many peeres,
Expresse against the Lords Commandement:
Wherefoze, Brethren, I counsell pou repent,
Giue no honour to carbed Stocke nor Stone:
Giue Laude and Gloze to God Omnipotent,
And praise Him aye, as wiselie wyttes Sainct Iohn.

Eye on you Friers, that vse still soz to preach!
And doe aduance sozward Idolatrie.
Why doe yee not the ignorant people teach,
How a dead Image, carbed of a Tree,
As it were holie should not honoured be,

No; boine on Burges buckes vp and downe:
 But yee shew plainly your Hypocrisie,
 When yee passe forrest in Procession.

Spe on pon, Fosterers of Idolatrie!
 What to dead Stockes does such reverence,
 In presence of the people publicklye,
 Feare yee not God to commit such offence?
 I counsell pou, to doe your diligence,
 To cause suppressse so great abusions:
 Doo ye not so, I dread your recompence,
 It shall be nought els but cleane confusion.

I Had Sainct Francis bin boyn out throghe Towne,
 Or Sainct Dominicke, though ye had refused,
 With them to haue past in Procession:
 In that case some would you haue excused,
 Now men may see how that ye haue abused,
 That Noble Towne, through your Hypocrisie:
 The people thinke that they may right well vse it,
 When ye passe with them into companie.

Some of you haue bene quiet Counsellours,
 Proboking Princes to sheede guiltlesse blood:
 Which neuer did your prudent Predecessours;
 But ye, like furious Pharesies, denude,
 Of Charitie, which rent Christ on the Rode,
 For Christs flocke, without malice or yre,
 Conuerted fragill sanitoys, I conclide,
 By Gods owne word, withoutten sword or fyre.

Reade ye not how that Christ hath giuen comand
 If thy brother doth ought thee to offende?
 Then secretly correct him hand for hand,
 In friendlike manner ere that thou farther wend,

If hee will not thee heare, then make it knowne,
 To one, or two, by true narration,
 If hee soz them will not his misse amend,
 Delate him to the Congregation.

And yet if hee remayneth obstinate,
 And to the holie Church incounselable:
 Then lyke a Turke holde him excommunicate,
 And with all saythfull folke abominable,
 Banishing him, that hee bee no more able,
 To dwell amongst the saythfull companie:
 When hee repents hee not vnmerciable,
 But him receiue agayne right tenderlie.

But our dumbe Doctors of Diuinitie,
 And pee of the last sound Religion,
 Of worse transgressours yee haue no pittie,
 But cryes to put them aye to confusion:
 As crude the sewes soz the effusion
 Of Christ's blood into their burning yre,
 Crucifige, so yee with an union,
 Doe cry, Cause cast the faulter in the fire.

Vnmercifull members of the Antichrist,
 Extolling your humane tradition,
 Contrare the institution of Christ:
 Feare yee not soz diuine punishment?
 Though some of you bee good of condition,
 Readie soz to receiue new recent wyne,
 I speake to you, all Boxes of perdition,
 Returne in tyme, ere yee runne to ruine.

As tyme the perberse Prophets of Baal,
 Which did consent to the idolatrie,

Of wicked Ahab King of Israel,
 Whose number were foure hundred and fiftie,
 Which honoured that Idole openlie:
 But when Elias did proue their abusion,
 He caused the people slay them cruellie,
 So in an houre came their confusion,

I pray you print in your remembrance,
 How the red Friars for their Idolatrie,
 In Scotland, England, Spaine, Italie, and France,
 Upon one day were punisht pittieously.
 Beholde, how your owne brethren now latelie,
 In England, Dutchland, Denmark, and Norroway,
 Are trodden downe with their hypocrisie,
 And as the Snow are vanisht quite away.

I marvell that our Bishops thinke no shame,
 To giue you Friars such preheminance,
 To vse their office to their great defame,
 Preaching for them in open audience.
 But might a Bishop augment his owne expence,
 For each Sermon ten Ducates in his hand:
 He would ere hee did lacke that recompence,
 Goe preach himselfe both into Burgh and Land.

I trust to see good reformation,
 When that wee get a saythfull prudent King:
 Which knowes the trueth, and his vocation,
 All Publicanes, I trust, hee will downe thring:
 And will not suffer in his Realme to reigne,
 Corrupted Scribes, nor false Pharisience,
 Agaynst the Trueth which playnlie doe maligne:
 Till that King come wee must take patience.

How fare-well friends, because I cannot syte,
 How-bee-it I could, yee must holde mee excused:
 Though I agaynst Idolatrie endyte,
 Of them despyte that will not yet refuse it.
 I pray to God, that it bee no more bled,
 Amongst the Rulers of this Region:
 That common people bee no more abused,
 But giue to Him gloze y haue the thorne Crowne.

Who taught vs by His diuine Scripture,
 To right Prayer the perfect readie way:
 As wyrteth Matthew in his sixt Chapter,
 In what manner, and to whom wee should pray,
 A short compendious oration each way,
 Most profitable both for bodie and soule:
 The which is not directed I heare say,
 To Iohn, or Iames, to Peter, or to Paul:

No: to none other of the Apostles twelue:
 No: to no Saynt, no: Angell in the Heauen,
 But onlie to our Father, God Himselfe:
 Which oration it containeth full euen,
 Most profitable for vs, Petitions seauen.
 Which wee Laicke-folke, the Pater noster call,
 Though wee say Psalmes nine, ten, or eleuen,
 Of all Prayer this is the principall,

By reason of the Maker that it made:
 Who was the Sonne of God, our Saviour,
 And by reason to whom it should bee sayde,
 To the Father of Heauen, our Creator,
 Who dwelleth not in Temple, nor in Towre:
 Des cleaerly sees our thought, will, and intent.

What heedeth vs as others seeke succour,
Whom in all place his power is present?

See Princes of the Priests, that should preach,
Why suffer wee so great abusion?
Why doe wee not the simple teach,
How, and to whom, to direct their Oration?
Why shole ye them to goe from Town to Town,
In pilgrimage, to antic imageries:
Hoping to get some satisfaction,
Praying to them deuotely on their knees?

This was the practiche of some Pilgrimage,
When Fillokes into Eyre began to son:
With Iock and Tom then toke they their voyage,
In Angous, to the fildes Chappell of Dron.
Then Kirtocke there as headie as a Con,
Without regard eysier to sinne or shame,
Gane Lowrie leane at leasure to leape on,
Farre better vane to haue tarrid at home.

I haue seene passe a marvellous multitude,
Young men and women singing on their secte,
Under the forme of feigned sanctitude,
For to adorne an Image in Lawreit:
Manie came with their fellows for to meete,
Committing their soule fornication:
Some had the clagged taylor of the Hermit,
Why shole ye this abomination?

Of Fornication, and Adulterie,
Apparentlie wee take but little cure,
Seeing the marvellous infelicities,
Which hath so long bene in this Land endure,
By your default which haue the charge and cure

This is of trueth, my Lords with your leave,
Such Pilgrimages haue made manie a waye,
Which (if I pleased) plainly I might proue.

Why make ye not the Scripture manifest,
To more people touching Idolatrie?
In your preaching why haue ye not exprest,
How manie Kings of Israel cruelle,
Were punish't by God so rigorously?
As Ieroboam, and manie moe, no doubt,
For worshipping of carued Imagerye,
Were from their Realmes ruderlye roled out.

Why thole ye vnder your Dominion
A craftie Priest, or feigned false Hermite,
Abusing the people of this Region,
Onlie for their particular profite,
And speciallie that Hermite of Lawreit:
He put the common people in belienue,
That blinde got sight, and crooked got their leete,
The which the Valliard by no meanes can pteue.

Ye married men, that haue leaue wanton wies,
And lustie Daughters of young and tender age,
Whose honestie ye should loue as your liues,
Permit them not to passe in Pilgrimage,
To seeke suppoꝛt at anie stouche Image,
For I haue known good women passe from hame,
Which haue beene trapped with theyr lusts rage,
Haue returned vob with great shame and hame.

Get vp, Thou sleepest all too long, O Lord,
And make an hastie reformation,
On the that doe tramp down thy gracious word,

And

And haue a deablie indignation
Of them which make a true narration
Of the Gospell, shewing the vertue,
O Lord, I make thee supplication,
Support our Faith, our Hope and Charitie,

How King Ninus builded the great Citie of Ninive
and how hee vanquished Zoroaster King of Bactria.

This Ninus, of Assyria King,
When hee had made his conquering,
To build a Citie he him drest,
Choosing a place where he thought best,
Where hee had first Dominion,
In Assyria his owne Region.
Though Ashur, as the Scripture saies,
Who came before King Ninus daies:
Hee founded that famous Citie,
The which was called Ninive.
But as rehearseth Diodore,
Ninus that Citie did decoze,
So marvellous triumphantlie,
As yet shall heare immediatelie,
Upon the Flood of Euphrates,
Which to behold, great wonder was.
An hundred and fiftie stages,
That Citie was of length, I wis.
The Walles an hundred fote of hight,
No wonder was though they were wight.
Such breadth aboue the Walles there was,
Three Carts might steele on them passe.
Four hundred stages, fourescore and foure,
In circuit, but min or more,

Of Townes aboue the Walles I weene, as one
A thousand and five hundred beene,
Of height two hundred fote and more,
As witnes famous Diodore.

The Scripture maketh mention,
When God sent Ionas to the Towne,
To shew them of his punishment,
Throughout the Citie then hee went,
Three dayes journey to him it was,
The Bible saies it was no lesse.

My sonne, now haue I shewne to thee,
Of the building of Ninirie;
For the augmenting of his fame,
Ninus call'de it after his name.
When hee that great Citie had ended,
To conquesse more hee yet intended:
And did depart from Ninirie,
And raised vp a great Armie.

Of the most skilward men and stout,
Of all his Regions round about:
In great order toke their journey,
Toward the Realme of Bactria.
Of wight fote-men I vnderstand,
Hee had seventeene hundred thousand:
Without Horse-men and Warlike Carts,
Whom hee ordred in sundrie parts.
Which to describe I am not able,
Whose number was incredible.

Zoroastes, that Noble King,
Who Bactria had in governing:
That prudent Prince, as I heere tell,
Did in Astronomie precell:

And

And found the Art of Magia,
 With naturall science manlema,
 Seeing King Ninus in the field,
 Forward he came with speare and shield,
 Foure hundred thousand men he was,
 In his Armie there was no lesse,
 And met King Ninus on the border,
 Right valiantlie, and in good order,
 On the vanguard of his Armie,
 On them he rushed right rabelie,
 And of them slew, as I heere say,
 An hundred thousand men that day,
 The rest that escaped were vnslaine,
 To Ninus great host fled againe,
 Of that King Ninus was so noped,
 He rested never till he destroyed
 All whole that Region vp and downe,
 And from the King did reauce the Crowne,
 And made the Realme of Bactria,
 Subiect to Assyria,
 And in the selfe same Land, I with,
 He took to wyfe Semiramis,
 Which as mine Autho; doeth describe,
 Was then the lustiest on liue,
 That being done without sojourn,
 To Ninivie he did returne,
 With great triumph of victorie,
 As mine Autho; doeth specifie,
 Both Occident, and Orient,
 Where all to him obedient,
 It would abhorre thee to heare re,
 The guiltlesse blood that hee did shed,
 When hee had rung as thou mayst heare,

The space of three and fourtie yeare:
 Seeing in his excellent gloze,
 The dolent death did him deboze,
 In what sort I am not certaine,
 Some Authoꝝ sayes that he was slaine,
 And left vnto his heritage,
 A little Chylde of tender age,
 Young Ninus was the chylds name,
 Which after flourish in great fame:
 Some say, that by his wifes treason,
 King Ninus died in prison,
 As I shall shew ere I hence fare.
 How Diodore hath done declare.

Of the wonderfull deeds of Queene *SEMPRAMPARS.*

NINUS loved so ardentlie,
 Semiramis his faire Habie,
 There was nothing she wold haue done,
 But all obeyed was full some;
 She seeing him so amorous,
 Shee grew proude and presumptuous,
 And at the King she did desire,
 Five dayes to governe his Emppre,
 And he of his beneuolence,
 Did grant her that preheminence,
 With Scepter, Crowne, and Robe Royall,
 And whole power Emperall,
 Till fyue dayes were come and gone,
 That shee as King should reigne alone.

When all the Princes of the Land,
 During that tyme made her a band:
 With Banquet Royall merrie,

Shee

Shee treated them triumphantly,
 So the first day the people all,
 Came to her service bound and thrall;
 But ere the second day was gone,
 Shee took such gloze to reigne alone,
 By a decreete made them among,
 The King shee put in prison strong.
 I reade well of his prisoning,
 But not of his deliuering.
 How euer it was, into his howres,
 Hee did of Death suffer the howres:
 And might not length his life an houre,
 Though hee was the first Conquerour.
 Whose conquessing so; to conclude,
 Was not without shedding of blode.

Now haue ye heard of Ninus King,
 How hee began, and his ending.
 Although mine Autho; Diodore,
 Of him hath written meekle more.
 Princes so; wrongons conquessing,
 Doe make oft-times an evill ending.
 Though hee had long prosperitie,
 Hee ended with great miserie.

Of King Ninus Sepulture.

THE Quene a sepulture shee made,
 Where shee King Ninus bodie laide.
 Of curious craftie works and wight,
 The which had stages nine of hight,
 And tenne stages of breadth it was,
 Diodore sayes it was no lesse.
 For eight stages a mple thou take,
 And thereafter the number make.

So by this compt it was full right,
A mple and eke a stage of hight.
Except the Towre of Babylon;
So high a worke I reade of none.

¶ Semiramis this lustie Queene,
Considering what danger beene,
To haue a King of tender age,
Which might not vse no vassallage:
Shee took a couragious conceite,
Thinking that shee should make debate,
If anie made Rebellion;
Contrare her sonne oʒ his Region:
Whom shee did foster tenderlie,
And keepe him full quietlie.
Shee laid apart her owne cloathing,
And took the rayment of a King.
When shee was into Armour dight,
Might no man know her by a knight.
So valiantlie went to the Weere,
And to gine Battell took no feare.
Daunting all Realmes about,
That all the world of her had doubt,
More fortunate in her conqueſſing,
Than was her husband Ninus King.

¶ Babylon shee did fortifie,
Temples and Towres triumphantie,
So pleasantlie did them prepare,
Which in the Earth had no compare,
Howbeit Nimrod of whom I spake,
The hideous Dungeon hee caused make,
And of the Citie the fundament,
To whom God made impediment,

Where Nimrod left, there she began,
 And put to worke manie a man:
 Of all the Realmes round about,
 Of most engine she sought them out,
 Shee had working with Tree and Stones,
 Twelve hundred thousand men at ones.
 Goe reade the booke of Diodore,
 And thou shalt finde the number more,
 On euerie side of Euphrates,
 That noble Citie builded was,
 And so that River of renowne,
 Ranne through the mid-part of the towne,
 Ober-thwart that flood the Bridges made,
 Of marvellous strength both long and brade,
 They were five stages large of length.
 On euerie Bridge she made a strength;
 The circuit, as I saide before,
 Foure hundred stages and fourscore.
 The walles height who would describe,
 Three hundred fote threescore and five,
 Sixe Carts might passe right easilie,
 Aboue the walles of that Citie,
 By longs without impediment,
 Consider then by your iudgement,
 If these walles were high or noughe,
 And also curiouslie were wrought,
 As Diodore hath done define,
 Which doth transcend the rude engins,
 Of Babylon the magnificence,
 To whom we would giue no credence,
 If I at length would put in wite,
 Which Diodore hath done endite.
 Compare of Cities finde I none,

To Ninuie and Babylon :
From Ninuie of Assyria,
To Babylon in Chaldaea,
By Bridges pleasantlie yee may passe,
Upon the flood of Euphrates,
Among the floods of Paradise,
This Euphrates may beare the price,
All workes which the Quene began,
Transcended the ingine of man,
The proude Quene Penchesilea,
The Princeesse of Amazons,
With her Ladies triumphantlie,
At Troy which fought so balliantlie,
Not yet the faire maiden of France,
Daunter of English ordinance :
To Semiramis in her dayes,
There no compare, as Bookes sayes :
Except triumphant Iulius,
Strong Haniball, or Pompeius,
Or Alexander the Conqueror,
I finde no greater Warriour.
Would I rehearse as writes Clarke,
Her wonderfull and ballant warke,
It were to mee a great labour,
And tedious to the auditor.
What she did in Echiopia,
And in the land of Media :
Building Cities, Castles, and Towres,
Parks, and Gardens of pleasures,
For the exalting of her name,
And immortall to make her fame,
Of Iarcus the high Mountaine,

Shee caus'd runne downe, and made them plaine,
 Great Orantes, that Mountaine twight,
 Twentie and five stages of hight,
 To her Palace to draw a Rogh,
 By force of men shee cut it through.
 Had shee kept her chastitie,
 Shee might haue bene an A-per-se.
 When shee had ordred her Empire,
 Of Venus worke shee tooke desire:
 A secret mansion shee caus'd to make,
 Wherein shee pleasantlie might take,
 Young Gentlemen for her pleasure,
 The which shee vs'd above measure.
 A man alone might not bee able,
 To stanch her lust insatiable.
 When shee was satisfied of one,
 Shee caus'd another come anone.
 The lustiest in all the Land,
 Came quetlie at her command.
 When they at length had lyeu her by,
 Shee slew them all right cruellie.
 When her sonne came to age perfitte,
 Of him shee tooke such great delite,
 Shee caus'd him with her to lye,
 Among the rest right quetlie.
 Some saie, with sensuall lusts rage,
 Shee bound him into marriage:
 And helde him vnder Tutorie,
 To vpholde her Authoritie.

How the Queene *Semiramis* with a great Armie past
 into *Inde*: and fought with the King *Sinurobas*.
 And of her miserable ende.

UU

When shee had long tyme li'd in rest,
To conquesse more, she her addrest,
Because of diuerse shee heard tell,

How that the Inde Dyentall,
Preceide in great commodities,
As Bestiall, Coznes, and fruitfull Trees:
All kynde of Spyce delicious,
Golde, Silver, & Stones p'cious.

And how that plenteous Land did beare,
Cozne, Fruit, and Wyne, twofe in the yeare:
With Elephants innumerable,
In Battell wondrous terrible.

Shee hearing this and mickle more,
Believing to augment her gloze,
Cause to make strait Proclamations,
In all and sundrie Nations:

Showing how it was her desire,
All Princes vnder her Emperre,
In Egypt, and Arabia,
In Perse, in Mede, and Chaldea,

In Greece, in Caspia, and Hircane,
In Cappadoce, Lydia, and Mauritanie,
In Armenie, and Phrygia,
In Pamphilie, and Assyria,

That each Land after their degree,
Should bring to her a great Armie,
In all the goodlie haste they may,
And meete her into Baetria,

Declaring them that her intent,
Was to passe to the Orient,
And make warre on the King of Inde.
From tyme they knew what was her mynde.

When by themselves each Region,
 Came forwarde with their garrison,
 Triumphantlie in good array,
 To Bactria took the readie way,
 And made their marchers to the Queene,
 But such a sight was never seene,
 In battell ray so many a man,
 At once since God the world began,
 But England, France, Spaine, and Scotland,
 Dutchland, Denmarke, and Ireland,
 Were not inhabite in those dayes,
 Nor long after, myne Authoꝝ sayes,

¶ Ezechias he doth specifie,
 The number of this great Armie,
 Saying, there came at her command,
 Foot-men thirtie hundred thousand,
 Of horse-men mounted galliardlie,
 Fyue hundred thousand beilie,
 An hundred thousand Camels wight,
 On euerie Camell rode a knight,
 Preparaed to passe into all parts,
 There were an hundred thousand Carts,
 Two thousand Boats with her the caries,
 On Horse, Camels, or Diomedaries,
 Bridges to make she did conclude,
 Over-thwart Indus that furious flode,
 Which beene of Inde the utmost border,
 On the which flood with right good order,
 Of her Barges she Bridges made,
 Whereon here great hoste safelie rode.

C. Father, I would mennderstande,
 How such a marvellous multitude,
 Might be at once brought to the field,

Readie

Ready to fight with speere and shieldes;
Some men will iudge this done a fable,
The matter being so oute of hand.

E. It may well be, my sonne (saide he) but
As by example we may see,
How David King of Israel
His people could number and tell:
By loab his chiefe Captaine,
As Holie Scripture sheweth plaine.
Drawing men into that Land,
Hee found thirteene hundred thousand.
With David in that small Countrie,
Might haue raised such an Arme:
To this Ladie it was no wonder,
The which had greater Realmes her vnder,
Than Davids little Region,
Though hee had manie a Legion,
Of men, more than I tolde before,
Therefore my sonne, marvell no more.

I Scaurobares the King of Inde,
Greatlie perturbed in his mynde,
Hearing of such a multitude,
To make defence hee did conclude,
And sent a Message to the Queene,
Praying her assistance,
That hee would of her speciall grace,
Give him licence to lye in peace.
Fayling of that, though hee should die,
That hee should make her fight or flee.
And to his God a Vow hee made,
If no peace might of her be had,
And if hee won the victorie,

That bee the Queene should crucifie,
 At his boasting the Queene made bounds,
 Saying, It shall not be your wordes,
 Shall make mee passe from my purpose,
 Without great strokes, as I suppose,
 The Challenger betwixt to the King,
 Of her presumptions answering.
 Then Staurobares wife and wight,
 Came forward, like a noble knight;
 With manie a thousand speare and shielde,
 Arrayed royallie on the fielde;
 Thinking her would his life defende,
 Or in the Battell make an ende.

The Queene upon the other syde,
 Full of presumption and pride:
 Her Banners pleasantlie displaide,
 With hardie heart and brast aide.
 Upon Indus that famous flood,
 They met, where shed was mickle blood:
 In Boates, Balingars, and Barges,
 The two Armies on other charges.
 Semiramis the Battell swan,
 Where downe and haine were manie a man,
 So that the water of the flood,
 Ran red, mixed with mens blood.
 The King of Inde with all his might,
 From Indus flood he took the flight;
 To his chiefe Citie he retired,
 Where in his presence there appeared,
 In Battell-cave a new Arme,
 Of right invincible Chevalrie:
 With Elephants an hideous number,
 Which afterward made mickle cumber.

Semiramis and her compaigne,
In the meane tyme right cruellie,
Destroyed the Borders of that Land,
Tooke prisoners mo than ten thousand,
She toke a contagious concourse,
Great Elephants to counterseate:
She had ten thousand Oxen-Wides,
Well sow'd together backe and sides,
With mouth and nose, teeth, eares and eene,
Quicke Elephants as they had beene:
Right well steeled with scab and hay,
Whereof the Indians toke a fray,
Upon Camels and Domadaries,
These false figures with her shee carries.
The Indians when they saw that sight,
Affrayedlie they toke the sight:
For such a sight was never sene,
If naturall beasts they had beene.
The King himselfe was right effeard,
Till he the veritie had speard,
And knew by his Explozators,
They were but feigned false figures,
Then manfullie lyke men of wære,
Forward they came withoutten feare,
Right so Semiramis the Queene,
Which for a man was ay sene:
These two Armies full cruellie,
They rush together so cruelle,
With hideous cry and trumpets sound,
Till thousands lay dead on the ground:
Semiramis had such a number,
To order them it was great cumber:

Then the great Elephants of Inde,
Right strong and hardie of their kynde.
Forward they came and would not cease,
Till thzough the mids of the pzease,
Of that great hoste they rudelie rushed,
Their men and horse to earth they dashed:
These feigned brasts withoutten spyt,
Were crusht and soupyed vnder feete:
The King of Inde with courage keene,
Met with Semiramis the Queene,
Her yding on an Elephant,
But she with him sought hand for hand,
And gaue the King so great assap,
That he was never in such affray:
To strike at him she toke no feare,
So well she vled was in weere:
His strakes she had but little counted,
Where not the King was so well mounted:
Either at other stroke so fast,
Till they were tyred at the last:
The King thought himselfe ashamed,
With a woman to bee defamed:
And was determinde not to flee,
Though in that Battell hee should die.
As one the which despaired beene,
He rudlie ranne vpon the Queene,
And thzough the arme gaue her a wound,
Which to her heart gaue such a sound,
That she constrained was to flee:
Then all the rest of her armie,
When they perceiued that she was gone,
To Indus flood they fled each one,
The Queene overthwart the flood she rode,

On Bridges which were of Boates made,
 With her a sober companie,
 Which with her fled affrayed lie.
 The Indians followed on the chase:
 Then on the Bridges came such pteasse,
 Of fiering follies, which was great wonder,
 So that the Bridges brake in sunder.
 Some sank, some downe the River ran,
 Then downe there manie a Noble Span.
 Which was great pittie to deploze,
 As writeth famous Diodore.
 And finallie, so to conclude,
 Was neuer shed so mickle blood,
 At one tyme, since the world began,
 For flaine so manie guiltlesse man.
 And all thzough the occasion,
 And the pꝛdesfull perswasion,
 Of this ambituous wicked Queene.
 Such one was neuer heard nor scene.

Straurobares the King of Inde,
 Greatlie rejoyced in his mynde,
 Of this triumph and victorie:
 Semiramis with heart full sozie,
 Being so manie tane and flaine,
 To her Countrey returnde againe:
 Lamenting ffortunes variance,
 Which brought her to so great mischance:
 Before which was sofortunate,
 And then of comfoꝛte desolate.

Her sonne a man of perfection,
 Considering his subjection,
 His libertie hee did despise,

What hee might governe his Emppre.

Being his mother vicious,
And with that so ambitious,
As mine Autho: doth speciffe,
He slew his mother cruellie,
What other cause or intention,
I finde no speciall mention:
Some say, to bee at libertie,
Some say, for her Adulterie,
None other cause I can define,
Except punition diuine.

Of this faire Lady couragious,
Beholde the ending dolorous:
Who was but twentie yeares of age,
When shee began her bassallage:
And reigne triumphantly but weite,
The space of fourtie and two yeere,
When shee was slaine, shee was threescore,
With yeres two shee was no more:
As Diodore writes in his Booke,
His Chronicle who lists to looke.

Of this Ladie I make an ende,
Thinking no way I can comende,
Women for to become man-like,
Nor men for to bee woman-like:
For why? it beene the Lord's minde,
All Creatures to be their kinde,
Men for to haue prebeminence,
And Women vnder obedience,
Though all Women enclined bee,
To haue the soveraigntie,
As this Ladie who would not rest,
Till shee her Husband had suppress,

To that intent that thee might reigne,
 Alone to haue the governing,
 Ladies no way I can commend,
 Presumptuouſlie which doe pretend,
 To vse the office of a King,
 O Realme take to governing:
 Howbeit they valiant bee and might,
 Going in Battell like a Knight,
 As did proud Pemheſiles,
 The Princeſſe of Amazonia,
 In mens habite againſt reaſon,
 Likewise I thinke deſiſion,
 A prince to bee effeminate,
 Of knightlie courage deſolate,
 Neglecting his authoritie,
 Through beaſtlike ſenſuallitie,
 Accompanied both dayes and nights,
 With Women more than valiant knights,
 Such Kinges I diſcommend at all,
 Example of Sardanapall:
 Father (ſaid I) ſhew mee how long,
 The ſucceſſion of King Nimas rang,
 That ſhall I doe with diligence,
 My ſonne (ſayd hee) ere wee go hence,
 Since I haue ſhowne at my deſire,
 That man began the firſt Emperre,
 How would I it were to the King,
 Of that Emperre the ſatellie.

Now King Sardanapallus for his vicious life made
 a miſerable ende.

Betweene the Conquerour Nimas

And sensuall Sardanapalus,
 I can finde no speciall Royle,
 Worthie to put in memorie:
 Except which I haue done describe,
 Of Semirame King Ninus wife,
 But I can finde no good at all,
 To write of King Sardanapall
 Which was the first and thurthie King,
 By line from Ninus descending,
 At length his life for to declare,
 I thinke it is not necessarie;
 Because that manie cunning Clarke,
 Haue him described in their warke:
 How wee was last of Assyrians,
 Which had the whole preheminnce,
 The time of the first Monarchie,
 In Cronicles as thou mayst see,
 The last and the most vicious King,
 Which in that Monarchie did reigne,
 That Prince was so effeminate,
 With sensuall lust intoricate:
 He did abhorre the compaignie,
 Of his most noble Cheualrie,
 That he might haue the more delite,
 To vse his beastly appetite,
 Conuersed with women night and day,
 And clothed him in their array,
 So that no man, that had him seene,
 Could iudge a man that hee had bene,
 So in whozesome and dastardie,
 Did keepe himselfe so quietly,
 The Prince of Assyrians,
 Whom they could get no valence.

Thus liued he continuallie,
 Against Nature inordinate.
 When to the Perles and the Medes,
 Reported with such vitiuous breeds:
 With the Rulers of Babylon,
 They did conclude all into one,
 They would not suffer for to reigne,
 Aboue them such a vitiuous King.
 But Arbaces a Duke of Medes,
 Her desire took in hand that hee,
 And first he came to Ninivie,
 To see the King's Majestie,
 And to one of the King's Chamberlaine,
 Hee gaue a secret rich reward,
 To put him in a quiet place,
 Where hee might see the King's grace,
 And be vnseene of any wight.
 But hee saw neither King nor Knight,
 Into his maiesties companie,
 Except women attanctie.
 And as a woman hee was clad,
 With women counselled and led,
 And shamefullie hee was sitting,
 With spindle and with rocke spinning,
 When Arbaces that sight had scene,
 His courage rose vp from the spleene,
 And thought it small difficultie,
 For to dep:ue his Majestie.

Then raised he the Persian,
 With Medes and Babylonians,
 Enarmed well with spears and shield,
 Triumphantlie they took the King.

The King raised the Assyrians,
 Together with the Chaldeans;
 And they resisted as they ought;
 But finally hee took the fight;
 To save himselfe in Ninive;
 Then sieged they that great Citie;
 Continuallie two yeares and more;
 Till that the flood of Euphrates
 Arose with such a violent force
 Wherethrough a great part of the wall
 By violence was beaten downe;
 Then when the King found no remedie
 But to be taken or to be dead,
 As man despaires, full of fire,
 Cause to make a furious burning fire;
 And tooke his Golden Jewels all,
 With Scepter, Crowne, and Robe royall,
 With all his tender herbitures,
 That of his Corps had greatest curts;
 Together with his lustiest Quenes,
 And all his wanton Concubines;
 And in that fire hee did them cast;
 Then lay himselfe in at the last;
 Where all were burnt to powder small.
 Thus ended Sennacherib all;
 Withoutten anie repentance;
 As may bee seene by this sentence;
 Where following, which hee wrote himselfe
 Before his death in great despise,
 Which is a right vnto his thing;
 As yee may see by this writing,

E P I T A P H I V M S A R D A N A P A L L I.

Cum te mortalem noris, presentibus exple
 Delitiis animum, post mortem nulla voluptas,
 Et Venere, & cœnis, & plumis SARDANAPALLI.

Now haue I shewne with diligence,
 The Monarchie of Assyrians.
 The which at King Ninus began,
 And ended at this wicked man:
 And did endure withoutten weere
 A thousand two hundredeth and fourtie yeere,
 As doeth endpte Eusebius,
 Reade him, and thou shalt finde it thus.



T H E T H I R D B O O K E.

Of the miserable destruction of the five Cities,
 called, Sodom, Gomorrah, Zebdim, Irgor, and
 Admah, with their whole Region.

Ifther, I pray you to meetolly consider
 What noble things that befall,
 During the reigne of Assyrians,
 Which had so long preheminentie,
 I meane of other Nations,
 Under their Dominations?

E. That must be done in tearmes worst,
 (saide he) as Stoicks doe report,
 Induring the first Monarchie,
 Became that wofull miserie,
 Of Sodome, Gomer, and their Region,
 As Scripture doth make mention.

Whose people were so sensuall,
In filthie sinnes vnnaturall,
The which into this vulgare verse,
By tongue abhorreth to reherse:
Lyke brutall beasts out of their myndes,
Vnnaturallie abuse their kyndes:
By filthie stinking lecherie,
And most abhominable Sodomie,
As holie Scripture doth descriue,
In that Countrie were Cities foue,
Which were Sodome and Gomorrah,
Zeboim, Segor, and Admah,
Among them all found was there none,
Vndefyled but Lot alone:
How Abraham dwelt nere hand by,
Which prayed for Lot effectuaillie:
For God made him aduertisement,
That he would make such punishment,
So Lot two Angels God did send,
Him from that sarie to defend:
When the people of that Region,
Saw the Angels come to the towne,
Transformed into faire young men,
They purposed them for to lien,
And abuse them vnnaturallie,
With their soule stinking Sodomie,
Of that good Lot was wonder woe,
And offered them his daughters two,
Them at their pleasure for to vse,
But they his daughters did refuse:
And then the Angels with their might,
These men depriued of their sight,
And so perforce left them alone.

From Lots lodging when they were gone,
 Then him commanded hastilie,
 For to depart from that Citie,
 That foule vnnaturall Lecherie,
 A vengeance from Heauen did crye:
 The which did moue God to such ire,
 That from the Heauen Brimstone and Fire,
 With awfull thundering rained downe,
 And did consume that whole Regionne:
 Of all that Land scaped no moe.
 Except Lot and his Daughters two,
 His Wife was turned in a Stone,
 So wiselesse was hee left alone:
 For shee was inobedient,
 And keepe not commandement.
 When the Angels gaue them command,
 To depart out of that Land:
 Hee charged them vnder great paine,
 Neuer to looke backward againe.
 When Lots Wyfe heard the thundering,
 Of flaming fire, and the lightning
 The woefull cryes lamentable,
 Of people most espouentable:
 For none of them had force to flee,
 Shee yearned that sorrowfull sight to see:
 And as shee turned her anone,
 Shee was trassformed in a stone:
 Where shee remaineth to this day,
 Of her I haue no more to say.
 To shew at length I am not able,
 That pitious Proceesse lamentable:
 How Cities, Castles, Townes and Houses,
 Villages, Bastalies and Bolwores:

They were all into powder drien,
 Forrests by the rotes by-riben:
 Their King, their Queene, and people all,
 Young and olde burnt in powder small.
 No creature was left on life,
 Fowles, Beastes, Man, nor Wyfe:
 The Earth, the Coase, Herbe, Fruit, and Tree,
 The Childzen on the Nurseries,
 Right suddenlie in an instant,
 Unwarilie came that Indgement:
 As it came in the tyme of Noe,
 When God did all the World destroy,
 For the selfe sinne of Sodomie,
 And most abhominable bougerie:
 That byre at length for to declare,
 I thinke it not now necessarie:
 When all was burnt, Flesh, Blood, and Bones,
 The Hilles, the Vallies, Stockes, and Stones,
 The Countrey sanke, for to conclude,
 Where now there stands an uglye flood,
 The which is called, The dead Sea:
 Next to the Countrey of Indie,
 Whose stinking Brands blacke as Tar,
 The flewer of it men sales on farr.
 Into Orontius thou mayst reade,
 Of that Countrey the length and bread,
 Of length, fiftie myles, and two,
 And fourtene myles in breadth also.
 Lot of his Wyfe was so agast,
 That to a Mountayne wyde hee past:
 Of companie hee had no mbe,
 Except his laste Daughters two,
 And by their provocation,

As Moses makes narration
 Alone into that Mountayne toppe,
 His Daughters two he got with childe,
 For they beleebed in their thought,
 That all the world was gone to nought,
 As it became of that Nation,
 Thinking that Generation
 Would sayle, except they crafftille,
 Canoe their Father with them to lye:
 And so they found a craffie hyle,
 How they their Father might beguyle,
 And caused him to drinke wight wyne,
 Which men to Lecherie doeth enclpne,
 When hee was full, and fallen on sleep,
 His Daughters quyetlie did crape,
 Into his Bed full secretlie,
 Proboaking him with them to lye,
 He knew not how hee was beguylde,
 Till both his Daughters were with Chylde,
 And bare two Sonnes in certayne,
 They bering in that wythe Mountayne,
 Of whom two Nations did procede,
 As in the Scripture thou mayst reade,
 In the which Scripture thou mayst see,
 At length this woefull miserie:
 This miserie became but houre,
 From Noah's flood then began to reare,
 Together with fourescore and eleuen,
 Accounteth Carion full of eare,
 And after Noah's dayes I write,
 One and fourtie yeares there was,
 When Abraham was of age I write,

fourescore of peeres and nineteene,
 Then this foule sinne of Sodomie
 Was punished so right iustlie:
 Great God preserve vs in our tyme,
 That we committinge such a crime,
 Tedious it were for mee to tell,
 This Monarchie during what befall,
 And wonders that on Earth were to be thought,
 Which to thy purpose things might:
 As how the people of Israel,
 Did long tyme into Egypt dwell,
 And of their great punition,
 Through Pharo's persecution:
 And how Moles did them conuoy
 Through the red Sea with mistle fog,
 Where lying Pharo right miserable,
 Was drownde with all his huge armie,
 And how that people wandring was,
 Fourtie yeeres in wildernesse.
 Moses that tyme, as I heare say,
 Received the Law on Mount Sinay:
 That tyme Iosua from Iordan,
 Led the people to Canaan,
 Where Saul, David and Salomon,
 With Hebrew Kings were one,
 Did richlie reigne in that Countie:
 Enduring this first Monarchie.
 The siege of Thebes miserable,
 Where blood was shed incomparable,
 Of noble men into those daies,
 With other terrible altages.
 And how the Greeces brought vengeance,
 Upon the noble Trojans.

Because that Paris did conhop,
 Perforce, faire Helena to Troy,
 Which was King Menelaus wyfe,
 Where manie a thousand lost their lyfe:
 That tyme the valiant Hercules,
 Throughtout the world did him adyresse,
 Where hee did manie a doughtie dede,
 As in his storye thou mayst reade:
 And how throughe Deianira, his wyfe,
 That Champion did lose his lyfe:
 In flaming fire full furiously,
 The death hee suffered cruellie.
 That tyme Remus, and Romulus,
 Did found that Citie, most famous,
 Of Rome, standing in Icalie,
 As in their storye thou mayst see.
 Wouldest thou reade Titus Livius,
 Thou shouldest finde woorkes wonderous:
 Whose worthie deedes are well kend,
 And shall bee to the Worlds ende:
 Though they began with crueltie,
 And ended with great miserie,
 As beene (the matter to conclude)
 Of all sheeders of guiltlesse blood.
 In Greece the ornate Poetrie,
 Medicine, Musicke, Astronomie,
 During the first Monarchie began,
 By Homerus, that famous man:
 Together with Hesiodus,
 As diuerse Authoys shew to vs.
 It were too long to put in ryme,
 The Bookes, that they wrote in their tyme,

These were the Acts principall,
 That Monarchie during which befell:
 As for good Abraham, and his seed,
 Into the Bible thou mayst reade,
 How in this tyme, as I heare tell,
 Began the Kingdoms spiritual,
 As I haue shew'd to thee before:
 Wherefore I speake of them no more.

A short description, of the second, third, and
 fourth Monarchies.

Thether, (saide I) which was the man,
 That the next Monarchie began:
 E. Cyrus, (sayd hee) the King of Persia,
 As Chronicles haue done rehearse,
 Prudent and full of policie,
 Began the second Monarchie:
 For hee was the most godlie King,
 That ever in Persia, or Medea did reigne:
 For hee of his benignitie,
 Delivered from Captiuitie,
 The whole people of Israel,
 Into the tyme of Daniel;
 The which had bene prisoners,
 In Babylon full seauentie yeeres.
 Therefore God of His grace bening,
 Gave him a diuine knowledging,
 During this tyme, as I heare tell,
 Hee vs'd the counsell of Daniel.
 Carion at length doth specifie,
 Of his marvellous Nativitie;
 And of his vertuous by-bringing,
 And how hee vanquish't Croesus King,

Of the Monarchie.

With many other ballant deeds,
As into Carion thou mayst reade.
Whose succellion did endure,
To the tenth King, thereof be sure.
But after his great conquering,
Right miserable was his ending:
As Herodorus doth describe,
In Scythia hee lost his life;
Where the vndaunted Scythians,
Manquish't the noble Persians:
And after that Cyrus was dead,
Quene Tomyre hacked off his head:
Which was the Quene of Scythians,
In despite of the Persians.
Shee cast his head, for to conclude,
Into a vessell full of Blood:
And sayde these words cruellic,
Drinke now thy fill, if thou be dry:
For thou didst eye blood-shedding thirst,
Now drinke at leasure, if thou list.

After that, Cyrus succellion
Of all the world had possession:
Till Alexander with sword and speere,
Obtain'de peissoe the third Emperre;
Which was the King of Macedone,
With valiant Greekes made one:
In battell fell and furious,
Manquish't the mightie Darius:
Which was the tenth and the last King,
Which did after King Cyrus reigne.
As for this potent Emperour,
Alexander the Conquerour,

If thou at length wouldest reade his reigne,
And of his cruell conquering,
In English tongue, in his great Booke,
At length his lyfe there thou mayst looke:
How Alexander, that potent King,
Was twelue yeares in his conquering;
And how, for all his great conquest,
Hee liued but one yeare in rest;
When by his servant secretlie,
Hee popsond was full pittieouslie.
Lucane doeth Alexander compare,
To thunder, or fire-slaught in the Ayre:
A cruell Planet, a most allwied,
Downe thinging people with his sword,
Ganges, that most famous flood,
Hee mixed with the Indians blood,
And Euphrates with the blood of Perse,
Whose crueltie for to rehearse,
And guiltlesse blood which hee did shed,
Were right abhominable to bee read.
After his short prosperitie,
Hee died with great miserie.
It were too long for to decyde it,
How all his Realmes were diuided:
As whple that Caesar Iulius,
When hee had banquishd Pompeius,
Was chosen Emperour and King,
Above the Romanes for to reigne:
That potent Prince was the first man,
Which the fourth Monarchie began;
And had the whole Dominion,
Of euerie Land and Region;
Whose successors did reigne but thre,

Over the World manie hundredeth yeere.

But gentle Iulius, alace !

Reign'd Emperour but little space :

Whiche I thinke pittie to deplore,

In his moneths and little more,

By false exorbitant treason,

That prudent Prince was troden downe,

And murthred in his Counsell-house,

By cruell Brutus, and Cassius,

After that Iulius was slaine,

Did reigne the great Octaviane :

Of Emperours one of the best :

During his tyme was peace and rest,

Over all the World, in each Region,

As Stoies doe make mention.

And els I make it to thee plaine,

During the tyme of Octaviane,

The Sonne of God, our Lord Iesu,

Toke mankynde of the Virgine true :

And was that tyme in Bethlem bozne,

To save mankynde, that was forlozne :

As Scripture makes narration,

Of his blest Incarnation,

Now haue I tolde thee as I can,

How the foure Monarchies began :

But in thy mynde thou mayst consider,

How worldlie power becom but soder :

For all their great Emperies are gone,

Thou seest there is no Prince alone,

Whiche hath the whole Dominion,

This tyme of euerie Region.

C. Father, what reason had these things,

Readers to bee of others Reignes,
 Without good right, and just quarrell,
 Wherethrough that they might make Battell,
 And common people to downe-thing,
 To this, (sayde I) make answering.

E. My sonne, (sayde hee) that shall bee done,
 As I best can, and that right soone:
 These Monarchies, I vnderstand,
 Preordinate were by the command
 Of God, the Plasmator of all,
 For to downe-thing, and to make thrall,
 Vndaunted people bitious;
 And eke for to bee gracious,
 To them which vertuous were and good,
 As Daniel hath done conclude,
 At length into his Prophecies,
 How there should bee foure Monarchies:
 His second Chapter thou mayst see,
 How after the first Monarchie,
 When Nabuchodonozor King,
 An Image saw in his sleeping,
 With austere looke, both high and broad,
 And of fine pure Golde was his head;
 His Brest and Armes of Silber bright,
 His Mombe of Copper hard and wight:
 His Loynes and Limbes of Iron right strong,
 His Feete of Clay, Iron mixt among.
 From the Mountayne there came alone,
 Without mans hands a full great Stone,
 Which on that Figures Feete did fall,
 And dang all downe in powder small.
 Of whose interpretation,
 Doctors doe make narration:

Of the Monarchie.

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The Head of Golde, both signifie,
first the Assyrians Monarchie:
The silver breast they did apply,
To Persians, which reigne secondly:
The Momethe of Copper, or of Brasse,
Thirdly to Greekes compared was:
His Loynes and Limbes of Iron and Steele,
Clarks haue them compared well.
To Romanes, through their diligence,
To haue the fourth prebeminence,
Abooue each other Nation.
By this interpretation,
The mixed Fete, with Iron and Clap,
Did signifie the latter day,
When that the world shall bee diuided,
As afterward shall bee decyded:
So Christ is signified the Stone,
Whose Monarchie shall neuer bee gone:
For vnder his Dominion,
All Princes shall bee troden downe:
When that great God Omnipotent,
Comes to his generall Iudgement;
His Monarchie shall then bee knowne,
As after shall bee to thee showne:
And as the Scripture shall thee tell,
How in the eight of Daniel,
Hee saw into his vision,
By a plaine exposition,
How that the Greekes should worke vengeance,
Vpon the Medes and Persians:
Comparing Greekes vnto a Coate,
With one hozne, fierce, furious and hote,

Which kilde the King with hisnes two,
 Compards to Perse and Mede also:
 And so by Daniels prophecies,
 All their great mightie Monarchies,
 The which all other Realmes surpris'd,
 By the great God they were devis'd:
 As he of Tirus, the Rōmane,
 Sonne and heire to Vespasiane,
 Made him a furious instrument,
 To put the lewes to great torment:
 Which I purpose ere I hence fare,
 Shortlie that processe to declare.

Of the most miserable and terrible destruction
 of IERUSALEM.

Ifther, (said I) declare to me,
 Anduring this first Monarchie,
 The most infortune that befell?

E. My sonne (said he) that shall I tell,
 The most and manifest miserie,
 Became vpon that great Citty,
 Ierusalem, when it was suppress,
 As Stoyles doe make manifest:
 But as the Scripture doth deuyse,
 Ierusalem was destroyed twyse:
 First, for their great Idolatrie,
 Which they committed in Iurie,
 The honour due to God alone,
 They gaue to Figures of stocke and stone.
 Before Christs Incarnation,
 Came this first desolation,
 Five hundred yeres, fourscore and ten,
 In Chronicles as thou mayst ken:

How

Note Nabuchodonozor King,
 That famous Citie did downe-thing.
 Their King, with people manie one,
 Brought them all bound to Babylon;
 Where they remained prisoners,
 The space of threescore and ten yeeres:
 And that first desolation,
 Was called the Transmigration:
 Was no man left in all their Lands,
 But poore folke labouring with their hands:
 Till mightie Cyrus, King of Perse,
 As Daniel hath dome rehearse,
 Was moved, by God, so to restore
 The Iewes, where that they were before.

¶ If I neglect, I were to blame,
 The last siege of Ierusalem;
 Whose ruine was most miserable,
 And so to tell right terrible.
 Was never in Earth. Citie, nor Towne,
 Got such extreame destruction.
 The Townes of Tyre, Thebe, nor Troy,
 They never suffred halfe such noy.
 The Emperour Vespasiane,
 Hee did besiege the siege certaine.
 There was the Prophecie compleete,
 Which Christ spake on Mount Olivere:
 When hee Ierusalem beheld,
 The Teares from his Eyes disteld:
 Seeing, by diuine prescience,
 The great destruction and vengeance,
 Which was to come on that Citie,
 His Heart was pierced with pittie,

Haping, Ierusalem, if thou know,
 Thy great ruine, soe wouldst thou re-
 For ought that I can to thee shew,
 The veritie thou wilt not know;
 Nor hast in consideration,
 Thy holie visitation:
 Thy people will no way consider,
 Whom gathered I would haue together,
 As wandring sheepe are with their Herds,
 Or as the Hen gathereth her Birds,
 Under her Wings right tenderlie,
 Which they refused despightfullie:
 Wherefore shall come that dolefull day,
 That no remedie make thou may:
 Thy Dungeons shall be dung in sunder,
 So all the world shall on thee wonder:
 Thy Temple now most triumphand,
 Shall bee trod downe among the Band,
 And as hee sayde, so it befell:
 As hereafter I shall thee tell.

C. Show mee (saide I) with circumstance,
 The speciall cause of that mischance.

E. (Sayde hee) as Scripture doth conclude,
 For shedding of the guiltlesse blood,
 Of Prophets which God to them send,
 And eke because that they miskend,
 Jesus, the Sonne of God so heraigne,
 When hee among them did remaine:
 For all the miracles that hee shew,
 Malicionlie they him miskenew,
 Though by his great power diuine,
 The Water cleare hee turn'd in Wine:
 And by that selfesame power and might:

To the blinde boyne hee gaue the sight,
 And gaue the crooked men their feet,
 And made the Leper whole compleet :
 Hee healed all, and rais'de the dead,
 Yet helde they him at mostall fead ;
 Because hee shew the veritie,
 They did conclude that hee should die.
 The Bishops, Princes of the Priests,
 They grew so bounden in their brests :
 The Scribes, and Doctors of the Law,
 Of God, noz man which stood none awe,
 On Christ Iesus to worke vengeance,
 Right so the false Pharisiens,
 And sect of feigned Religion,
 Devised his consession ;
 And sent their servants at the last,
 And with strong Cordes they bound him fast :
 Then scourged him both Backe and Hyde,
 That none soz blood might see his Hyde :
 There was not left a pennie bread,
 Unwounded from his feet to head ;
 In manner of derision,
 They plat soz him a cruell Crowne,
 Of prunying Thornes, sharpe and long,
 Which on his heauenlie Head they throng ;
 Then caus'de him, soz the greater lacke,
 Beare his owne Gallous on his Backe,
 To the vile place of Calvarie,
 Where manie a thousand man might see,
 That innocent they toke perforce,
 And plat him backward to the Crosse,
 Through Feeke & Hands great Pailles they thrust,
 All blood abundantlie outburst. With-

Without grudging, clamour or cry,
 That paine hee suffered patientlie,
 And for augmenting of his griefes,
 They hanged him betwene two thienes,
 Where men might see the bloodie strands,
 Which sprang forth of his feete and hands,
 From thornes thrust on his head,
 Ran downe bullering streames red,
 In the presence of manie a man,
 That blood royall on Roches ran,
 Shortlie to say, that heauenlic King,
 In extreame dolour there did hing,
 Till hee saide, Consummatum est,
 With a loude cry hee gaue the Chast,
 When hee was deade they toke a Dart,
 And pierc'd that Prince out through the heart,
 From whom there ran Water and blood:
 The Earth then trembled, to conclud,
 Phœbus did hide his Beames bright,
 That through the world there was no light,
 The great baile of the Temple rane,
 The dead men rose out of their grane,
 And in the Citie did appeare,
 As in the Scripture thou mayst heare,
 When Ioseph of Arimathe,
 Did burie him right honestlie.
 But yet hee rose full gloriouslie,
 On the third day triumphantlie,
 With his Disciples in certaine:
 Fourtie daves hee did remaine,
 After that to the Heaben ascended.
 These Iewes nothing their lyfe amended,
 For gaue no credence to his sayes,

As at moze length the **Stozie** thalwes,
But true lie they did oppresse,
All men that **Chzill's** Name did p:osse:
And persecuted manie one:
They p:ison'de both **Perer** and **Iohn**,
And **Steven** they stoned to the dead,
From **Iames** the lesse they stroake the head:
This was the cause, in conclusion,
Of their cruell confusion.
The prudent **Iew**, **Iosephus** says:
That hee was present in those dayes,
And in his Booke makes mention,
How after **Chzill's** Ascention,
The space of two and fourtie yeeres,
Began these cruell mortall weeres,
The second yere of **Vespasiane**,
Where manie taken were and slaine:
Iosephus plainste doth conclude,
Was neber scene such a multitude.
Befoze that tyme into the **Towne**,
Which came for their confusion:
Their great infortune so befell,
That all the **Princes** of **Israel**,
Conveen'de against the tyme of **Pasch**,
But to returne they had no grace,
The bolde **Romanes** with their **Chistane**,
Tirus, the sonne of **Vespasiane**,
Their armie ober **Iudea** spred,
That all men to the **Citie** fled,
Believing there to get reliefe,
But all that turn'de to their mischiese,
The **Romanes** lappen them about,
That by no way they might winne out, **Five**

Sixe moneth did that fledge endure,
 Where lost were manie creature,
 Which there in miserie did remaine,
 Till they were all taken and slayne.
 During the tyme of this assaile,
 Their meate and drinke, and all did fayle:
 For there was such a multitude,
 That thousands died for fault of food:
 Necessitie caus'd them eate perforce,
 Dog, Cat, and Ratton, Ass, and Horse:
 Rich men behob'd to eate their Golde:
 Then died for hunger manifold.
 Such hunger was without remedie,
 The quicke behob'd to eate the dead:
 The filth of Privies manie eat,
 To length their lynes they thought it sweete.
 The famous Ladies of the Towne,
 For fault of Food thep selbin swowne:
 When they might get none other meate,
 They kill'd their proper bairnes to eate:
 But all for nought despytefullie,
 Their owne Souldiers full greedie,
 Rest them that flesh most miserable,
 And they with mourning lamentable,
 For extreame hunger yeld the spize:
 There was the Prophecie compleat,
 As Christ befoze made narration,
 The day of his grim Passon:
 When that the Ladies for him mourned,
 Full pitiouslie to them hee turned,
 And sayde, Daughters, mourne not for mee,
 Mourne for your owne posteritie:
 Within short tyme shall come that day,

That men of this Citie shall say,
When they are trapped in the Snare,
Blest be the Wombe that never bare:
The barren Wappes then shall they blesse:
That dolefull day thou shalt not misse.
This Prophecie it came to passe,
That they cryde manie loude alas:
Such sorrowfull lamentation,
Was never heard in that Nation:
Seeing these lustie Ladies sweete,
Dying for hunger in the strate:
Their Husbands, nor their Children,
Might give to them no comfortinge:
Nor yet relieue them of their harmes,
But epther dying in others armes.
After this wofull indigence,
Among them rose such pestilence,
Wherein there died manie hunder,
Which to declare it were great wonder:
And for finall conclusion,
Those warlike Walles they dang downe.
Prince Ticus, with his Chebalrie,
With Trumpets sound triumphantlie,
Hee entred in that great Citie:
But to deplore, I thinke pittie,
The painfull Clamour horrible,
Of wounded folke most miserable:
There was not else, but take and slay,
For there might no man win away.
The strands of Bloud ran through the strate,
Of dead folke troden vnder feete
Olde Widowes in the preece were smozed,
Young Virgines shamefullie defozed.

The great Temple of Salomon,
 With manie a curious carbed stone,
 With perfect pinnacles on hight,
 Which were both beautifull and wight,
 Wherein rich Jewels did abound:
 They rushed rudelie to the ground,
 And set into their furious ire,
 Sanctum Sanctorum into fire:
 And with extreame confusion,
 All their great Dungeons they dang downe:
 There burst were the golden breasts,
 On Bishops Princes of the Priestes:
 There taken was the great vengeance,
 Of false Scribes and Pharisaunce:
 All their painted hypocrisie,
 That tyme might make them no supplier:
 That day they dolefullie repented,
 That to the death of Christ consented:
 Though it was our Salvation,
 It was to their damnation.
 The vengeance from the blood guiltlesse,
 From Abel to Zacharias.
 That day vpon Ierusalem felth
 But tedious it were to tell,
 The great extreame confusion,
 And of blood such effusion:
 Was neuer slaine so manie a man,
 At one tyme since the world began.
 The Iewes that day got their desyre,
 Which they did aske into their pyre:
 As in the Scripture specified,
 That day when Christ was crucified:
 When Pontius Pilate the President:

Salde to them, I am innocent
 Of the iust Blood of Christ Iesus,
 Then cryde, His Blood light vpon vs,
 And on our Generation;
 They got their Supplication:
 That day, with manie cafesull cry,
 Their Blood was shed abundantly.
 Iosephus wyrteth in his Booke,
 His Chronicles who list to looke:
 During that cruell sledge certaine,
 Were eleven hundred thousand slaine.
 Of prisoners were tolde and sene,
 Fourscor thousand and seadenente.
 Out of the Land they did expell,
 All the people of Israel:
 And for their great ingratitude,
 They liue yet vnder Serbitude.
 There is no law in no Countre.
 Which hath on soote of Propertie:
 For neuer had, withoutten weare,
 Since this day sixtene hundred yere:
 For neuer shall, I to thee shaw,
 Till that they turne to Christ's Law.
 Some say, that Iewes manisolds,
 Were thirtie for a pennie solde;
 As Iudas solde the King of Gloze,
 For thirtie pennies, and no more.
 After that, manie were mischieued,
 When Robels past, how long they liued
 vpon their Golde, withoutten doubt,
 They slit their Bellies, to search it out,
 The rest in Egypt they did sende,

Prisoners, to their lynes ende.

Titus tooke in his companie,

Great number of the most worthie:

With him to Rome they led them bound:

Then cruellie did them confound.

His historie for to decoze,

And for augmenting of his gloze,

Caus'd put them into publicke places,

Wher each man might beholde their faces.

Then with wyse Lyons cruellie,

Hee caus'd deuoure them dolesullie.

This high triumphant mightie Towne,

At Pasch was put to confusion:

Because that in the tyme of Pasch,

They crucified the King of Grace.

Some haue this matter done endyte,

More ornatelie than I can wyte:

Wherfore of it I speake no more,

Onlie to God be laude and gloze.

Of the miserable ende of certaine tyrannous Princes, and especiallie the beginners of the four Monarchies.

Now haue I done declare at thy desires,
As thou demandedst into tearmes short,
And who began the principall Emperes,
As Chronicles and Stories doe report:
Wherfore, (my Sonne) I heartilie thee exhort,
Perfektly print into thy remembrance,
Of this vnconstant world the variance.

The Princes of these four great Monarchies,
In their most highest pompe imperials:
Lepding most sure to be set on their Seas,

The fraudfull world gaue to them moztall falles,
 For their reward, and darke memorials:
 Though ouer the world thou had preheminnence,
 Of it they got none other recompente.

For such lyke as the Snow doeth melt in May,
 Through the reflexe of Phœbus beames bright:
 These great Emppres right so are went away,
 Gone is their gloze, their power and their might,
 Because they were reauers without right,
 And blood-thorders full cruell, to conclud,
 Right cruellie therfore was shed their blood.

Beholde, how God, aye since the world began,
 Hath oftentimes made Kings instruments,
 To scourge people, and to kill manie a man,
 Which to his Law were inobedients:
 When then had done performe his intents,
 In daunting w;rongous people shamefullie,
 He suffers them bee scourged cruellie.

Even as the Schole-master doth make a wand,
 To daunt and ding Schollers of rude engine,
 The which will not Audie at his command:
 Hee scourgeth them, and onelie to that fine,
 That they should to his good counsell incline:
 When they obey, and meased is his yre.
 Hee takes the wand, and casts it in the fyre.

God of King Pharaoh made an instrument,
 Which was the great King of Egyptiance,
 His owne prculiar people to torment:
 That heeing done, he wrought on him vengeance,
 And let him fall through inobedience:

And finallie, hee with his great Armie,
In the red sea them drowned dolefullie.

Right so of Nabuchodonor King,
God made of him a furious instrument,
Ierusalem, and the Iewes to dolne-thing,
When they to God were disobedient,
Then rest from him his riches and his rent,
And him transformed in a beast brutell,
Seaven yeare and moze, as wryteth Daniel.

Alexander, through pridefull tyrannie,
In yeares twelue did make his great conquest,
Apeaching sakelesse blood, full cruellie,
Till hee was King of Kings, hee took no rest:
In all the world when hee was full possesst,
In Babylon throned triumphantlie,
Through poyson strong deceased dolefullie.

Duke Hanniball, the strong Carthagiane,
The daunter of the Romanes pompe and glorie,
By his power were manie thousand slayne:
As may bee read at length into his Storie,
At Cannay where hee won the victorie,
On Romanes hands that dead lay on the ground,
Three heaped Bushels were of Kings found.

Into that mortall Battell, I heare saie,
Of the Romanes most worthie warriors,
Attour Captaynes were fourtie thousand slayne,
Of whom there was thirtie wise Senators,
And twentie Lords which had bene Pretours,
That died eke in defence of their Countrie,
And so, to holde their Land at libertie.

What reward got this cruell Champton,
 When hee had slayne so great a multitude,
 And when the glasse of his bayne-gloze was runne
 A shamefull death: and shoulde to conclude,
 This is reward of all shedders of blood:
 For he gat such extreame confusion,
 He kilde him selfe in drinking strong payson.

Behold the two most famous Champions,
 That is to say, Iulius, and Pompey:
 Which did conquesse all earthlie Regions,
 As well maine Lands, as Isles into the Sea,
 And to the Towne of Rome caused them obey:
 For Pompeius subdu'd the Orient,
 And Iulius Cesar all the Occident.

But finallie, these two did strine for state,
 Whereby the hundred thousand men were slain,
 But Pompeius after that great debate,
 He murthered was, the storie telleth plaine:
 Then Iulius was Prince and Sovereigne,
 Aboue the whole world Emperour and King,
 But into rest short tyme endurde his Reigne,

For within five moneths and little more,
 Amidst his Lords into the Chunnell-horse:
 He murthered was, what needs processe more:
 As I haue said, by Bruce and Cassius,
 If thou wouldest know their deeds dolourous,
 Thou mayst at length goe reade the Romanesse
 Which hath this matter put in memorie. (re,

Gone is the Golden Age of Assyrians,
 Of whom King Ninus was first and principall.

Gone is the albet world of Persians :
 The copper world of Greekes now is thall,
 The world of pzon, which was the last of all,
 Compared to the Romanes in their gloze,
 Are gone right so, I heare of them no moze.

Now is the world of pzon mixt with clay,
 As Daniell at length hath done endyte :
 The great Emppres are molten cleane away.
 Now is the world of volour and despyte,
 I see not else but trouble infinite:
 Wherfore (my Sonne) I make it to thee liend,
 This world, I wot, is drawing to an ende.

Tokens of Death, Hunger, and Pestilence,
 With cruell Warres, both by Sea and Land :
 Realme agaynst Realme with mortall violence,
 Which signifies, the last day even at hand :
 Wherfore (my Sonne) be in thy faith constant,
 Keeping thyne heart to God, to cry for grace;
 And mend thy lyfe, whyle thou hast tyme & space.

Of the first Spirituall and Papall Monarchie.

Further, is there no Prince reignd,
 Which hath the world now at command,
 As had the King of Assyrians,
 The Perles, Greekes, or the Romanes,
 Who hath now most dominion,
 Of euerie Land and Region ?

E. There is no Prince, my Sonne (saye he)
 That hath the principall Monarchie,
 Aboue the world vniuersall,
 With whole power imperiall,
 As Alexander, or Darius,

As had Cæsar Iulius;
 For Orient, and Occident,
 Were all to them obedient.
 Not-with-standing, I finde one King,
 Which into Europe now doeth reigne;
 That is the potent Pope of Rome,
 Emprying over all Christendome:
 To whom no Prince may bee compare,
 As Canon Lawes can declare.
 All Princes of the Occident,
 Are to his grace obedient:
 For hee hath whole power compleet,
 Both of the Bodie, and the Spite
 Which never had no Prince before,
 Except the mightie King of Gloze.
 To Christ hee is great Lieutenand,
 In holie Peter's Seate Attand:
 So hee is of all Kings King,
 Which into Europe now doe reigne;
 And as the Romane Emperours,
 Having the world vnder their cares,
 Had Princes, Knights, and Champions,
 Rulers into all Regions,
 Up-holding their authoritie,
 King Justice, and Policie:
 Right so this potent Pope of Rome,
 The soveraigne King of Christendome,
 Hath into euerie Countrey,
 His Princes of great gravitie,
 In some Countreies his Cardinals,
 In their most precious Apparels:
 Arch-bishops, Bishops, thou mayst see,

Defending his Authoritie:
 With other potent Patriarches,
 Colledges full of cunning Clerkes:
 Abbots, and Bishops, as pe kee,
 Rulers of Religious Pen-
 Officialls, with their Procuratours,
 Whose longsome Lawes pple the Pores:
 Arch-deanes, and Deanes of Dignitie,
 Great Doctors of Diuinitie:
 Their Chanter, and their Sacristanes,
 Their Thesaurers and their Subdeans,
 Legions of Priests, Seculars,
 Parsons, Vicars, Priests, and Friers
 Of diuerse orders manie one,
 Which longsome were for to expone:
 In sundrie habites, as pee kee,
 Differing from other churmen,
 Faire Ladies of Religion,
 Professed in euerie Region:
 False Hermites, fashioned lyke the Friers,
 Proude parish Clerkes, and Pardeners,
 Their Grangers and their Chamberlanes,
 With their tempoꝛall Countenances.
 Thus all the Worlde by Land and Sea,
 His sanctitude they did obey:
 Not onlie his spirituall Kingdome,
 But the great Emperour of Rome,
 And Kinges of euerie Region:
 That day when they receiued their Crowne,
 They make oath of fidelitie,
 To defende his authoritie:
 Moreover, with humble reuerence,
 They make to him obedience,

By themselves or Ambassadors,
 Or other orate Orators,
 Who doe gainstand his Majestie,
 His Lawes or his libertie:
 Or holds onie opinion,
 Contrarie his great Dominion:
 Either by way of deedes or words,
 Are put to death by ffre or sword,
 And Peter Eyed was Sanctus,
 But hee is called Sanctissimus
 His stile at length if thou wouldst know,
 Thou must goe looke the Canon Law,
 Both in the Sext in Clementine,
 His statelie stile there may bee scene,
 There thou shalt finde, reade if thou can,
 How hee is neyther God, nor man.

C. What is hee then by your judgement?

E. (Saide hee) mee thinke them different,
 Farre from our Sovereigne Lord Iesus,
 And to his kinde contrarious:
 For Christ was naturall God and man.

C. If hee bee neyther what is hee than?

E. The Canon Law, my sonne (saide hee).
 That question will declare to thee,
 It doth transgrende my rude Organe,
 His sanctitude soe to despise:
 Or to shew the authoritie,
 Pertaining to his Majestie:
 So great a Prince where shalt thou finde,
 That spirituallie may loose and binde,
 Nor by whom sinnes are forgiven,
 Bee they with his disciples spoken:

I am not worthy to be called by his name.

Whom eber hee byndeth with his might,
 They bounden are in Gods sight:
 Whom eber hee losse in Earth heere downe,
 Are losde by God in his Region:
 Als hee is Prince of Purgatorie,
 Delybering soules from payne to glozie:
 Of that darke Dungeon without doubt:
 Whom eber hee please hee takes out,
 Our secret sinnes euerie prae,
 Wee must shew to some Priest or Cler,
 And take their absolution,
 Or else get no remission.

So by this way they clearlie lie,
 The secrets of all secret men,
 Their secrets wee know not at all,
 Thus are we to them bound and thrall:
 What eber their Ministers commands,
 Must be obeyde without demands:
 Wherefore (my Sonne) I say to thee,
 This is a marvellous Monarchie:
 Which hath power imperiall,
 Both of the bodie and the saule.

C. Father (sayde I) declare to mee,
 Who did begin this Monarchie?

E. (Sayde hee) Christ Jesus, God, and man,
 That Emperre graciously began,
 Not by the sice, nor by the sword,
 But by the vertue of his word.
 And left into his Testament,
 Manie a devote document,
 With his Successours to be used,
 Though manie of them be now abused:
 For Peter, and Paul, with all the rest,

Of their Brethren, made manifest,
 The Lawe of God with true intent,
 Preaching the Olde and New Testament:
 They led their lyfe in povertie,
 Devotion and humilitie:
 As did their Pastor Christ Iesus,
 And werenot halfe so glorious,
 As their Successours now in Rome,
 Emprying over all Christendome:
 After the death of Peter, and Paul,
 And Christ's true Disciples all,
 Their Successours within few yeares,
 As at moze length their Storie beares,
 Right crastilie came to the hight,
 From spiritnall lyfe, to tempozall right.

C. Father, ere we passe further moze,
 When did begin their tempozall gloze?

E. Sonne, (sayde hee) thou shalt vnderstand,
 Ere ever a Pope got anie Land,
 Two and thirtie great Popes of Rome,
 Receiv'd the Crowne of Martyrdome;
 But not the thysfold Diademe:
 To weare thre Crownes they thought great;
 Till Sylvester the Confessor, (Name:
 From Constantine the Emperour,
 Receiv'd the Realme of Italic,
 Right so of Rome the great Title;
 That was the roote of their riches,
 Then sprang the well of wealthinesse:
 When that the Pope was made a King,
 All Princes bowed at his bidding.
 This act was done withouten weere,
 From

From Christs Death three hundredeth yere:
 Then Ladie Sensualitie,
 Toke Lodging in that great Citie,
 Where she sensline hath done remaine,
 As their owne Ladie soberaigne,
 Then Kings into all Nations,
 Made Priests great foundations:
 They thought great merite and honour,
 To counterfaite the Emperour,
 As did David of SCOTLAND King,
 The which did found during his Reigne,
 Fiftene Abbayes with temporall Lands,
 Withoutten Liends and Offerands,
 By whose holie simplicitie,
 He left the Crowne in pobertie.

¶ Now haue I showane thee, as I can,
 How their temporall Empyre began,
 Ascending vp an græ by græ,
 Aboue the Emperours Majestie:
 So when they got among their hands,
 Of Italie all the Emperours Lands,
 After that into each Countrie,
 Spzang vp their temperalltie,
 With such great riches and such rent,
 That they gan to be negligent,
 In making Plinidration,
 To Christs true Congregation:
 And toke no more paine in their preaching,
 And farre lesse travaill in their teaching,
 Changing their spiritualtie,
 In temporall sensualtie.

C. Father, thinke yes that they are sure,
 That their Empyre shall long endure. Appa-

E. Apparentlie it may be kend,
 (Said he) their glorie shall haue an end,
 I meane their temporall Monarchie,
 Shall turne into humilitie:
 Though Gods word without debate,
 They shall turne to their first estate,
 As in Daniels Prophecie appeares,
 Thereto shall not be manie yeares,
 Albeit Christs Faith shall neuer faile,
 But more and more it shall preuaile:
 Though Christs true Congregation,
 Suffer great tribulation.

C. Father (said I) by what reason,
 Thinke ye their Emprre should come downe,
 Considering their preheminence?

E. (Said he) for disobedience,
 Abusing the Commandement,
 Which Christ left in his Testament:
 Using their owne Tradition,
 Contrare Christs Institution,
 For Christ in his last Convention,
 The day of his Ascension,
 To his Disciples gaue command,
 That they should passe in euerie Land,
 To teach and preach with true intent,
 His Law and his Commandement:
 None other office he to them gaue:
 He did not bid them seeke nor craue,
 Cozpes presents nor Offerands,
 Nor get Honorships of temporall Lands,
 But now it may be heard and seene,
 Both with thine eares and thynne eene,

How Prelats now in euerie Land,
Take little care of Christs Command:
Neither into their daides nor Sawes,
Neglecting their owne Canon Lawes,
Using themselves contrarious,
For the most part to Christ Iesus.
Christ thought no shame to bee a Preacher,
And to all people of Trueth a Teacher:
A Pope, Bishop, and Cardinall,
To teach, and preach, will not bee thall:
They sende soothe friers, to teach for them,
Which makes the people mocke them with shame.
Christ would not bee a tempozall King,
Richlie into no Realme to reigne:
But fled tempozall authoritie,
As in the Scripture thou mayst see.
All men may know how Popes reignes,
In dignitie aboue all Kings:
As well in tempozalitie,
As into Spiritualitie:
Thou mayst see by Experience,
The Pops princelie preheminance:
In Chronicles if thou list to loke,
How Carion wytes in his Booke,
A notable narration,
The yeare of our Saluation,
Eleven hundredeth and sixe and fiftie,
Pope Alexander presumptuouslie:
Which was the third Pope of that name,
Fredricke the Emperour hee did besame:
In Venice that triumphant Towne,
That noble Emperour hee causde lye downe,
Upon

Upon his wombe, with shame and lacke,
Then trode his feete vpon his backe,
In token of obedience.

There he shewes his preheminance :
And canste his Clergie so to sing,
These words heere-after following :

Super Aspidem, & Basiliscum ambulabis,
Et conculcabis Leonem & Draconem. That is,
Thou shalt walke vpo the Adder, & the Cockatrice:
And thou shalt tread down the Lyon & the Dragon.

¶ Then sayde this humble Emperour,
I doe to Peter this honour :

The Pope answered with words worth,
Thou shalt mee honour, and Peter both.

¶ Christ so to shew His humble Sprite,
Did wash His poore Disciples feet.

The Popes holinesse, I wish,
Will suffer Kings his feete to kisse:

Birds had their nests, and Tods their den:
But Christ Jesus, savior of men,

In Earth had not a pennie broad,
Where-vpon hee might repose His Head:

Albeit the Popes excellence,
Hath Castles of magnificence.

Abbots, Bishops, Cardinals,
Hauie pleasant Palaces royals,

Lyke Paradyse, all these pleasant places,
Wanting no pleasure of their faces:

Iohn, Andrew, Iames, Peter, no; Paul,
Had few houses amongst them all:

From tyme they knew the heritie,
They did contemne all propertie:

And were right heartfultie content,

Of meate, drinke, and abilement,
To saue mankynde that was forloyned:
Christ bare a cruell Crowne of thorne,
The Pope three Crownes for the nones,
Of gold powdred with p[re]cious stones,
Of gold and silber, I am sure,
Christ Iesus tooke but little cure,
And left not when hee yeeld the Sp[irit],
To buy himselfe a winding-sheet:
But his successour good Pope Iohn,
When hee deceased in Avinion,
Hee left behinde him a treasure:
Of golde and silber great measure,
By a iust computation,
Well fine and twentie Million:
As doos endyte Palmerius:
Reade him and thou shalt finde it thus:
Christ's Disciples were well knowne,
Through vertue which was to them showne:
But speciallie seruent Charitie,
Great Patience and Humilitie,
The Popes Stokes in all Regions,
Are knowne best by their clipped crownes:
Christ hee did honour Patrimonie,
In the Cane of Galilee,
Where hee by his power diuine,
Did turne the Water into Wyne:
And eke chused some married men,
To bee his seruants, as you ken,
And Peter during all his lyfe,
Hee thought no sinne to haue a Wyfe.
Pee shall not finde in no passage,

Where Christ forbiddeth Marriage :

But lawfull for each man to marrie,

Which lackes the gift of Chastitie.

The Pope hath made the contrarie Lawes,

In his Kingdome, as all men knowes,

None of his Priests dare marrie wyles,

Under the payne even of their liues :

Though they haue Concubines fiftene,

Into that case they are over-seene.

What chastitie they keepe in Rome,

Is well knowne over all Christendome.

¶ Christ did show His obedience,

Unto the Emperour's excellence :

And caused Peter for to pay,

Tribute to Caesar for them tway :

Paul bids vs bee obedient,

To Kings, as the most excellent :

The contrarie did Pope Celestine,

When that his sanctitude serene,

Did crowne Henric the Emperour,

I thinke hee did him small honour,

For with his hand hee did him crowne,

Then with his foot the Crowne dang downs :

Saying, I haue authoritie,

Pen to exalt to dignitie,

And to make Emperours and Kings,

And then depriue them of their Reignes.

Peter by myne opinion,

Did neuer vse such dominion.

Apparentlie by my Iudgement,

The Pope read neuer the New Testament,

If hee had learned at that loze,

He had refused such bayne gloze :
As Barnabas, Peter, and Paul,
And right so Christ's Disciples all.
The Capitane Cornelius,
When Sainct Peter came to his house,
To worſhip him, fell at his feete:
But Sainct Peter with humble ſprite,
Did rayſe him vp with diligence,
And did reſuſe ſuch reverence.
Right ſo Sainct Iohn the Evangelist,
The Angels ſaie hee would haue kiſt,
But he reſuſed ſuch honour,
Saying, I am but ſeruiture,
And eke thy fellow, and thy brother :
Giue gloze to God, and to no other.
And lykewiſe Barnabas and Paul,
Such honour did reſuſe at all:
In Lyſtra where they wrought great worſhip,
The Prieſts of Iupiter and his Clerkes,
And all the people with their advyce,
Would haue made to them ſacrifice :
Of which they were ſo diſcontent,
That they their cloaſhing rane and rent :
And Paul among them rudely ran,
Saying, I am a mortall man :
Giue glorie to God of Kings King,
That made Heauen, Earth, and euerie thing.
Since Peter and Iohn bayne-gloze reſuſed,
With Popes why ſhould ſuch gloze bee vſed?
Peter, Andrew, Iohn, James, and Paul,
And Chriſt's true Diſciples all,
By God's worde their Faith defended :
To hyrne and ſcald they neuer pretended.

The Pope defends his Traditions,
 By flaming fire without remissions :
 Albeit men bzeake the Law diuine,
 They are not put to so great pyne,
 For whoz dome noz Idolatrie,
 For Incest noz Adulterie,
 Or when young Virgines are deslozed :
 For such thinges men are not abheered.
 But who that eates flesh into Lent,
 Are terrible put to toymment :
 And if a Priest happen to marrie,
 They doe him banish, curse and warie,
 Though it bee not against the Law
 Of God, as men may cleatlie know.
 Betwæne these two what difference bærne,
 By saytfull folke it may bee seene.
 Such Antitheses mante moe,
 I might declare, which I let goe,
 And may not tarrie to comple,
 Of each orber the statelie stile.
 The sillie Nunne will thinke great shame,
 Except shee called bee Madame :
 The poore Priest thinks hee gets no right,
 Be hee not stiled lyke a Knight,
 And called Sir before his name :
 As Sir Thomas, and Sir William.
 All Monks, as pe may heare and see,
 Are called Deanes for dignitie :
 Albeit his mother milke the Cow,
 Hee must bee called Deane Androw,
 Deane Peter, Deane Paul, Deane Robert :
 With Christ they take a painfull part :

With double cloathing from the colde:
 Eating and drinking when they wold:
 With curious countring in the Queere:
 God knowes if they buy Heauen full deare:
 My Lord Abbot right venerable,
 Ape marshalled by-moost at the table:
 My Lord Bishop right reverent,
 Set aboue Carles in Parliament:
 And Cardinals during their Reignes,
 Fellowes to Princes, and to Kings:
 The Pope exalted in honour,
 Aboue the potent Emperour:
 The proud Parson, I thinke truchie,
 Hee leads his lyfe right lustilie:
 For why? hee hath none other pyne,
 But take his tiend, and spende it syne:
 But he is obliht by reason,
 To preach vnto his Parishon:
 Though they lacke preaching seauenteene yeare,
 Hee will not lacke one peche of Beare:
 Some Parson hath at his command,
 The wanton wenches of the Land:
 Als they haue great prerogatiues,
 That they may part aye with their wyues,
 Without diuorice or summoning:
 Then take another without wedding,
 Some would thinke it a lustie lyfe,
 Aye when he list to change his wyfe,
 And take another of more beantie:
 But seculars lacke that libertie,
 The which are bound in marriage:
 But they lyke Rapines into their rage,
 Unpylled runne amongst the Cwe.

So long as Nature in them growes,
 And eke the Uicere, as I trow,
 He will not sayle to take a Bow,
 And bymost cloath (though Babes them ban)
 From a poore little Husband-man:
 When that hee hieth so; to die,
 Having small Children two or three:
 And hath three Kins withouten me,
 The Uicere must haue one of the:
 With the gray Cloake that stays the Bed,
 Albeit that hee bee poorelie cled.
 And if the wyfe die on the moyne:
 Though all the Babes should bee so yoyne,
 The other Cow hee cliques awaie,
 With the poore Coat of Raploch gray:
 And if within two dayes or three,
 The eldest childe happen to die,
 Of the third Bow hee will bee sure,
 When hee hath all then vnder cure:
 And father and Mother both are dead,
 Beg must the Babes without remed:
 They holde the Corps at the Kirke-Style,
 And there it must remaine a while,
 Till they get sufficient libertie,
 For their Church right and due tie.
 Then comes the Lands-Lord perforce,
 And cliques to him an herield Horse,
 Poore labourers would that Law were downe,
 Which neuer sounder was by reason:
 I heard them say vnder confession,
 That Law is brother to oppression.

I My Sonne, I haue shewne as I can,

How this first Monarchie began :
 Whose great Emperie soe to report,
 At length the tyme beene all too short.

A description of the Court of Rome.

After (said I) what rule keep they in Rome,
 Which hath the spirituall Dominion,
 And Monarchie aboue all Christendome?
 Shew mee, I make you supplication.

E. My sonne, would I make narration,
 (Said he) to Peter and Paul though they succede,
 I thinke they prone not that into their deede.

For Peter, Andrew, and Iohn were fishers fine,
 Of men and women to the Christian Faith:
 But they haue spred their Net with Hook & Line,
 On rents, riches, on golde, and other trash.
 Such fishing to neglect they will be laide:
 For why? they haue fished over-thwart y^e strands,
 A great part truelie, of all tempeorall lands.

With the tenth part of all goods moueable,
 For the vpholding of their dignities:
 So beane their fishing verie profitable,
 On the dry land as well as on the seas:
 Their Herri-water they spred over all Countries,
 And with their Nose-net daylie drawes to Rome,
 The most fine golde that is in Christendome.

I dare well say, within this fiftie yeare,
 Rome hath receiued south of this Region,
 For Bulles & Benefices which they buy full deare,
 What might ful well haue payde a Kings ransom.
 But were I worthie soe to weare a Crowne,
 Priests

Priests should no more our substance so consume,
Sending pearlie so great riches to Rome.

Into their Trammell-Net they fangde a fish,
More than a Whale worthis of memorie
Of whom they had manie a daintie dish,
By which they are exalted to great glorie.
That marvellous Bonker called Purgatorie,
Albeit to vs it bee not amiable,
It hath to them beene verie profitable.

Let they that fruitfull fish escape their Net,
By which they haue so great commodities,
A more fat fish I trust they shall not get,
Though they would search out through the Ocean
Abov the daylie dolorous Dirigies. (Heggs,
Stillie more Priests may sing with hearts full soie,
Lacke they that painfull palace Purgatorie,

farewell Bonker, with Chanon, Sun, & Priest
Alace, they will be lightlied in all lands
Couls wil na man be knoon in Church nor Dint,
Let they that fruitfull fish escape their hands
I counsell you to binde him fast in bands,
For Peter, Andrew, nor Iohn couls never get,
So profitable a fish into their Net.

Their merchandize into all Nations.
As printed Lead, their Wax and Parchment,
Their Pardons and their Dispensations,
They doe excede some temporall Princes Rent:
In such traffique they are not negligent,
Of Benefice they make good Merchandize,
Through Symonie, which they hold little vice.

Christ did command Peter to feede His Sheepe,
 And so hee did feede them full tenderlie:
 Of that command they take but little keepe,
 But Christ's Sheepe they spoylie pitteouslie,
 And with the wolle they cloath them curiouslie,
 Like greedy Wolues they take of them their too,
 They eate their flesh, & drinke both milke and bloo.

For their office they serue but little here,
 I thinke such Passors are not worth to paye,
 Which cannot goude their sheepe about the myre,
 They are so busied in their merchaundise,
 Though Peter was Porter of Paradise,
 That pleasant passage craftilie they close,
 Whrough them right few gets entresse. I suppose.

Christ Iesus saide, as Matthew doeth report,
 Woe bee to Scribes, and to Pharisance:
 The which did close of Paradise the Port,
 Of them we haue the same experience,
 To enter there they make small diligence:
 They take such care of tempozall businesse,
 Right so from us they stop the plague entresse.

The spirituall heres that Christ to Peter gaue
 Their colour cleare with smoake & mist are laden,
 Unexercised they holde them in their niue,
 Of that office they serue to bee outdaded,
 With Gods Word except that they amende it,
 Opening the port which long time hath bene closed,
 That wee may enter with them, and be reioyced.

Contrarie to Christ's institution,
 To them that dress in habite of a Priest,

Rome hath them granted full remission,
 To passe to Heaue straight-way withoutle watre,
 Which bene in Scotland bled manie a yeare,
 Is there such vertue in a friets hood:
 I thinke in vayne Christ Iesus shed his blood.

Would God, the Pope who hath preheminance,
 With adbpce of his Councell generall:
 That they would make their debtfull diligence,
 That Christ's Law might bee kept ouer all,
 And truelie preached both to great and small,
 And giue to them spirituall authoritie,
 Which can perfectlie shew the veritie.

Who cannot preach a Priest hold not be named,
 As may be prooued by the Law diuine:
 And by the Canon Law they are defamed,
 That takes Priestshood but onlie to that fine,
 To all vertue their hearts they should encline,
 In speciall, to preach with true intents,
 And minister the needfull Sacraments.

As for their Monkes, their Chanons, and their
 And lustie Ladies of Religion: (Friars)
 I know not where-to their office effects,
 But men may see their great abusion,
 They are not lyke, into conclusion,
 Pertther into their words, nor their workes,
 To the Apostles, Prophets, nor Patriarkes.

If presentlie these Prelates cannot preach,
 Then let each Bishop haue a Suffragane,
 Or Successor, who can the people teach,
 On their expences yearelie to remayne.

To cause the people from their vyce refrayne,
 And when a Prelate happens to decease,
 Then put a perfect Preacher in his place.

Doe they not so, on them shall lye the charge,
 Giving vnable men authoritie:
 As who would make a Steer-man to a Barge,
 Of one blinde bozne, which can no danger see:
 If that Ship-drowne, forsooth, I say for mee,
 Who gaue the Steer-man such commission,
 Should of the Ship make restitution.

The humane Lawes that are contrarious,
 And not conforiming to the Law diuine,
 They should expell, and hold them odious:
 When they perceiue them come to no good fine,
 Invented but by sensuall mens ingyne:
 As that Law which for bloody marriage,
 Causing young Clerkes burne into iusts rage.

Full hard it is Chastitie to obserue,
 Without great grace, and abstinence:
 Into our flesh aye reigneth still woe sterue,
 That first originall sinne concupiscence:
 Which wee through Adam's disobedience,
 Haue done incurre, and shall endure for euer,
 Till that our soule and body Death disleuer.

Wherefore God made of marriage the band,
 In Paradise (as Scripture doth record)
 In Galilie right so I vnderstand,
 Was Marriage honoured by Christ our Lord.
 Olde Law and new, thereto they doe conoord:
 I thinke for mee better that they had slept,
 Than to haue made a Law, and neuer keepe it.

Tolle not Christ Iesus his humanitie,
 Of a Virgine in marriage contracted,
 And of her flesh clad his Diuinitie:
 Why haue they done this blessedfull Bond defaced
 In their Kingdome: would God, it were corrected:
 That yong Prelates might marrie lustie Wyues,
 And not in sensuall lust to leade their lyues.

Did not Christ chose of honest married men,
 Aswell as they had kept Chaſtite,
 For to bee his Disciples, as yee hen?
 As in the Scripture cleaſlie thou mayſt see,
 They kept all their Wyues with good cheere,
 As Peter, and his ſpouſed Brethren all,
 Obſerued Chaſtite matrimoniall,

But now appeares the Prophecie of Iſaie,
 How ſome ſhould riſe into the latter age,
 That from the true fayth ſhould depart and fall:
 And ſome forbid the bond of Marriage:
 Als thou ſhalt finde into that ſame paſſage,
 They ſhould command from meats to abſtaine,
 Which God create his people to ſuſtaine.

But ſince the Pope, our ſpirituall Prince & King,
 Hee doth over-ſee ſuch bites manifeſt,
 And in his Kingdome ſeekes for to reigne,
 The men by whom the Veritie is ſuppreſt:
 I excuſe not himſelfe moze than the reſt:
 Alace, how ſhould wee members bee well uſed,
 When thus our ſpirituall Heads are abuſed?

The famous ancient Doctoꝝ Avicenne,
 ſayes, when ill Rheume deſcends from the head,
 Into

Into the members genders mickle paine,
 Except there bee made hastilie remed,
 When the cold humour doth therefrom procede;
 As sinewes it causeth Arthritica,
 Right so into the hands Chiragra,
 Of maladies it genders manie moe;
 Except men get some soveraigne preserue:
 As in the thighs Sciatica passio,
 And in the brest sometyme the Strong Catene,
 Which causeth men right hastilie to sterue,
 And Podagra right difficill so: to cure,
 In mens set which long tyme doeth endure.

So is this most triumphant Court of Rome,
 This similitude, I may full well compate,
 Which hath bene heirship over all Christendome,
 And to all the World an evill example,
 That sometime was Lead-Scarre and Luminare,
 And the most sapient seate of sanctitude,
 But now, alace, bare of beatitude.

Their kingdome may bee called Babylon,
 Which sometyme was a bright Ierusalem,
 As plainlie meaneth the Apostle Iohn,
 Their most famous Citie hath lost the fame,
 Inhabiters thereof their noble names;
 For wher they haue of Saints the habitacle,
 So Simon Magus made a Tabernacle.

An horrible baile of cherie hynde of byce,
 A saucyke Loch of stinking Lecherie:
 A cursed Caue corrupt with Cobetice,
 Wozded about with Pye and Symonie:
 Some

Some say, a Cisterne full of Sodomie,
Whose vyce, in speciall, if I would declare,
It were enough soz to perturbe the Aire.

Of truetb the whole Christian Religion,
Through them is scandalized and offended:
It cannot fayle but their abusion,
Besore the Throne of God it is ascended:
I heare, but doubt, except that they amende it,
The plagues of Iohn's Revelation,
Shall fall vpon their generation.

O Lord, which hath the heart of euerie King,
Into thine hand, I make thee supplication,
Conuert that Court, that of thy grace benigne,
They would make generall reformation,
Amongst themselves, in euerie Nation,
That they may bee an holie example,
To vs thy poze laicke common populace.

Hungred, alace, soz fault of spirituall food,
Because from vs is hid the veritie:
O Prince, that shed soz vs thy pzeious blood,
Kindle in vs the fire of Charitie,
And save vs from eternall miserie,
Now labouring in thy Church militant,
That wee may come to thy Church triumphant.

THE

THE FOUVRTH BOOKE,

Making mention of the death of the *Anticrist*,
and of the generall Iudgement, &c.

With an Exhortation by *Experience*, to the *Conscience*.

Pudent Father Experience,
Since you of your benevolence,
Hath caused mee so; to consider,
How worldlie pompe and gloze beene slider,
By diuerse stories miserable,
Which to rehearse be lamentable,
Yet ere we passe off this baile,
I pray you giue mee your counsaile,
What shall I doe in tyme comming,
To haue the gloze everlastinge.

E. My sonne (sayd he) set thine intent,
To keepe the Lord's Commandement,
And pcealle thou not to climbe ouer his,
To no worldlie authoritie:
Who in this world doe most resoyce,
Are farrest aw from their purpose.
Wouldst thou leaue worldlie vanities,
And thinke on foure Extremities,
Which are to come, and that shortlye,
Thou wouldst neuer sinne wilfullie:
Print these foure in thy memoize,
The Death, the Hell, and Heavens glozie,
And extream Iudgement generall,
Where thou must render account of all:
Thou shalt not fayle to bee content,
Of quyet lype, and sober Kent:

Con

Considering no man can bee sure,
 In Earth one houre so; to endure:
 No all worldlie prosperitie,
 Is mixed with great miserie.
 Were thou Emperour of Asia,
 King of Europe and Africa,
 Great dominator of the Sea,
 And though the Heavens did thee obey,
 All Fishes swimming in the Strand,
 All Beastes and Fowles at thy command,
 Concinging thou wert King over all,
 Under the Heaven imperiall;
 In that most high authoritie,
 Thou shouldst finde least tranquillitie.
 Example of King Salomon,
 More prosperous lyfe had never none;
 Such Riches with so great pleasure,
 Had never King nor Emperour:
 With most profound Intelligence,
 And super-excellent Sapience,
 His pleasant habitations,
 Preceded all other Nations:
 Gardens and Parks for Farts and Hyndes;
 Stankes with fish of divers kindes.
 More profound Masters of Musike,
 That in the World was none them lyke.
 Such treasure of Gold and precious Stones,
 In Earth had never no King at once:
 He had seven hundred lustie Queenes,
 And three hundred faire Concubines,
 In Earth there was no thing pleasaunt,
 Contrarious to his Command:
 Yet all his great prosperitie,



10 The fourth Booke,
Hee thought it vayne, and vanitie,
And neuer sound repose compleat,
Without affliction of the sprite.

C. Father (sayde I) it marvels mee,
Hee having such prosperitie,
With so great riches aboue measure:
For hee had infinite pleasure.

E. My Sonne (sayde he) if thou wouldst know,
The veritie I shall thee shew,
There is no worldlie thing at all,
May satisfie a man's laill:
For it is so insatiable,
That Heaven and Earth may not be able,
A soule alone to bee content,
Till it see God omnipotent:
Was never none, nor never shall bee
Satiated, that sight till that hee see:
Wherefore (my Sonne) set not thy care
In Earth, where nothing can bee sure:
Except the death alane the.
Which followes man continuallie:
Wherefore (my Sonne) remember thee,
With in short tyme that thou must die,
Not knowing when, how, or what place,
But as it please the King of Grace.

Of Death.

De miserie, most miserable,
In Death, and most abhominable:
That dreadful Dragon with his Darts,
Are ready for to pierce the hearts,
Of everie creature on face,
Contrarie whole strength may no man strive,

Of dolent Death this is sentence,
 Was given through disobedience
 Of our Parents; alacke, therefore,
 As I haue done declare before,
 How they, and their posteritie,
 Were all commanded for to die:
 Albeit the flesh to Death bee thrall,
 God hath the Soule made immortall:
 And so of His benignitie,
 Hath mixt His Iustice with Mercie:
 Therefore call to remembrance,
 Of this false world the variance,
 How we like Pilgrimes euen and morrow,
 Are travelling through this Vale of sorrow:
 Sometime in vayne prosperitie,
 And sometime in great miserie,
 Sometime in blesse, sometime in bayle:
 Sometime right sicke, and sometime heale:
 Sometime full rich, and sometime poore,
 Therefore (my Sonne) take little care,
 Neyther of great prosperitie,
 Nor yet of greater miserie,
 But pleasant lyfe, and hard mischance,
 Ponder them both in one Ballance,
 Considering none other authoritie,
 Riches, Wisdome, nor Dignitie:
 Emprre of Realmes, Beautie, nor Strength,
 May not one day our lyues length,
 Since wee are sure that wee must die,
 Farewell all vayne felicitie:
 Greatlie it doeth perturb my mynde,
 Of dolent Death the diuerse kinde:
 Though

Though Death to euerie man resorts,
 Yet strykes hee into sundrie sorts:
 Some by hote Febers violence,
 Some by contagious Pestilence,
 Some by Justice execution,
 Were put to Death without remission:
 Some hanged, some doe lose their heads,
 Some burnt, some sudden into Leads:
 And some for their unlawfull actes,
 Are rent and riven on the Rades:
 Some are dissolved by payson:
 Some on the night are murdered downe:
 Some falleth into phrenesie:
 Some dyes in Wydowesie,
 And other strange Infirmities,
 Wherein manie a thousand dies,
 Which humane Nature doth abhorre,
 As in the Gut, Crabell, and Coze:
 Some in the fluxe, and feber quartane,
 But aye the houre of Death uncertaine:
 Some are dissolved suddenlie,
 By Catbarre or Apoplexie:
 Some doe destroy their selfe also,
 As Hanniball and wise Cato.
 By Thunder Death doth some consume,
 As hee did the third King of Rome,
 Called Fullos Hostilius,
 As wyrteth great Valerius:
 For hee and his householde at once,
 Were burnt by Thunder, flesh and bones:
 Some die by extreame Excesse
 Of Joy, as Valere doth expresse:
 Some by extreame melancholie,

Will disbur other materie, In Chronicles thou maye well see,
 How manie hundreth thousand men
 Are slaine since first the world began,
 In Battell, and how manie men
 Upon the Seas doe lose their liues,
 When ships vpon the waves rine,
 Though some die naturall through age,
 Farre moe dies rabing in rage,
 Happie is he the which hath space,
 At his last houre to say his grace:
 Albeit Death bee abhominable,
 I thinke it should bee comfortable,
 To all them of the faithfull number,
 For they depart from care and cumber,
 From trouble, trauell, guilt, and gyle,
 To joy and euerlasting yle.
 Polidorus Virgilius,
 To that effect wee wyrteth thus,
 In Thrace when anie Chylde is borne,
 Their kin and friends come them before,
 With dolent lamentation,
 For the great tribulation,
 Calamitie, cumber, and cure,
 That they in Earth are to endure:
 But at their death and burying,
 They make great joy and banquetting,
 That they haue past from miserie,
 To rest and great felicitie.
 Since Death borne finall conclusion,
 What auailes worldly prohibition,
 When wisdom may not contramand,

No; strength that stonre may not gannstand,
 Ten thousand millions of treasure,
 May not prolong thy lyfe one houre:
 After whose dolent departing,
 Thy spirit shall but lastyng,
 Straght way to joy inestimable,
 O; to strong payne intollerable:
 Thy vile corrupted Carion,
 Shall turne to putrefaction,
 And so remayne in powder small,
 Untill the Iudgement generall.

A Short description of Antichrist.

Sayde I, Father, I heare men say,
 That there shall lyse before that day,
 Which you call generall Iudgement,
 A wicked man from Satan sent,
 And contrarie the Law of Christ,
 Called the cruell Antichrist:
 And some say, that mischievous man,
 Descend shall of the Tribe of Dan,
 And should bee bozne in Babylon,
 The which decepne shall manie one.
 Infidels shall of euerie Airt,
 With that false Propbet take a part:
 And how Enoch, and Elias,
 Shall preach agaynst that false Messias:
 But finallie, his false doctrine,
 And hee, shall bee put to ruine;
 But neyther by the fire nor sword,
 But by the vertue of Gods Word:
 And if this bee of veritie,
 The soth, I pray you, shew to mee.

E. My Sonne (fordear) as I sayeth John
 There shall not bee a man alone
 Having that name in speciall print
 But Antichrists in generall
 Hath beene, and now are manie one
 And right so in the tyme of John
 Were Antichrists, as himselfe sayes
 And presentlie now in these dayes
 Are right manie withouten doubt
 Were their false lawes well sought out
 Who was a greater Antichrist
 And more contrarious to Christ
 Than the false Prophet Mahomer
 Whiche his curst lawes made so froward
 In Turkie yet they are observed
 Wherethrough the Bell has beene defiled
 All Turkes, Saracens, and Jewes
 That in the name of God not trawles
 Are Antichrists, I thee declare
 Because to Christ they are contrare
 Daniel sayth, in his Prophecies
 That after these great Monarchies
 Shall rise a marvellous potent King
 Which with a thummelesse face shall reigne
 Mightie and wys in darke looking
 And prosper in all pleasant things
 Through his falsehoo and craftinesse
 Hee shall grow into wealthinesse
 The godlis people hee shall murther
 By cruell Death, and them destroy
 The King of Kings shall him gaine stand,
 Then hee destroye withouten hand:

Paul saies; Before the Lords comming,
 That there shall be a departing:
 And that man of iniquitie,
 To all men he shall opened be,
 Which shall sit in the holie Seate,
 Contrarie God to make debate:
 But that sonne of perdition,
 Shall be put to confusion,
 By power of the holie Spite,
 When his tyme hath done complet:
 Belieue not that in tyme comming,
 A greater Antichrist to reigne,
 Than there hath bene, and presented
 Is now, as Clarke can espye,
 Therefore my will is, that thou know,
 What euer they be that make the Law,
 Though they be called Christian men,
 By naturall reason thou mayd wene,
 Be they neuer of so great balour,
 Pope, Cardinall, King, or Emperour,
 Extolling their Traditions,
 Aboue Christ's Institutions,
 Making Lawes contrarie to Christ,
 He is a verie Antichrist:
 Not wtho doth fortifie or defende,
 Such Law, I make it to the end:
 Be hee Pope, Emperour, King, or Quene,
 Great sorrow shall be on them sene,
 At Christ's extreame Iudgement,
 Except in tyme they doe repent.

A short

A short remembrance of the most terrible day of
Iudgement.

Father, (sayde I) with your licence,
Since ye haue such Experience,
Yet one thing at you would I spiere,
When shall this dreadfull day appeare,
Which you call Iudgement generall,
What thinges befoze that day shall fall?
Where shall appeare that dreadfull Inge,
D; how may faulters get refuge?

E. (Sayde he) as to thy first question,
I can make no solution:
Wherefoze perturbe not thine intent,
To know the day, houre, or moment:
To God alone the day is knowne,
Which neuer was to Angell showne,
Albeit by diuerse coniectures;
And principall Expositures,
Of Daniel, and his Prophecie,
And by the sentence of Elie,
Which haue declared as they can,
How long it is since the World began,
And how long they haue done their cure,
How long they trust it shall endure:
And eke how manie Ages beene,
As in their workes may be seene:
But to declare those questions,
There are sundry opinions:
Some say, ytern haue the world blyssed,
In sixe ages, as beene decreed,
Into Fasciculus temporum,

And Chronica Chronicon,
 And by the sentence of Elle,
 The world dyveded is in thre,
 As cunning Spallus Canon,
 Hath made playne & manifest
 How Eiesanth, withouten weere,
 The world shall last fiftethousand yere,
 Of whom I folloiw the sentence,
 And let the other bookes goe hence
 From the Creation of Adam,
 Twothousand peeres to Abraham,
 From Abraham by this narration,
 To Christ his Incarnation,
 Right so hath bene twothousand yere,
 As by their prophecies appeares,
 From Christ, as they make to be kend,
 Twothousand to the world's end:
 Of which are by-gone sixtethie,
 A thousand five hundredeth thre and fiftie,
 And so remaynes to come but weere,
 Four hundredeth seaven and fourty yere,
 And then the Lord omnipotent
 Should come to his great Judgement
 Christ sayth, The tyme shall bee made short,
 As Matthew playnly doeth report:
 That for the world's iniquitie,
 The latter tyme shall be stned bee,
 For pleasure of the chosen number,
 That they may passe from care and cumber
 So by this count it may bee kende,
 The world is drawing neare an ende:
 For Legions are come no doubt,
 Of Antichrists, were they sought out.

And

And manie tokens doe appeare,
 As after thortlie thou shalt heare,
 How that ~~spaine~~ Ierome doeth endyte,
 That he hath read in Hebrew wyte,
 Of fiftene signes in speciall,
 Before that Iudgement generall:
 Of some of them I take no cure,
 Which I finde not in the Scripture:
 A part of them though I declare,
 First, I will to the Scripture fare,
 Christ sayth, before that day of Domes,
 There shall be signes in Sunne and Moone,
 The Sunne shall by day beames bright,
 So that the Moone shall give no light,
 The glistering Starres, by wens iudgement,
 Shall fall south of the firmament.

¶ Of these signes, ere wee further goe,
 Some morall sense wee will expone,
 As cunning Clarke hath bene declared,
 And haue the Sunne and Moone compared:
 The Sunne to the state spirituall;
 The Moone to Princes temporall;
 Right so the Starres they doe compare,
 To the laicke common populace;
 The Moone and Starres haue no light,
 But the refiers of Phobus bright,
 So when the Sunne of light is darke,
 The Moone and Starres must bee marke;
 Right so when Pastors spirituall,
 Popes, Bishops, and Cardinals,
 In their beginning shew great light;
 The temporall state was ruled right.

But now, alace, I findat so,
 Their shining lamps beendagor,
 Their radious beames are turnde to Rokes:
 For now in Earth nothing they seeke,
 Except Riches and Dignitie,
 Following their sensualitie:
 Manie Brelates are now reigning,
 The which no more doe vnderstand,
 What doeth pertaine to their office,
 Than they can kinde fire with yee:
 Woe bee to Popes, I say so; mes,
 That suffer such enoymentie,
 That ignorant worldly Creatures,
 Should in the Church haue anie cures:
 No marvell though the people sibe,
 When they haue blinde men to their guide:
 For a Brelate that can not preach,
 No; Gods Law to the people teach,
 Esay compares them in his warke,
 To a dumbe Dogge that can not bakke:
 And Christ him calleth in his griefe,
 Most like a Purcherer, or a Thiefe.
 The cunning Doctor Augustine,
 To Molues and Deuils doeth them deliue:
 The Canon Law doth him belame,
 That of a Brelate beares the name,
 And will not preach the olde Lawes,
 As the Deerees plainly haue saide:
 But these that haue authoritie,
 To prouide spirittuall dignitie,
 Might if they pleased to take paine,
 Cause them light all their lamps againe,
 But euer, alace, that is not done,

So darkened beere both Sunne and Moone:
Where Kings lines well declared,
The which are to the Moone compared,
Men might consider their estate,
From Chastitie degenerate:
I thinke they should thinke mickle shame,
Of Christ for to take their surname:
They liue not lyke to Christians,
But moze lyke Turks and Pagans:
Turke contrare Turke makes little weare,
But Christian Princes take no feare,
Which should agree, as brother with brother,
But now each one dings downe another:
I know no reasonable cause wherefoze,
Except Wylde, Cobetice, and Vaine-glorie.
The Emperours imposes his aduantage,
Contrare the potent King of France:
And France right so with great rigour,
Contrare his frende the Emperour:
And right so France against England,
England, also against Scotland:
And eke the Scots with all their might,
Doe fight for to defende their right
Betweene the Realmes of Albion,
Where Battells haue beene many once:
Can bee made no affinitie,
Nor yet no consanguinitie:
Nor by no way they can consider,
That they may haue long peace together.
I dread that warre make none ending,
Till they bee both vnder one King:
Though Christ the soberaigne King of grace,
Best in his Testament, Loue and Peace.

Our things from warre will not refrayne,
Till there bee wanted thousand dayes;
Great damage made by Sea and Land,
As all the world may understand.

C. Father, I thinke, that temporall things
May fight for to defende their reignes;
For I haue seene the spirituall state;
Hauke warre their rights to debate.
I saw Pope Julius in his folie,
Passe to the fieldes triumphantlie,
With a right awfull ordinance,
Contraste Newes the King of France;
And so to doe him more despyte,
Hee did his Regent interdict.

E. By Sonne, I haue her and I say more,
That belongs well to our purpose;
How Dunne and I haue both bene debarred
Of light, as Clarke yet out liued;
Comparing them, as you haue told,
To spirituall state and temporall;
And common people haue despised
Which to the State is thus compared;
Laicke people followe up their heads,
And speciallie into their deede;
The most part of Religion,
Beene turned to a bawle religious;
What doe a bawle religious doo,
When they are contrary in their doo;
What holie life is there within;
A Wolfe clay in a litle shinne;
So by these toliens doeth appeare,
The way of Religion doeth appeare;
I would let us leaue this all fence, and goe

Proceeding to our purpose hence,
 And of this matter speake no more,
 Beginning where we left before,
 The Scripture sayth, after those signes,
 Shall be some manie marvellous things,
 Then shall these tribulations,
 In Earth, and great mutations,
 As well here under, as above,
 When vertues of the Heauen shall moue:
 Such cruell Warres shall be ere than,
 Was never since the World began,
 The which shall cause great indigence,
 As Death, Hunger, and Pestilence:
 The horrible sounds of the Sea,
 The people shall perturb and flee:
 Ierome sayth, It shall rise on hight,
 Above mountaynes by mens sight.
 But it shall not spreade oer the Land,
 But lyke a Wall shall straight bystand,
 Then settle downe agayne so low,
 That no man shall the water know:
 Great Whales shall rumish, rovt. and raire,
 Whose sound rebound shall in the Ayre,
 All fish and Monsters marvellous,
 Shall cry with sounds odious,
 That men shall tother on the Eard,
 And weeping waie shall their wiers,
 With loude aloe and well-away,
 That euer they liued so far that day:
 And speciallie those that dwelling be,
 Upon the Coasts of the Sea:
 Right so, as Ierome concludes,
 Shall be some ferlies in the floods:

The Sea with moving marvellous,
 Shall burne with flames furious
 Right so shall burne Fontaine and flood,
 All Herbe and Tree shall sweate like blood:
 Fowles fall forth out of the Aire,
 Wyld Beasts to the plaine repaire,
 And in their manner make great moane,
 Howling with manie grieuie groane:
 The bodies off the dead Creatures,
 Appeare shall on their sepaltures:
 Then shall both men, women, and bairnes,
 Come crying forth of darke Cabernes:
 Where they for deaht were hid befoze,
 With sigh, and sob, and hearts full soze:
 Wandring about as they were wood,
 Staruished for fault of food.
 None can make other comforting,
 But double grieve and lamenting.
 What may they doe but weepe and wonder,
 When they see Roches shake in sunders
 Through trembling of the Earth and quaking,
 Of sorrow then shall bee no flaking:
 They that are liuing in those dayes,
 May tell of terrible strayes:
 When riches, rents, nor great treasure,
 That tyme shall doe them small pleasure.
 But when such wonders doe appeare,
 Men may bee sure that Day drawes neare:
 When iust men shall passe to the gloze,
 Vniust to paine for evermoze.

C. Father (sayds I) wes daylie reade,
 An Article into our Creede,
 Saying, that Christ Omnipotent,

Into that generall Iudgement,
 Shall iudge both quicke and dead also,
 Wherefoze declares mee ere yet goe,
 If there shall anie Man or Wyfe,
 That day bee founden vpon lyfe.

E. (Sayde hee) as to that question,
 I shall make some solution:
 The Scripture plainlie doth expone,
 When all tokens are come and gone,
 Yet mane an hundredth thousand,
 That selfesame day shall bee liband,
 Albeit there shall no Creature,
 Neyther of day nor houre bee sure:
 For Christ shall come so suddenlie,
 That no man shall the tyme espye,
 As it was in the tyme of Noy,
 When God did all the World destroy:
 Some on the field shall bee labouring:
 Some in the Temples marryng:
 Some befoze Iudges making pley,
 And some men sayling on the Sey:
 Those that bee on the field going,
 Shall not retorne to their Lodging:
 Who beene vpon the house aboue,
 Shall haue no leasure to remoue:
 Two shall bee in the Mill grinding,
 Which shall bee taken without warning,
 The one to everlasting gloze,
 The other lost for evermoze:
 Two shall bee lying in one bed,
 The one to pleasure shall bee led,
 The other shall bee left alone,
 Sleeping with manie greivous groane:
 And

And so, my Sonne, thou mayst well trove,
 The World shall bee as it is now;
 The people doing businesse,
 As holie Scripture doeth expresse:
 Since no man knowes the houre nor day,
 The Scripture bids vs watch and pray,
 And for our sinne bee penitent,
 As Christ would come incontinent.

The manner how CHRIST shall come to
 His Judgement.

When all tokens are brought to ende,
 Then shall the Sonne of God descend,
 As fire-blazht battlie glancing,
 Descend shall that heauenlie King:

As Phœbus in the Orient,
 Lighteneth in haste the Decident,
 So pleasantlie hee shall appeare,
 Amongst the heauenlie Clouds cleare,
 With great Power and Masestie,
 Aboue the Countrey of Indie,
 As Clarkes haue concluded haill,
 Direct aboue the lustie Vale,
 Of Iosaphat, and Mount Oliveer,
 All Prophecie there shall bee complēt,
 The Angels of the orders thre,
 Environ shall the Throne diuine,
 With humble consolation,
 Making him ministracion:
 In his presence there shall bee boine,
 The signes of Crosse, and crowne of Thorne,
 Pillar. and Payles, Scourges, and Speare,
 With euerie thing that did him deare,

OF the Monarchie.

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The tyme of His grimm Passion,
 And for our consolation,
 Appeare shall in His Hands and Feet,
 And in His Syde the print compleete,
 Of his true wounds precious,
 Shynning lyke Rubies radious,
 To reprobate confusion:
 And for small conclusion,
 Hee sitting in his Tribunall,
 With great power imperiall:
 Then shall an Angell blow a blast,
 Which shall make all the world agast,
 With hideous voyce and vehement,
 Ryle vp dead folke, come to Iudgement,
 With that all reasonable Creature,
 That euer was formed by Nature,
 Shall suddenlie ryle vp at once.
 Conjoynde with soule, flesh, blood, and bones,
 That terrible Trampet I heare tell,
 Bees heard in Heauen, in Earth, and Hell,
 Those that were drowned in the Sea,
 That boasteous blast they shall obey:
 Where euer the bodie buried was,
 All shall bee found into that place:
 Angels shall passe in the foure Airs
 Of Earth, and bring them from all parts,
 And with an instant diligence,
 Present them to His Excellence:
 Saynt Ierome thought continuallie,
 On this Iudgement so ardentlie:
 Hee sayde, Whether I eate or drinke,
 Or wake, or sleepe, or looth, I thinke,

That terrible Trumpet lyke a Bell,
 So quicklie in myne eares doeth knell,
 As instantlie as it were present:
 Myse by dead folke, come to Judgement;
 If saynt Ierome toke such a trap,
 Alace! what shall wee sinners say?
 All those that shall bee sound on liue,
 Then shall immortall bee beline,
 And in the twinkling of an eye,
 With fire they shall translated bee,
 And neuer so; to die agayne,
 As diuine Scripture sheweth playne:
 As readie both so; payne and gloze,
 As they which died long befoze.
 The Scripture sayth, they shall appeare,
 In age of thre and thirtie yeare;
 Whether they died young or olde,
 Whose great number may not bee tolde,
 That day shall not bee mist one man,
 Which was bozne since the world began.
 The Angell shall them separate,
 As Verd the sheepe doeth from the Goats;
 And those that bes of Belial's band,
 Trembling vpon the Earth shall stand,
 On the left hand of that great Iudge,
 But esperance to get refuge:
 But those that are predestinate,
 Shall from the Earth bee elevate;
 And that most happie companie,
 Shall ordred bee triumphantlie,
 At the right hand of Christ our King,
 High in the Ayre with loude lobing:
 Full gloriouslie there shall compare,

More bright than Phœbus in his Sphera,
The Virgine Marie, Queene of Queenes,
With manie a thousand of Virgines :
The fathers of the Olde Testament,
Which were to God obedient :
father Adam shall them conboy,
With Abel, Seth, Enoch, and Noy.
Abraham with all his saythfull Markes,
With all the prudent Patriarkes.
Iohn the Baptist shall there compeare,
The principall and last Messenger,
Which came but halfe a yeare before,
The comming of that King of gloze.
Moses and Esaias honourable,
With all true Prophets venerable :
David with all the saythfull Kings,
Which vertuouslie did rule their Reignes :
The noble Chistane Iosue,
With gentle Iudas Maccabe,
With manie a noble Champion,
Which in their tyme, with great renowne,
Pursuallie to their lynes ende,
The Law of God they did defende.
With Eue that Day shall bee present,
The Ladies of the Olde Testament,
Deboir, Adam's Daughters deare,
With the soure iustie Ladies cleare,
Which kept were in the Arke with Noy,
Sara and Kerurah with joy,
The which to Abraham they were borne,
With good Rebecca there shall bee seene,
The prudent Wives of Israel,

So The fourth Booke,
God Leah, and the sayre Rachel :
With Iodith, Hester, and Susanna,
And the right sapient Queene Saba :
There shall compeare Peter, and Paul,
With Chyrist's true Disciples all,
Lawrence, and Steven with their blest band,
Of Martyres moosthan ten thousand :
Gregorie, Ambrose, and Augustine,
With Confessozs a triumphant trine :
With Saynt Francis, and Benedicke,
Saynt Bernard, and Saynt Dominicke,
With small number of Monks and Friers,
Of Carmelites, and Cordeliers,
That for the loue of Chyrist onlie,
Renounc'd the world vnfeignedlie :
With Elizabeth, and Anna,
All good wyues shall compeare that day :
The blest and holie Magdalene,
That day before her Soueraigne,
Right pleasantlie hee shall present,
All sinners that were penitent,
Which of their guilt heere asked grace,
In heauen with her shall haue a place :
But woe bee to that baylfull band,
Which shall stand low at His left hand :
Woe then to Kings and Emperours,
That were vnrightheous Conquerours,
For their glaze and particular good,
Causde sheede so mickle sakelesse blood :
Both Scepter, Crowne, and Robe royall,
That day they shall make count of all,
And for their cruell tyrannie,
Shall punish't bee peryetuallie.

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Ninus, the King of Assyria,
With great dule shall compeare that day:
Which first invented Imagery,
Wherethrough came great Idolatry.
For making of the Image Bel,
That day his hye shall bee in Hell.
The great oppressour King Pharao,
The tyrant Emperour Nero,
Shall with them curst King Herod bring,
With manie other carefull King.
The cruell King Antiochus,
With the most furious Olofermus;
Great oppressours of Israel,
That day their hye shall bee in Hell.
With Iudas shall compeare a Clan,
Of false Traitors to God, and man,
There shall compeare of euerie Land,
With Ponce Pilate a bailfull Band,
Of temporall and spirituall States:
False Judges with their Advocates:
There shall our Benecours of the Session,
Of all their faults make cleare confession:
There shall bee scene the fraudfull sailpies,
Of Shireffes, Iudges, and of Bailpies,
Officialls with their consistorie Clarke,
Shall make count of their wrongous warkes:
They and their perverse Procourers,
Oppressours both of rich and poyres,
Whrough Dilatoys full of false deceit,
Which manie one canse beg their meat.
Great dule that day to Judges beene,
That comes not with their conscience cleane:
That day shall passe by peremptours, with

Of the Monarchie.

Without Cantell or Dilatours:
No duplicandum, nor triplicandum,
But shoythe passe to sententiandum:
Without continuations,
Or anie appellations.
That sentence shall not bee retreated,
Nor with no man of Law debated.
Pece Labourers by Sea and Land,
Perfect Craftsmen, and rich Merchants,
Leaue your deceits and craftie wyles,
Which fillie simple soules beguyles:
Make recompence heere as pee may,
Remembryng on this dreadfull day.
With Mahomer, shall compeare no doubt,
Of Antichrists an hideous rout.
Bishop Annas and Caiaphas,
With him a companie shall passe,
Of Scribes, and false Pharisies,
Which wrought on Christ great violence,
With manie a Turke and Saracene,
With great sozrow there shall bee seene:
Popes with their Traditions,
Contrare Christ's Institutions,
With manie a Cowle and clipped Crowne,
Which Christ's Law haue beaten downe,
And would not suffer so to preach
The Veritie, nor the people teach:
But laicke men put to great torment,
Which vsed Christ his Testament.
All things and Queenes there shall bee kend,
The which such Lawes did defend:
To that court shall come manie one,

Of the blacke byke of Babylon,
 The innocent blood that day shall cry,
 A loud vengeance full pittieouslie,
 On those cruell bloodie Butcheours,
 Of Martyres, Prophets, and Preachours;
 Soe with the fire, some with the sword,
 As playnlie preached God his word,
 That day they shall rewarded bee,
 Conforming to their iniquitie:
 The Sodomites, and Gomorrhance,
 On whom God wrought so great vengeance,
 With Chore, Dathan, and Abyrone,
 With their assistants manie one;
 The holie Scripture will thee tell,
 How they sank downe all to the Hell:
 With Simon Magus shall resort,
 Of proude Priests a shamefull sort:
 The selfe-same day there shall bee seene,
 Manie a cruell carefull Queene:
 Queene Semirame, King Ninus wyfe,
 A Tyger full of sturt and styfe:
 Together with Queene Iezabell,
 Which was covetous and cruell,
 The false deceitfull Dalila,
 The cruell Queene Clytemnestra,
 The which did murder on the night,
 Agamemnon both wyse and wight,
 The which was her soveraigne Lord,
 As Greeke stories doe record,
 With cruell Queenes manie one,
 Which longsome were so to expone.

¶ Bee wanton Ladies, and Burges wyues,
 That now so libell tayles stryues,

Flap

Flapping the filth amongst your feete,
 Kayling the dust into the Streete,
 That day soz all their pompe and pryde,
 Your tayles shall not your hippes hyde;
 These vanities yee shall repent,
 Unlesse that yee bee penitent:
 With Pichonilla, I heare tell,
 Which rapde the spzite of Samuel,
 That day with her there shall resort,
 Of rancke Witches a sozrowfull sort,
 Brought from all parts, manie a myle,
 From Savoy, Athole, and Argyle,
 And from the Ryndes of Galloway,
 With manie a woefull, well-away:
 Yee Brethren of Religion,
 In tyme leane your abusion,
 With which ye haue the world abused,
 O; yee that day shall bee refused:
 I speake to you all generallie,
 Not to one order speciallie:
 That day all creature shall ken,
 If yee wete Saynts, o; worldlie men:
 O; if yee toke the Chapelrie,
 That yee might liue more pleasantlie,
 And get a good large portion,
 O; soz godlie deuotion:
 That day your seigned sanctitudes,
 Shall not bee knowne by your hodes:
 Your superstitious ceremonies,
 Participant with idolatries,
 Cord, cutted shewes, no; clipped head,
 That day shall stand you in no stead:

For Colours blacke, gray, nor begarde,
 He shall that day get no reward.
 Your polite painted flatterie,
 Your dissimulate hypocrisie,
 That day they shall be cleerlie knowne,
 When you shall reape, as you haue sowne:
 Therefore in tyme bee penitent,
 Or else that day ye shall be spent,
 I pray you hearefullie, as I may,
 Remember on that dolefull day.
 See Abbot, Pryor, and Prioresse,
 Consider what yee bid professe:
 And how that your promotion,
 Was nothing for Devotion:
 But to obtaine the Abbacie,
 Ye made your vow of Chastitie,
 Of Pobertie, and Obedience:
 Therefore remord your conscience,
 How these three vowes haue obserbed,
 And what reward yee haue deserbed:
 Wherefore repent, while ye haue space,
 Since God is liberall of His grace.

C. Father (sayd I) declare to mee,
 Where shall our Prelates ordered be,
 Which are now in the world libere,
 With whom shall come that spirituall Bander

E. (saide hee) as W. Bernard describes,
 Except that they amend their lyues,
 And leaue their wanton vicious works,
 Not with the Prophets or Patriarks,
 Nor with the Martyrs and Confessours,
 The which to Christ were true Preachours,
 Their Predecessours Peter, and Paul, That

Of the Monarchie.

That day will them misken at all,
So shall they not, I say for mee,
With the Apostles ordred bee.
I trust they shall dwell on the Border
Of Hell, where there shall bee no Order;
Endlong the floud of Phlegeton,
Down the Wapes of Acheron,
Crying on Charon, I conclude,
To ferrie them over that furious floud,
To sternall confusion,
Except they leave their abnsson.
I trust, these Prelates, more and lesse,
Shall make cleare count of their Riches,
That dreadfull Day, with hearts full soze,
And what service they did therefoze.
The princelie pompe, or apparell,
Of Pope, Bishop, or Cardinall,
Their Royall Rents, nor Dignitie,
That Day shall not regarded bee.
There shall no taites, as I heare say,
Of Bishops, bee borne vp that Day:
Come they not there with conscience cleane,
On them great sorrow shall bee scene:
Except that they their lynes amend,
In tyme: and so I make an end.

The manner how CHRIST shall give His Sentences.

When all these Congregations,
Are brought out of all Nations,
Which shall bee without all Proceffe,
Though I haue made so long digresse:
For in the twinkling of an eye,

All mankynde shall presented be,
 Before that King's Excellence:
 Then shortly shall he giue sentence,
 First, saying to that blessed band,
 Which bee ordred at his right hand,
 Come with my father's bennison,
 And receyue your possession,
 Which was for you preordinate,
 Before the world was first create:
 When I was hungrie yee mee fed,
 When I was naked yee mee cled,
 Oft tymes yee gaue mee barberie,
 And gaue mee drinke when I was dry,
 And visite mee with myndes meeke,
 When I was prisoner and sicke,
 In all such tribulation,
 Yee gaue mee consolation:
 Then shall they say, O potent King,
 When saw wee thee desire such thing?
 Wee neuer saw thyne Excellence,
 Subdned to such indigence:
 Yes (shall hee say) I yon assure,
 When euer yee did receyue the poore,
 And for my sake made them supplie,
 What gift, doubtlesse, yee gaue to mee:
 Therefore shall now begin your gloze,
 Which shall endure for euermore:
 Then shall hee looke on his left hand,
 And say vnto the baillfull band,
 Part with my malediction,
 Eternall affliction,
 In companie with fiends fell,
 The verlasting fire of Hell:

when

When I stood naked at your gate,
 Hungrie, and thirstie; colde, and wet,
 Right feeble, sicke, and lyke to die,
 I never got of you supplie,
 And when I lay in prison strong,
 For you I might haue lyen long,
 Without your consolation,
 Or anie supposition:
 Trembling for dread, then shall they say,
 With manie hideous harme-say:
 Alace, good Lord when saw wee thee,
 Subject to such necessitie?
 When saw wee thee come to our doore,
 Hungrie, thirstie, naked, and poore?
 When saw wee thee in prison lye,
 Or thee refused harbertie?
 Then shall that most precellent King,
 To those wretches make answering;
 That tyme when yee refused the poore,
 Which needfull cryed at your doore,
 And of your superstitione,
 For my sake made them no supplie:
 Refusing them, yee mee refused,
 With wretchednesse so ye were abused,
 Therefore yee shall haue to your paye,
 The euerlasting burning fire,
 Without grace, peace, or comforting;
 Then shall they cry, full sore weeping,
 That wee were made, alace! good Lord,
 Alace! is there no Mercieord?
 But thus withoutten hope of grace,
 Thyne presence of that pleasant face
 Alace! for he it had bene good,

Wee had bene smothered in our Coud:
 Then with a roare the Earth shall crie,
 And swallow them, both Man and Wyue,
 Then shall these Creatures sorrowne,
 What is the houre that they were borne:
 With manie an hideous cry and yell,
 From thence they seele the flames so fell,
 Upon their tender bodies byte,
 Whose torment shall bee infinite,
 The Earth shall close, and from their sight
 Shall taken bee all kynde of light.
 There shall bee howling and weeping,
 Withoutten hope of Comforting.
 In that inestimable payne,
 Eternallie they shall remayne:
 Burning in furious flames red,
 Euer dying, but never bee dead:
 That the small minute of an houre,
 To them shall bee so great dolour.
 They shall thinke they haue done remayne,
 A thousand yeares into that payne.
 Alace, I tremble to heare tell,
 That terrible tormenting of Hell.
 That painfull Pit who can deploze,
 Which must endure so euermore?
 Then shall these glorified Creatures,
 With mirth, and infinite pleasures,
 Condoyned with sops angelicall,
 Passe to the Heauen imperiall,
 With Christ Iesus, our soveraigne King,
 In gloze euerlastingly to reigne:
 Of man which passeth the engyne,
 The thousand part for to desyne,

Of the Monarchie.

Manerlie to the least pleasure,
Preordinate for one Creature.
Then shall a fyre, as Clothes saine;
Make all the Hilles and Vallies plains.
From Earth vp to the Heauen Emptie,
All bees renewed by that fyre:
Purging all thing materiall,
Under the heauen imperiall.
Both Earth, and Water, fyre, and Aire,
Shall be moze perfect made, and saire:
The which before had mixed beene,
Shall then be purified, and made cleane.
The Earth like Chrystall shall be cleare:
And everie Planet in his Sphere,
Shall rest, withoutten moze moving,
Both throu the Heaven, and Chrystalling.
The first and highest Heaven monable,
Will stand, (not turning) firme and stable.
The Sunne into the Orient,
Will stand: and in the Occident
Rest shall the Moone, and be moze cleare,
Than now is Phœbus in his Sphere.
And eke the Lanterne of the Heaven,
Shall give moze light by greeen scaven,
Than it gave since the World began.
The Heauen renewed shall beethan:
Right so the Earth, with such devyle,
Compared to heavenlie Paradise.
So Heaven and Earth shall be all one,
As meaneth the Apostles lohn.
The great Sea shall no moze appeare,
But lyke a Chrystall pure and cleare:
Passing imagination,

Of man to make narration,
 Of gloze which God hath done prepare,
 To euerie one that commeth there,
 The which with eares, noz with eene
 Of man, may not bee heard noz seene:
 With heart it is vnthinkable,
 And with tongue vnpronounciable,
 Whose pleasures shall bee so perfitte,
 Having in God so great delyste:
 The space now of a thousand yeare,
 That tyme shall not an houre appeare,
 Which cannot comprehended bee.
 Till wee that pleasant sight shall see.
 When Paul was ravisht in the spite,
 To the third Heauen of gloze repleat,
 Hee sayth, the Secrets which hee saw,
 They were not lawfull for to shaw,
 To so man on the Earth liuand:
 Wherefore pzeasse not to vnderstand,
 Albeit thereto thou hast desire,
 The secrets of the Heauen-Empyre:
 The moze men looke on Phœbus bright,
 The moze feeble shall bee their sight,
 Right so, let no man set their cure,
 To seeke the high diuine Nature,
 The moze men studie, I suppose,
 Shall bee the moze from their purpose;
 To know whereto should men intende,
 Which Angels cannot comprehend:
 But after this great Iudgement,
 All thinges to vs shall bee patent:
 Let vs with Paul our myndes addresse,
 Whis beeing full of heauenly iustice:

full humblie he teacheth vs,
 Not so; to be too curious:
 Albeit Pen be of great Engine,
 To seeke the high secrets diuine:
 Whose Judgements are vnsearchable,
 His wayes strange, and inuestigable:
 That is to say, past out-finding,
 Of whom no man can finde ending.
 It sufficeth vs so; to implore,
 Great God, to bring vs to His gloze.

Of certaine Pleasures, of the glorified Bodies.

Since there is none in Earth may comprehend,
 The beadenly gloze, and pleasures infinite,
 Wherfore (my son) I pray that not presbo,
 To farre to seeke that matter of delpte,
 Which passeth naturall reason to endpte,
 That God befoze that he the world create,
 Prepar'd to them which are predestinate.

All mortall men shall be made immortall:
 That is to say, Never to die agayne:
 Impassible, and so celestially,
 That fire no; sword may doe to them no payne:
 No; heat, no; colde, no; frost, no; wynd, no; rayne:
 Though such thing were, may doe to the no deare:
 These Creatures right so shall be as cleare,

As flaming Phœbus, in his Mansion,
 Consider then, if there shall be great light,
 When euerie one into their region,
 Shall shyne lyke to the Sunne, and be as bright:
 Let vs, wity Paul, desire to see that light:

To

To be dissolb'd, Paul had a great desire,
With Christ to be into the Heavens Emppre.

And more-over, as Clerkes can playne describe,
These marvellous lights, they bene incomparable;
Amongst the rest, in all their right wits fine,
They shall haue sensuall pleasures delectable.
The heauenlie sound, which shall bee innarrable,
Into their eares continuallie shall ring:
And eke the sight of Christ Iesus, our King,

In His triumphant Throne imperiall,
With His Mother, the Virgin, Queen of Queens.
There shall bee seene the Court celestiall,
Apostles, Martyres, Confessours, and Virgines:
Brighter than Phœbus, in his Spheare y' shines,
The Patriarkis, and Prophets venerable,
There shall bee seene in glozie inestimable.

And with their spirituall eyes shall bee seene,
That light which is most super-excellent:
God as Hee is, and evermore hath beene,
Continuallie that light contemplant.
Augustine sayth, Hee rather take on hand,
To be in Hell, bee seeing the Essence
Of God, than bee in Heaue, without His presence.

Who seeth God in His Diuinitie,
Hee seeth in Him all other pleasant things:
The which with tongue cannot pronounced bee,
What pleasure beene to see that King of Kings.
The greatest pain, that damned folk downe bring,
And to the Devils most punishment,
It is of God to lacke fruition.

And more-over, they shall feelee such a smell,

Surmounting farre the Cent of earthlie Flowres:
 And in their Mouth, a Taste, as I heare tell,
 Of sweet and supernaturall Sapours
 Als they shall see the heauenlie bright Colours,
 Shining amongst those Creatures diuine:
 Which to describe, transcendeth Man's Engins;

And eke they shall haue such Agilitie,
 In one instant, to passe for their pleasure,
 Ten thousand miles, in twinkling of an Eye:
 So that their ioyes shall bee without measure.
 They shall reioyce, to see the great dolour,
 Of damned folke in Hell, and their torment,
 Because it is of God the Iust Judgement.

Subtiltie they shall haue marvellouslie,
 Supposing that there were a wall of Brass:
 A glorified bodie may right easilie,
 Out through the wall, without impediment passe:
 Such-like as both y^e Sun-beame through y^e glasse,
 As Christ to His Disciples did appeare;
 All entreffe close, and none of them did feare.

Al-be-it in Heauen though euerie creature,
 Haue not alike felicitie, nor gloie;
 Yet euerie one shall haue so great pleasure,
 And so content, that they desire no more.
 To haue more ioy, they shall no way implese,
 But they shall bee all satisfied, and content,
 Like to this rude Example subsequent:

Take a Crowat, a Pint-kepe, and a Quart,
 A Gallon-pitcher, a Panshon, and a Tun,
 Of Wyne, or Balme, giue euerie one their part.

The fourth Booke,
 And fill them full, till they bee ober-run.
 The little Crovat, in comparison,
 Shall bee so full, that it shall holde no more,
 Of such treasures, though they were twentie scoze.

Into the Tun, or in the Dunston,
 So all these vessels in one qualitie,
 May holde no more, except they bee ober-run:
 Yet haue they not alke in quantitie.
 So by this rude Example thou mayst see,
 Though euerie one bee not alke in Gloze,
 Are satisfied so, that they desire no more.

Though presentlie by God's purveyance,
 Both Beasts, and Fowles, & Fishes in the Seas,
 Are necessarie for Man's sustenance;
 With Cornes, Herbs, Flowres, & fruitfull Trees:
 Then shall there bee no commodities:
 The Earth shall beare no Plāt, nor Beast but all
 But as the Heavens shall bee bright, lyke brall.

Suppose some be on Earth, walking here down
 Or high above where euer they please to goe,
 Of God they haue eye cleare fruition;
 Both East, and West, by, downe, or to, and fro
 Clarke's haue declared pleasures manie moe,
 Which doe transcend all mostall man's engyne,
 The thousand part of those pleasures diuine.

Into the Heaven they shall perfectly know,
 Their tender Friends, their Father, & their Mother
 Their Predecessours whom they never saw;
 Their Spoules, Childre, their Sister, & their Brother
 And euerie one which erst had loue to other. (the
 Of others Gloze, and Joy, they shall reioyce,
 As of their owne, as Clarke doe playnly noye.

There shall bee seene that bright Ierusalem,
 Which Iohn saw in his Revelation,
 For moztall Men, alike, are soze to blame,
 That will not haue consideration,
 And a continuall Contemplation,
 With hote Desire, to come into that Gloze,
 Which pleasure shall endure soz eber-moze.

O LORD, our **GOD**, and King Omnipotent,
 Who knowest ere Thou the Heauen & Earth create,
 Who wouldst to That be disobedient,
 And so deserue soz to be reprobate:
 Thou knowest the number of Wicked Sinners,
 Whom Thou dost call, and hast them justified,
 And shall in Heauen with Them be glorified.

Grant vs to bee, **LORD**, of that chosen sort,
 Which of Thy Mercie superexcellen,
 Dost purge, as Scripture doeth report,
 With the Blood of that holie Innocent,
JESUS, which made Him selfe obedient,
 Vnto the Death, and lached on the Rood:
 Let vs, **O LORD**, bee purged with that Blood.

All Creatures that after **GOD** create,
 As wryteth Paul, they wish to see that Day,
 When the Children of **GOD** predestinate,
 Shall not appeare in their new flesh Array:
 When corruption bea cleansed quite away,
 And changed bea their mortall qualitie,
 In the great Gloze of Immortalitie.

And moztader, all things corporall,
 Under the Canopie of the Heavens Empted,
 That now to labour laboer, and shall

The fourth Booke,
 Sunne, Moone, and Starres, Earth, Water, Aire,
 In a manner, they haue an hote desire : (firs,
 Waſhing that Day, that they may bee at reſt,
 As Erasmus expoundeth manifeſt.

Wee ſee the great Globe of the Firmament,
 Continuallie in moving marvellous :
 The ſeauen Planets, contrarie their intent,
 Are reſt about, with courſe contrarious :
 The Wynde and Sea, with ſto, meſſurions :
 The troubled Ayre, with froſts, Snow, & Raine,
 Untill that Day, they travell aye in payne.

And all the Angels of the orders thre,
 Having compaſſion of our miſeries,
 They wiſh after that Day, and to that ſine,
 To ſee vs freed from our infirmities,
 And cleaſed from theſe great calamities,
 And troublous lyfe, which neuer ſhall haue end,
 Untill that Day, I make it to thee kende.

An Exhortation given by Father Experience, vnto
 his Sonne, the Courtour.

My Sonne, now marke well in thy memory
 Of this falſe world & troubles tranſitory,
 Whole dreadfull dayes doe draw neere at hand
 Then call on God, to be thine adiutor : (end
 And euerie day, my Sonne, Memento Mori.
 Thou woeſt not wher, nor where, that & ſhalt went
 Heere to remaine, I pray thee, not pretend :
 And ſince thou knoweſt the tyme is herie ſhort,
 In Chaul's Bloud let all the while be ſort.

See not too much ſolace in temporall things,
 Since & perceiue ſt, Popes, Emperours, nob, Kings

Into the Earth haue no place permanent.
 Thou seest that death the dolefullie down-thinges,
 And reauies them fro their rents, riches, & reigne.
 Therefore on Christ confirme thy whole intent,
 And of thy Calling bee right well content:
 Then God, that feedeth the fowles of the Ayre,
 All needfull things wee shall for thee prepare.

Consider in thy contemplation,
 Aye hence the worlds first creation:
 Mankinde hath suffered this miserie most fall,
 Aye tormented with tribulation,
 With dolour, dread, and desolation,
 Gentiles, and chosen people of Israel,
 To this unhap are subiect all, and they all:
 Which miserie no doubt shall euer endure,
 Till the last day (my Sonne) thereof bee sure.

That Day, as I haue made narration,
 Shall bee the day of consolation,
 To all the children of the chosen number:
 There ended bee their desolation,
 And eke, I make thee supplication,
 In earthlie matters take thee no more number:
 Dread not to die, for Death is but a slumber:
 Liue a iust life, and with a ioyous heart,
 And of thy gods, take pleasantlie thy part.

Of our talking now let vs make an ende,
 Beholde how the Sun doth toward doth descende,
 Towards his Pallace in the Occident:
 Dime Wyndes I see, the death pretende,
 Into the waste Region to ascende,
 With visage pale into the Orient.
 The dew now darkes the Roses redgent:

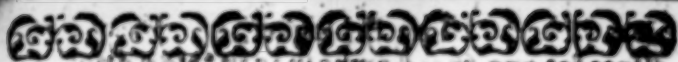
The Marigolds, that all day were rejoyced
With Phoebus heat, now craftlie are closed,

The blessed Birds are bowning to the Trees,
And cease now off their heauenlie harmonies:
The Cozne-crake in the Croft, I heare her cry:
The Bache, the Howlet, seeble of their eyes,
For their pastyme now in the evening flies:
The Nightingale with mirthfull melodie,
Her naturall notes doe pierce vp through the Sky:
To Cynthia making her obseruance,
Which in the night doeth take her daltance.

I see Pole Arcticke in the North appeare,
And Venus ryng with her beames full cleare:
Wherefore (my Sonne) I holde it tyme to goe,
Would God (sayde I) you did remaine all yeare,
That I might of your heauenlie Lessons leare:
Of your departing I am verie woe.
Take patience (sayde hee) it must bee so,
Perchance, I shall retorne with diligence.
Thus I departed from experience.

And sped mee home, with heart sighing full sore,
And entred in my quiet Chaire.
I tooke Paper, and there began to wryte
This miserie, as you haue heard before.
All gentle Readers heartlie I implore,
For to excuse my ruttall rinde-eynte,
Though Pharisees would haue at mee despight,
Which would not that their craftinesse were kept,
Let God bee Judge: and so I make an ende.

The ende of the Description of the
Seuerall Monarchies,



The lyfe and death of King CHARLES the firste his
Rapiage: With his Testament, and Epi-
stles; written to the King; and his Cour-
teours. By Sir David Lindesay.

London: Printed by I. I. for I. I. 1642.

Livor post Fata quiescit.

London: Printed by I. I. for I. I. 1642.

THE PROLOGUE.

Although I had Engghe Angelicall,
With Sapience more than Salomonically,
I note what Matter put in memoire,
The Poets olde, in Style Heroicall,
In briebe and subtil tearmes Rhetoricall,
Of eberie Matter, Tragedie, and Storie,
So oznatelie to their high lande and gloze,
Haue done endyte, whose supreme Sapience,
Transcendeth farre the dull intelligence,

Of Poets now into our Vulgate Tongue:
For why? the Bell of Rhetorick beane rung,
By Chaucer, Gower, and Ildgar laureate,
Who dare presume these Poets to impugn?
Whose sweet Sentence though Albion bene sung.
Whose can now the woordes counterfatts,
Of Kenodie, with tearmes aureate?
Of wile Dumbar, who language had at large?
As map bee seene into his Golden Targe.

Quintin Mercer, Rowl Henderson, Hays Holland,
Though they be dead their Libels are liband:
Which to rehearse makes Readers to reioyce.

The Prologue.
Place to, one, that Lampe was in this Land;
Of Eloquence the flowing balmie Strand,
And in our English Rhetorick the Rose,
As of Rubies the Carbuncle is chose:
And as Phoebus doeth Cynthia percell,
So Gawin Dowglas, Bishop of Dunkell,

Had, when hee was into this Land on liue,
Above vulgare Poets prerogative,
Both in practicke and speculation:
I say no more, good Readers may descryue,
His wortheie works, in number more than five:
And speciallie the true Translation
Of Virgill, which beene consolation,
To cunning men to know his great engyne,
As well in naturall Science as diuine.

And in the Court beene present in those daies,
That Ballads, Bienes, lustlie and Layes,
Which to our Prince daylie they doe present.
Who can say more, than Sir James English sayes,
In Ballads, Farres, and in pleasant playes?
But Culros hath his penne made impotent:
Kid in cunning, and practicke right prudent:
And Stewart who desires a statelie stile,
Full ornate workes daylie doeth comple.

Stewart of Lorne will carpe right curiously;
Galbraich Kinloch, when they list them apply,
Into that Arte are craftie of engyne:
But now of late is start bp bassilie,
A cunning Clerke, which wryteth craftilie
A Plant of Poets called Ballandine;

wholy

Whose orzate wits my wits cannot deſine :
 Get her into the Court authoritie,
 He will preſell Quintine and Kennodie.

So though I had engene, as I haue none,
 I know not what to wyte, by ſweet S. Iohn,
 For wher in all the Earth of Eloquence,
 Is nothing left but barren Roke and Stone :
 The polite termes are pulled euerie one,
 By theſe fore-named Poets of prudente :
 And ſince I finde none other new ſentence,
 I ſhall declare, ere I depart you fro,
 The complaynt of a wounded Papingo.

Wherefore becauſe my matter is but rude,
 Of ſentence and of Rhetoricke denude,
 To rurall folke my wytyng is directed,
 Farre ſleemed from the ſight of men of god :
 For cunning men, I know, will ſone conlude,
 It nothing dow, but ſo to bee deſected :
 And when I heare my matter is detrected,
 Then ſhall I ſweare, I made it but in mooves,
 To Landwart Laſſes, that miſk the Rine, & Cwes.

The complayne of the Papingo.

When I climb too high, perforce his ſet muſt
 Expreme I ſhall that by Experience ſail,
 If thou pleaſe to heare a piteous tale,
 How a faire Bird by ſatall violence,
 Deuoured was, and might make no defence :
 Contrare the Death ſo ſayled naturall ſtrength,
 As after I ſhall ſhow poſſeſſe length.

A Dayingo right pleasant and perfit,
 Presented was to our most noble King,
 Of whom his grace a long tyme had desire,
 More faire in forme, I wot, flew neuer with wing,
 This proper Bird her gane in governing
 To mee, which was his simple Seruiture,
 On whom I did my diligence and cure.

To learne her language artificiall,
 To play plat-foot, and whistell foot before,
 But of her inclination naturall,
 Shee counterfeit all fowles lesse and more,
 Of her courage shee would without my loze,
 Sing lyke the Perle, and crow lyke the Cocke,
 Pew lyke the Gled, and chant lyke the Laverocke.

Barke lyke a Dog, and keckle lyke a Ra,
 Blait lyke an Hog, and bullet lyke a Boll:
 Gaill lyke a Cooke, and wepe when shee was wa,
 Climbe on a Cord, and laugh and play the sole,
 Shee might haue beene a Pinstrell against Pole:
 This blessed Bird was to mee so pleasant,
 Where ever I sure, I bare her on myne hand.

And so befell into a mirthfull morrow,
 Into my Garth I past mee to repose:
 This Bird and I, as wee were wont before,
 Amongst the flowers, fresh fragrant and so more,
 My vitall spirits duellie did reioyce,
 When Phoebus rose and rane the Cloudes sable,
 Through brightnesse of his beames amiable.

Without vapour was well purgicate:
 The temperate Ayre, soft, sober and serene:

The Earth by Nature so edificate,
 With wholesome Herbs, blew, white, red & greene,
 Which eleuate my spirit from the spleene :
 That day Saturne, nor Mars durst not appeare,
 Nor Eole of his Cause her durst not feare.

That day perforce behoved to bee sayze,
 By influence and course celestiall,
 No Planet pzeasde for to perturb the Ayze,
 For Mercurie by moving naturall,
 Cralted was into the thzone triumphall,
 Of his Mansion, into the fifteenth gree.
 In his owne soberaigne signe of Virginie.

That day did Phœbus pleasantlie depart,
 from Gemini, and entred into Cancer,
 That day Cupido did extende his Dart,
 Venus that day conjoynd with Iupiter,
 That day Neptunus hid him like a sker,
 That day Dame Nature with great businesse,
 furthered Flora to shew her craftinesse.

And retrograde was Mars in Capricorne,
 And Cynthia in Sagittare alleased :
 That day Dame Ceres, Goddess of the Cozne,
 Full sopfullie Iohn Vpon-land the pleased :
 The bad aspect of Saturne was appeased,
 That day by Iuno of Iupiter the joy,
 Perturbing spirits causing to holde coy.

The sound of Birds surmounting all the Skies,
 With melodie of notes muscally:
 The Balmie drops of dew Titan by-dyes,
 Hanging vpon the tender twigs small,

The heauenly Hew and Sound angelicall :
 Such perfect pleasure printed in myne heart,
 That with great pain from thence I might depart.

So first amongst these herbes amiable,
 I did remaine a space for my pastance,
 But this holie pleasure is so variable,
 Mixed with sorrow, dread, and inconstance,
 That thereinto is no continuance:
 So might I say, my short solace apace,
 Was driven in dolour in a little space.

For in that Earth amongst those fragrant flowrs,
 Walking alone, none but my Bird and I,
 Vnto the tyme that I had said mine hounres,
 This Bird I set vpon a Branch mee by:
 But shee began to speale right speedilie,
 And in that tree shee did so high ascend,
 That by no way I might her apprehend.

Sweet Bird (said I) beware, mount not too hie:
 Returne in time, perchance, thy foot may slepe thee:
 Thou art right fat, and not well vsde to flie:
 The greedie Glead, I dread, shee will assaile thee.
 I will (sayde shee) Vailie quod Vailie:
 It is my kynde, to climbe ape to the hight,
 Of feather, and Bone, I wot well, I am wight.

So on the highest little tender twist,
 With wing displayd shee late full wantonlie:
 But Boreas blew a blast ere ever shee wist,
 Which brake the Branch, and blew her suddenlie
 Downe to the ground, with manie carefull cry,
 Vpon a stob shee lighted on her brest,
 The blood gush out, and shee cryde for a prest.

God wot if then myne heart was woe begone,
 To see that Fowleslighter amongst the Flowres,
 Which wth great mourning gan to make her moore:
 Now comming are (saide shee) the fatall houres:
 Of bitter Death now must I shole the shoures:
 O Dame Nature, I pray thee of thy grace,
 Lend mee leasure to speake a little space,

For to complaine my Fate unfortunate,
 And to dispoise my Goods ere I depart:
 Since of all comfort I am desolate,
 Alone, except the death beere with his dart,
 With awfull cheare ready to pierce myne heart:
 And with that word shee tooke a passion:
 Then statlings fell, and swapped into swoune.

With sozie heart pierc'd with compassion:
 And salt teares distilling from myne eene,
 To heare that Birds lamentation,
 I did approach vnder an Hawthorne greene,
 Where I might heare, and see, and bee vnseene:
 And when this Bird had swounded twise or thise,
 Shee began to speake, saying on this wise;

O false Fortune! why hast thou mechaunced?
 This day at mozne who knew this rare deliouse
 Vaine Hope, throughe the my Reason was exiled,
 Having such trust into thy feigned fauour:
 That ever I was brought to the Court: alas:
 Had I in Forrest dworne amongst my flocks,
 I might full well haue liued manie yeeres.

Prudent counsell, alas, I did refuse,
 Against reason vsing mine appetite:

Ambition did so myne heart abuse :
That Solus had mee at great despyte,
 Poets of mee haue matter to endyte,
 Which clumbe so high, and woe is mee therefore,
 Not doubting that the Death durst mee deuoze.

This day at mozne my forme and sethem faire,
 Aboue the proud Peacocke was precelling :
 And now a catine Carion full of care,
 Bathing in blood downe from my heart distilling,
 And in myne eare the bell of Death is knelling :
 O World so false, and changeable felicitie,
 Spe on thy Wyde, Avarice, and inuindictie.

In thee I see nothing is permanent,
 Of thy short solace sorrow is the ende :
 Thy false infortunate gifts beene to vs lent,
 This day full proud, the mozne nothing to spend :
 Oh, yee that doe pretend eye to ascende,
 My fatall ende haue in remembrance,
 And pou defende from this unhappie Chance.

Whether that I was Tricken in Certasie,
 Or through a strong Imagination :
 But it appeared in my fantasie,
 I heard this dolent lamentation :
 Thus dalled into desolation,
 We thought this Bird did bziene in her manner,
 Her counsell to the King, as yee shall heare,

The first Epistle of the Papingo, directed to
King James the first.

P Repotent Prince, pierlesse of pulchritude,
Gloze, honour, laud, triumph, and victorie,
See to thy high excellent celsitude,
With martiall deedes digne of memorie,
Since Atropus consumed hath my gloze,
And dolent Death, alace, must vs depart,
I leane to thee my true vnseigned heart.

Together with this Cedull subsequent,
With most reuerent recommendation,
I grant, thy Grace gets manie document,
By famous Fathers predication,
With manie notable narration,
By pleasant Poets in stile heroi call,
How thou shouldst guyde thy Seat imperiall.

Some doe deploze the great calamities,
Of diuerse Realmes the transmutation:
Some piteouslie doe treat of Tragedies,
All for thy Graces information:
So I intende but adulation,
Into my barren rusticall endyte,
Amongst the rest (Sir) something for to wyte.

Soberaigne, conceine this simple similitude,
Of Officers serbing the Senyeorie,
Who guydes them well, gets at thy Grace great
Who are vnjust, degraded are of gloze, (gwd;
And cancellate out of thy memorie,
Provyding then moze pleasant in their place,
Belieue right so, shall God doe with thy Grace.

Consider well thou bene Officiare,
 And Bassall to that King incomparable:
 Pleased thou to please that puissant Prince pleased,
 Thy rich reward shall be inestimable, (large,
 Exalted high in gloze interminable,
 Aboue Arch-angels, vertuous Potestates,
 Pleasantlie plac'd amongst the Principates.

Of thy vertue Poets perpetuallie,
 Shall make mention vntill the world be ended,
 If thou exercise thyne office prouentlie,
 In Heauen & Earth thy Grace shall be comended:
 Wherefore I feare that thou bee not offended,
 Which hath exalted thee to such honour,
 Of His people to bee a Governour.

And in the Earth hath made such ordinance,
 Under thy seete all things terrestriall,
 Are subject to thy pleasure and pastance:
 Both Fowle and Fish, and Beasts pastozall,
 Men to thy service, and Women they are thy all:
 Hauking, Hunting, Armes, and lawfull Armour,
 Preordinate by God for thy pleasure.

Masters of Musicke to recreate thy sprite,
 With daunted voyce and pleasant Instrument:
 Thus mayst thou bee of all pleasures repleat,
 If in thyne office thou bee diligent:
 But bee thou sound sloathfull and negligent,
 Or vnjust in thyne execution,
 Thou shalt not scape thyne punishment.

Wherefore, since thou hast such capacite,
 To learne to play so pleasantlie, and sing,

Rode Horse, ranne Speares with great audacitie;
 Shote with Hand-bow, Cros-bow, & Culvering,
 Amongst the rest (Sir) learne to bee a King;
 Upthe on that Craft thy pregnant fresh engyne,
 Granted to thee by influence diuine.

And since the definition of a King,
 Is for to haue of people governance:
 Addresse thee first, aboue all other thing,
 To put thy bodie to such ordinance,
 That thy vertue thyne honour may aduance:
 For how should Princes governe their Regions,
 That cannot duellie gayde their owne persons?

And if thy Grace would liue right pleasantlie,
 Call thy Counsell, and cast on them the cure:
 Their iust Decrees defende and fortifie:
 Without good Counsel may no Prince long endure:
 Make with Counsel, then shall thy worke be sure:
 Chuse thy Counsell of the most sapient,
 Without regard to Bloud, Riches, or Rent.

Amongst all other pastyme and pleasure,
 Now in thyne adolescent yeares young,
 Wouldst thou each day studie but halfe an houre,
 The regiment of princelie governing,
 To thy people it were a pleasant thing:
 There mightst thou finde thyne owne vocation,
 How I shouldst vse thy Scepter, Sword, & Crown.

The Chronicles to know, I thee exhort,
 Which may be mirrour to thy Maiestie:
 There shalt thou finde both good and ill report,
 Of euerie Prince after his qualitie:

Thogh they be dead, yet their workes shall not die,
 Trust well thou shalt be styled in that Storie,
 As thou deserbest, be put in memorie.

Request that Roy, which rent was on the Rode,
 Thē to defende from dares of desame:
 That no Poet report of thē but good:
 For Princes dayes endure but as a Dreame,
 Since first King Fergus bare a Diademe:
 Thou art the last King of fūe-scoze and fūe,
 And all are dead, and none but thou on lye.

Of whose number, fiftie and fūe were slayne,
 And most part in their owne misgovernance:
 Wherefoze, I thee besēch, my Soberaigne,
 Consider of their lyues the circumstance:
 And when y knowst the cause of their mischance,
 On Vertue then exalt thy selfe on hie,
 Trusting in God t'escape that restinie.

Create each true Baron as he were thy brother,
 Which must at nēde, thē and thy Realme defend,
 When suddenlie one doeth oppresse another,
 Let Justice mixt with Mercie them amend:
 Haue thou their hearts, thou hast enough to spend:
 And by the contrarie, thou art but King of bone.
 From tyme thine Heyres hearts are fro thē gone.

I haue no leasure for to wryte at length,
 My whole intent vnto thyne Excellence:
 Decreased so am I, in wit, and strength,
 My mortall wound doeth mee such violence,
 People of mee may haue experience,
 Because, alace, I was incounsellable,
 Now must I die a Catiue miserable.

The second Epistle of the Papingo, directed
to his Brethren of Court.

Brethren of Court, with mynde pꝛecordiall,
To the great God heartlie I commend you.
Impꝛint my fall in your memoꝛiall,
Together with this Cedull that I sende you.
To pꝛeasse oꝛ high, I pꝛay you, not pꝛetend you,
The wayne ascense of Court who will consider,
Who sits most high, shall find his seat most slender.

So yee that now beene lanching by the Ladder,
Take heede, in tyme, fastning your fingers fast:
Who climbs most high, most diht hath of the wea-
And least defence against the bitter blast, (ther,
Of false fortune, which never taketh rest,
But most redoubted daylie shee downe thꝛings,
Not sparing Popes, no; Emperours, no; Kings.

Though yee bee mounted hy aboue the Skyes,
And haue both King and Court in governance:
Some were as high, which now right lowlie lyes,
Complaining soze the Courts variance:
Their pꝛetered tyme may bee Experience,
Which thꝛough vaine hope of Court did clim so hie,
Then lacked wings when they thought best to flie.

Since each Court is vntrust and transitorie,
Changing as oft as Weather-cocke in wynde;
Making some glad, and other some right soꝛie:
For most this day, the moꝛne may goe behynde:
Let not hapne hope of Court pour reason blynde,
Trust well some mē wil giue you Land as Lordes,
That would be glad to see you hang on cordes.

I durst declare the miserabilitie,
 Of diuerse Courts, where not my tyme is short,
 The dreadfull change, dayne-woze, and vilitie,
 The paynfull pleasure, as Poets doe report :
 Sometyme in hope, sometyme in discomfort :
 And how some me doe spend their youth-hood hatt,
 In Court, then endes into the Hospitall.

How some in Court are qupet Counsellers,
 Without regard to Common-weale or Kings,
 Casting their cure soz to bee Conquerers :
 And when they were high rayled in their reignes,
 How change of Court the dolefully down thynge,
 And when they bene from their estate depoid,
 How manie of their fall bene right rejoyced.

And how sond feigned smiles and flatterers,
 For small serbice obtayne oft great rewards,
 Panderers, Pykethanks, Custons, and Clatterers,
 Kiotopes by frā Lads, then lights amongst y Lards,
 Blasphematours, Beggars, and common Bards,
 Sometyme in Court haue moze authozitie,
 Than deuote Doctors of Diuinitie.

How in some Court beene bairnes of Belial,
 Full of dissimulate paynted flatterie,
 Proboking by intoxicate counsell,
 Princes to whozedome, and to harlottrie :
 Who doe in Princes print such basartrie,
 I say for mee, such peart probocatozs,
 Should punisht bee aboue all strong Traytozs.

What trauell trouble and calamities,
 Haue bene in Court within these hundred years

What mortall changes, and what miserie?
 What noble men bene brought vpon their Weres?
 Trust wel, my friends, follow you must your fiers?
 So since in Court beene no tranquillitie,
 Set not on it your whole felicitie.

The Court changeth oft tymes with such outrage,
 That few, or none, may make resistance,
 And spareth not the Prince more than the Page,
 As well appeareth by Experience:
 The Duke of Rothesey might make no defence,
 Which was pertaining Roy of this Region,
 But dolesfullie deboured in prison.

What dread, what dolour had that noble King,
 Robert the third, when once hee knew the case,
 Of his two sonnes the dolent departing:
 Prince David dead, and James captiue, alace,
 To true Scots-men which was a carefull case:
 Thus may you know the Court is variand,
 Whē blood Royall the change may not gainstand.

Who reign'd in Court more high & triumphand,
 So Duke Murdock while that his days endurde
 Was hee not great Protector of Scotland?
 Yet of the Court hee was not well assured,
 It changed so: his long service was smor'd:
 Hee and his sonne saye Walker but remeard,
 Forfaulted were, and put to dolesfull dead.

King James the first, the patterne of Prudence,
 Gemme of engyne, and pearle of Policie,
 Well of Justice, and flood of Eloquence,
 Whose vertus doeth transcend my fantasie,

For to describe, yet when he stood most high,
By false exorbitant conspiracy,
That prudent Prince was piteously put downe.

And James the second, Roy of great renowne,
Being in his super-excellent gloze,
Through racklesse shooting of a great Canon,
The dolent Death, alace, did him deuoze.
One thing hath bene, of which I marvell more,
That Fortune had at him such mortall sead,
Through fiftie thousand to waile him by the head.

Myne heart is pierc'd with payns for to pance,
O wryte that Courts variation:
Of James the third, when he had governance,
The dolour, dread, and desolation:
The change of Court, and conspiracy,
And how that Cochrane with his companie,
That tyme in Court clambe so presumptuously.

It had bene good these bairns had bene vnborne,
By whom that noble Prince was so abused,
They grew as did the weeds about the Cozne:
That prudent Lords counsell was refused,
And helde him gayet, as he had bene inclosed:
Alace, that Prince by their abusion,
Was finally brought to confusion.

They clambe so high, and got such audience,
And with their Prince grew so familiar:
His germane brethren might get no presence.
The Duke of Albanie, and Earle of Mar,
Lyke banisht men were holden at the Bar,
Till in the King there grew such mortall sead,
He sleemde the Duke, and put the Earle to dead.

Thus Cochrane with his catine companie,
 Forc'd them to flee, but yet they wanted feathers,
 Aboue the high Cedars of Libanie: (vers,
 They clumbe so high till they lap over their led.
 On Lawder Bridge, then hepped were in tethers,
 Strangled to death, they got none other grace:
 Their King captiue, which was a carefull case.

To put in wpyte the fate infortunate,
 And moztall change perturbeth myne engyne:
 My wit beene weake, my fingers fatigate,
 To dyte, o; wpyte, the rancour, o; ruine,
 The ciuill warre, the battell intestine,
 How that the Son with Banner broad displayed,
 Agaynst the Father, in Battell came arrayed.

Would God, y day y Prince had bene cōsozted,
 With sapience of the prudent Salomon,
 And with the strength of Samson bene supported,
 With the bolde boast of the great Agamemnon:
 What should I wish, remedie there was none,
 At mozne a King, with Scepter, Sword, & Crown,
 At night a dead deformed Carion.

Alace, where is that right redoubted Roy,
 That potent Prince, gentle King lames the feird,
 I pray to Christ, his soule for to convoy:
 A greater poble never reign'd in the eird:
 O Acropus, warie may wee thy wierd:
 For hee was mirrour of Humilitie,
 Load-starre, and Lampe of Liberalitie.

During his tyme so Justice did prebagle,
 The savage Ples trembled for terrors:

Eskdale, Evisdale, Liddisdale, and Anandale,
 Durst not rebell doubting his dint's dour,
 And of his Lords had such perfect labour:
 As for to show that hee appeared not one,
 Out through his Realme he would ride him alone.

And of his Court through Europe sprang y same,
 Of lustie Lords, and tender Ladies young,
 Triumphant Tournaies, Jousting, and knightlie
 With all pastyme according for a king, (game,
 Hee was the gloze of princelie governing,
 Whose through his ardent love hee had to France,
 Agaynst England did move his Ordinance.

Of Flowden field the ruine to rebovse,
 O that most dolent day for to deploze:
 I will for dread (lest doleour you dissolve)
 Show how that Prince in his triumphant gloze,
 Destroyed was, what needeth proesse more?
 Not by the vertue of English Ordinance,
 But by his owne wilfull misgovernance,

Alas, that day, had hee beene counsellable,
 Hee had obtayn'd land, gloze, and victorie:
 Whose piteous proesse beene so lamentable,
 I sorte for to put in memorie:
 I never read in Tragedie nor Storie,
 At one journey so manie Nobles slayne,
 For the defence and love of their Soveraigne.

Now, Brethren, marke in your remembrance,
 A mirrour of these mutabilities,
 So may yee know the Courts inconstance,
 When Princes are thus pulled from their sees,
 After whose death what strange adversities,

What great misrule into this Region rang.
 What our good Prince could neither speak nor gage.

During his tender youth and innocence,
 What South, what reaf, what murder, & mischance,
 There was not else but wreaking and vengeance,
 Into that Court there reign'd such variance :
 Diverse Rulers made diverse ordinance :
 Sometime our Queene reign'd in authoritie;
 Sometime the prudent Duke of Albanie.

Sometime the Realme was ruled by Regents,
 Sometime Licutenants leaders of the Law :
 Then reign'd so manie disobedients,
 That few, or none, stood of another awe;
 Oppression did so loud his Bogle blow,
 That none durst ryde but into feare of warre,
 John Vpon-land that tyme did lose his Mare.

Who was moze high in honour elevate,
 Than was Marg'ret our high & mightie Princeesse
 Such power was to her appropriate,
 Of King and Realme that she was governeesse :
 Yet came a change within a short procelle :
 That pearle preclare, that luffie pleasant Queene,
 Long tyme into that Court durst not be seene.

The Arch-bishop of S. Andrewes, James Beton,
 Chancellare and Prymate in power pastozall,
 Clambe next the King most in this Region,
 The ladder shoke, hee lap, and got a fall :
 Authoritie, noz power spirituall,
 Riches, friendship, might not that tyme prebale,
 When Dame Curis began to stirre her tale.

His

His high Prudence abayl'd him not a myste,
 That tyme the Court bare him such mortall fead,
 As prisoner they kept him in despyte,
 And sometyme wist not where to hyde his head,
 But disguised lyke Iohn the Reafe hee yead,
 Had not beene hope bare him such companie,
 Hee had beene strangled by Melancholie.

What cumber & care was in the Court of France,
 When King Francis was taken prisoner?
 The Duke of Burbone amidst his Ordinance,
 Died at one stroke, right bailfull brought on bare,
 The Court of Rome, that tyme, ran all ariere,
 When Pope Clement was put in prison strong,
 The noble Citie put to confusion.

In England who had greater governance,
 Than their triumphant courtlie Cardinali,
 The Common-weale, some say, hee did aduance,
 By equall Justice both to great and small;
 There was no Prelate vnto him perregall,
 English-men say, had hee reign'd longer space,
 Hee had deposed Sainct Peter of his place.

His Princelie pompe, noz Papall grabitie,
 His Pallace ropall, rich, and rabious,
 Noz yet the flood of superfluitie,
 Of his riches, noz travell tedious,
 When once Dame Curia helde him odious,
 Abayl'd him not his prudence most profound,
 The Ladder brake, and hee fell to the ground.

Where begne the doughtie Carles of Dowglas,
 Whiche rogaie into this Region rang?

For fault and flaine, what needeth moze processe?
 The Earle of March was marshall'd them among:
 Dame Corja them dolefullie downe thzong:
 And now of late, who clamb moze high amogst vs,
 Than did Archibald, sometime the Earle of Angus.

Who with his Prince was moze familiar,
 For of his grace had moze authoritie?
 Was hee not great Wardane, and Chancellare?
 Yet when hee stood vpon the highest gree,
 Trusting nothing but perpetuallie,
 Was suddenlie deposed from his place,
 For fault and flamed, hee got none other grace.

Wherefore, trust not into authoritie:
 O deare Brethren, I pray you heartfullie:
 Presume not in your bayne prosperitie:
 Confirm your trust in GOD alluterlie:
 Then serue your Prince with heart entire truelie,
 And when pee see the Court is at the best,
 A counsell you, then draw you to your rest.

Where is the high triumphant Court of Troy?
 Of Alexander with his twelue prudent Pères?
 Of Iulius that right redoubted Roy?
 Agamemnon most woorthie in his wères?
 To show their fine my scraped heart effeeres,
 Some murthered were, some popsoned piteouslie,
 Their carefull Courts dispersed dolefullie.

Trust well there is no constant Court but one,
 Where Christ is King, whose tyme interminable,
 And high triumphant gloze shall ne'r bee gone:
 That quyet Court mirthfull and immutable,
 With

Without variance stands age firme and stable;
 Dissimulance, flatterie, noꝝ false report,
 Into that Court shall never get resort.

Trust well, my friends, this is no feigned fare;
 Foꝝ who that is in the extreame of dead,
 The veritie, doubtlesse, they should declare,
 Without regard to labour oꝝ to feare,
 While ye haue time, deare Brethꝛe, make remead:
 Adue foꝝ ever, of mee yee get no more,
 Beseeching God to bring you to His gloze.

Adue Edinburgh, thou high triumphant Town,
 In whose bounds right mirthfull I haue beene,
 Of true Marchands the rooꝝ of this Region,
 Most readie to receiue Court, King, and Queene,
 Thy Politie, and Justice may bee seene,
 Where Deotion, Wisdome, and Honestie,
 And Credence lost, they might bee found in thee.

Adue sayre Snadowne, with thy Towres hie,
 Thy Chappell royall, Marke, and Table round:
 May, Iune, and Iulie, would I dwell in thee,
 Where I a man to heare the Birds sound,
 Which doe agaynst the royall Noꝝ resound.
 Adue Lichgow, whose Pallace of pleasure,
 Might bee a patterne in Porrhugall oꝝ France.

Fare-well Falkland, thou foꝝtresse sure of Fife,
 Thy polite Marke vnder the Lowmond Law,
 Sometime in thee I led a lustie lufe,
 The fallow Deere to see them rake and raw:
 Court-men to come to thee they stand great awe;
 Saying, Thy Burgh beene of all Burrows bail,
 Because in thee they neuer got good Will.

The communing betweene the Papinge, and
her holie Executors.

THE Pope perceiv'd the Papinge in payne,
He lighted downe, and feigned him to greet,
Sister (sayd he) alace, who hath you slain?
I pray you, make provision for your spite,
Dispoſe your goods, and you confesse compleat:
I haue power by your contrition,
Of all your miſſe to giue you full remiſſion.

I am (sayde hee) a Channon regulare,
And of my Brethren Prior principall:
My whyte rocket, my cleane lyfe dooth declare,
The blacke, is of the Death memoziall:
Wherefoze, I thinke, your gods naturall,
Should bee submitted whole vnto my cure,
Yee know, I am an holie Creature.

The Kaben came rowping whē he heard y^e rare,
So did the Glead with manie piteous petu:
And feignedlie they counterfeit great care:
Sister (sayde they) your racklesnesse wee rue,
Now best it is our counsell yee ensue,
Since wee pretend to high promotion,
Religious men of great Devotion.

I am a blacke Monk, said the rutling Kaben:
So said the Glead, I am an holie Frier,
And haue power to bring you quicke to Heauen:
It is well knowne, my conscience beane cleane,
The blacke Bible pronounce I shall perquier:
So to our brethren you will giue some god,
God wot if wee had neede of lynes god.

The Papingo sayde, Father, by the Rood,
 Albeit your rayment bee religious lyke,
 Your conscience, I suspect, it bee not good:
 I did perceiue when priblee yee did pylie,
 A Chicken from an Hen vnder a dyke.
 I grant (sayd hee) that Hen shee was my friend,
 And I that Chicken toke but for my friend.

You know, the fayth by vs must be sustain'd,
 So by the Pope it is preordinate,
 That spirituall men should liue vpon their friend:
 But well I wot, you beerie predestinate,
 In your extreames to bee so fortunate,
 To haue such consultation,
 Wherefoze wee make you exhortation.

Since Dame Nature hath grated you such grace,
 Leasure to make confession generall,
 Show forth your sinne in tyme, whyle you haue
 Then of your goods make a memorieall, (space,
 Wee three shall make your feasts funerall,
 And with great blesse burie wee shall your bones,
 Then Trentals twentie trattle all at once.

The Roks shall roare, y men shall on them rewe,
 And cry, Commemoratio animarum,
 We shall make Chickens peepe, & Gaislings pew,
 Although the Geese & Hens should make alarum,
 And wee shall serue Secundum usum Sarum,
 And make you safe, we find Sainct Blase to brygh,
 Crying for you, the carefull Cozinogh.

And wee shall sing about your Sepulture,
 Sainct Mungoes Pattines, & the meekle Creeds.

And then deuoteliſe ſay, I you aſſure,
 The olde Placebo backward on the Ward,
 And wee ſhall weare ſoꝝ you the mourning weeds:
 And though your ſprite with Pluto were poſſeſt,
 Deuoteliſe ſhall your Dirige bee dꝛeſt.

Father (ſayde ſhe) your ſacred words ſayre,
 Full ſoꝝe, I dꝛead bee contrarie to your wordes:
 The Wilpues of the Villages cryes with care,
 What they perceiue you moꝝe oꝛthwart their minds
 Your falſe conceit both Ducke & Drake ſoꝝe dꝛeads:
 I marvell ſoothlie, that pee bee not aſhamed
 ſoꝝ your deſanit, being ſo ſoꝝe deſamed.

It doeth abhoꝛre my poꝝe perturbed ſprite,
 To make to you anie confeſſion:
 I heare men ſay, You are an Hypocrite,
 Exempted from the Sennie and the Seſſion,
 To put my goods in your poſſeſſion,
 That will I not, ſo helpe me Dame Nature,
 ſoꝝ of my corpeſe, I will giue you no ture.

But had I here the noble Nightingall,
 The gentle Jay, the Perle, and Turtle true,
 Myne Obſequies, and Feaſts ſumerall,
 Order they would with Notes of the new:
 The pleaſant Downe, moſt Angell-like of heu:
 Would God I were with him this day confeſt,
 And my deuiſe duellie by him addreſt.

The mirthfull Habie, w the gay Goldſpinke,
 The luſtie Lark, would God they were preſent,
 Myne inſorture, ſoꝝ ſooth, they would ſoꝝe thinke,
 And comfort mee that beens ſo impotent:

The swift Swallow in practicke most prudent,
 I know thee would my bleeding ranche vertue,
 With her most vertuous stone restringitue.

Count mee the case vnder confession,
 The Glead sayde proudlie to the Papingo,
 And wee shall sweare by our profession,
 Counsell to keepe, and shew it to no moe:
 Woe thee beseech, ere thou depart vs fro,
 Declare to vs some causes reasonable,
 Why wee are holden so abhominable.

By thy travell thou hast experience,
 First being byed into the Orient:
 Then by thy good service and diligence,
 To Princes made heere in the Occident,
 Thou knowst the vulgare peoples judgement:
 Where thou transcurred the hote Meridionall,
 Then next the Pole the plage Septentrionall.

So by thyne high engyne superlatiue,
 Of all Countreyes thou knowst the qualities:
 Wherefore, I thee conjure, by God on line,
 The veritie declare withoutten lies,
 What thou hast heard by Lands, or by Seas,
 Of vs Church-men both good and ill report,
 And how they judge thou vs, wee thee exhort.

Father (sayde wee) I cattive creature,
 Dare not presume with such matter to mell:
 Of your cases, yee know, I haue no cure,
 Demand them which in prudence doe precell,
 I may not pew, my paynes beene so fell:
 Also, perchance, yee will not stand content,
 To know the vulgare peoples judgement;

Yet will the death alyfe withoꝝaw his Dart,
 All that lyeth in my meinoꝝall,
 I shall declare with true vnfeigned heart:
 And first, I say, to you in generall:
 The common people sayth, *Par bene all,*
 Degenerate from your holie pꝛimitiues,
 As testifie the pꝛocesse of your liues.

Of your pꝛeueleffe pꝛudent pꝛedeceſſours,
 The beginning, I grant, was verie good:
 Apostles, Martyres, Virgines, Confessours,
 The sound of their excellent sanctitude,
 Was heard over all the world, by Land and Flood,
 Planting the Fayth by pꝛedication,
 As Chꝛist had made to them narration.

To fortifie the Fayth, they toke no feare;
 Besoꝛe Pꝛinces pꝛeaching full pꝛudentlie:
 Of dolozous Death they doubted not the deere,
 The Merite declaring seruentlie:
 And Martyꝛdome they suffered patientlie:
 They tooke no care of Land, Riches, noꝝ Kent,
 Doctrine and Death were both equivalent.

To shew their works at length were great wozks
 Whose miracles they were so manifest:
 In Name of Chꝛist they healed manie hundred,
 Raising the dead, and purging the posselt,
 With peruersſt spirits which had beene oppꝛest:
 The crooked ranne, the blynde men got their eene:
 The deafe men heard, the lepers were made cleane.

The Pꝛelates spoused were with Povertie,
 Into those dayes when they shewſt with same.

And with her gendered Ladie Chastitie,
 And Dame Devotion, notable of Name:
 Humble they were, simple, and full of Shame:
 Thus Chastitie, and Dame Devotion,
 Were principall cause of their promotion.

Thus they continued in this lyfe ditypne,
 Aye till they reigned in Romes great Citie:
 A potent Prince was named Constantine,
 Perceib'd the Church had sponesd Povertie,
 With god intent, and moved with pitie,
 Cause of diuorice he put betwene them two,
 And parted them withoutten woords moe.

Then shortly with a great solemnitie,
 Withoutten anie dispensation:
 The Church he sponesd with Dame Propertie,
 Which hastily by Proclamation,
 To Povertie canse make narration,
 Under the payne of piercing of her eare,
 That with the Church she never should be seene.

S. Sylvester that tyme reign'd Pope in Rome,
 Which first consented to the Marriage,
 Of Propertie the which began to blame,
 Taking the cure on her with high courage:
 Devotion drew her to an Hermitage,
 When she considered Ladie Propertie,
 So high exalted into dignitie.

O Sylvester, where was thy discretion?
 Which Peter did renounce, thou didst receive,
 Andrew, and Iohn, they did leaue their possession,
 Whose Ships and Pets, and Lynes and all the laus,
 Of tempoꝛall substance nothing would they haue,

Contrarious to their contemplation,
But soberlie their sustentation.

John the Baptist went to the Wildernesse:
Lazarus, Martha, and Marie Magdalene,
Left heritage, and goods, both more and lesse:
Prudent S. Paul thought Propertie prophane,
From Town to Towne he ran in wind & rayne,
Upon his fate teaching the word of grace,
And never was subjected to Riches.

The Glead sayd, Yet I heare nothing but good,
Proceede hostilie, and thy master advance:
The Papingo sayde, Father, by the Rod,
It were too long to show the circumstance,
How Propertie with her new alliance,
Grew great with Chylde, as true men to me told,
And bare two Daughters goodlie to beholde.

The eldest Daughter named was Riches,
The second Sister Sensualitie,
Which did encrease within a short procelle,
Perpleasant to the Spiritualitie,
In great substance, and excellent beaultie:
These Ladies two grew so within few yeares,
That in the world was none might be their peeres.

This ropall Riches, and Ladie Sensual,
From that time forth toke whole the governance
Of the most part of the Spiritualitie;
And they agayne with humble obseruance,
Amorouslie their wits did advance,
As true Lovers their Ladies soz to please,
God wot if then their hearts were at ease.

Some they so got to studie, pray, and preach,
 They grew so subject to Dame Sensuall :
 And thought but payne poze people so to teach,
 Yet they decreed it in their great counsell,
 They would no moze to Marriage bee thall,
 Trusting sorelie to obserue Chastitie,
 And all beguiled sayde Sensualitie.

Apparentlie they did expell their wylues,
 That they might liue at large without thirlage,
 At libertie to leade their lustie lynes,
 Thinking men thall that beene in Marriage :
 For new faces prouoke doe new courage :
 Thus Chastitie they turne into delyte,
 Wanting of wylues bene cause of appetite.

Dame Chastitie did seale away soz shame,
 When once shee did perceiue their purbegance :
 Dame Sensuall a Letter did proclapine,
 And her exiled Italie, and France,
 In England could shee get none ordinance :
 Then to the King, and Court of Scotland,
 Shee marked her withoutten moze demand.

Trusting into that Court to get comfort,
 Shee made her humble supplication :
 Shortlie they sayde, Shee should get no support,
 But threatned her with blasphemation,
 To Priests goe make your protestation :
 It is (sayde they) manie an hundred yeare,
 Since Chastitie had anis entrance heere.

Theyd soz travell shee to the Priests pass,
 And to the Rulers of Religion :

Of her presence hostile they were agast,
 Saying, They thought it but abusion,
 Her to receive: so with conclusion,
 With one advice decreeted, and gaue downe,
 They would reset no Rebelle out of Rome.

Should wee receive that Romanes haue refused,
 And banisht England, Italic, and France:
 For your flatterie: then were wee well abused:
 Passe hence (said they) and take your way aduance,
 Amongst the Nunnes goe seeke your ordinance:
 For wee haue made oathe of fidelitie,
 To Dame Riches, and Sensualitie.

Then patientlie shee made progression,
 Toward the Nunnes with heart sighing full soze:
 They gaue her presence with procession,
 Receiuing her with honour, lande, and gloze,
 Purposing to preserve her evermore:
 Of that nobels came to Dame Propertie,
 To Riches, and to Sensualitie.

Which sped them at the Post right speedilie,
 And set a George prowble about that place:
 The sillie Nunnes did peelee them hastilie,
 And humbly of that guilt they asked grace,
 Then gaue their hands of perpetuall peace:
 Receiuing them they cast vp dozes wyde,
 Then Chastitie there no longer might hyde.

So for refuge last to the Friers shee fled,
 Who sayde, They would of Ladies take no cure:
 Where is she now, then sayde the greedie Glead:
 Not amongst you (sayde shee) I pou assure,

A trust shee bee vpon the Burrow Moore,
Besought Edinburgh, & that right manie meanes,
Protest amongst the sisters of the Seanes.

There hath shee found her Pother Povertie,
And Devotion her owne sister carnall:
There hath shee found Fayth, Hope, and Charitie,
Together with the vertuous Cardinall,
There hath shee found a Convent yet vnthral,
No Dame Sensuall, no; with Riches abused,
So qupetlie these Ladies are enclozed.

The Ppat sayde, I dread, bee they attapled,
They render them as did the holie Nunnes:
Doubt not (sayde shee) for they are so attapled:
They purpose to defende them with their Guns,
Readie to shoote they haue sixe great Canons,
Perseverance, Constance, and Conscience,
Austeritie, Labour, and Abstinence.

To resist subtile Sensualitie,
Stronglie they are enarmed feece and hands,
By Abstinence, and kepted Povertie,
Contrate Riches, and all her false servants,
They haue a Burnbard brased vp in bands,
To keepe their Port in midst of their Close,
Which is called, Domine custodi nos.

Within whose shot there dare none enemies,
Approach their place, for dread of dints doure:
Both night and day they worke as busie Bees,
For their defence readie to stand in stoure,
And haue such watches on their vtter Towre,
That Dame Sensuall with siege dare not assaile,
No; come within the shot of their artillie.

The Wyat sayde, ~~Whereto~~ Should they presume,
 For to resist sweete Sensualitie,
 O Dame Riches, which Rulers are in Rome,
 Are they moze constant in their qualitie,
 Than the Princes of Spiritualitie,
 Which pleasantlie withoutten obstacle,
 Haue them receiued in their habitacle?

How long trust pee these Ladies shall remayne,
 So solitarie in such perfection?
 The Wapingo sayde, Brother, in certayne,
 So long as they obey Correction,
 Chewing their heads by Election,
 Withall to Riches, and to Propertie,
 But as requyeth their necessitie.

O prudent Prelats where was your prescience,
 That toke in hand to obserue Chastitie,
 But auisiere lpe, labour, and abstinence?
 Perceiue pee not the great prosperitie,
 Apparentlie to come of Propertie?
 Pee know, great cheare, great ease, and ydolnesse,
 To Lecherie was mother and mistresse.

Thou ranst vnrocked y Kabe sayd, by the Word,
 So to rejoyne Riches, or Propertie:
 Abraham and Isaac were rich, and verie good:
 Iacob and Ioseph had prosperitie:
 The Wapingo sayde, That is of veritie,
 Riches, I grant, is not to bee refused,
 Prouyding als, that they bee not abused.

Then layde the Kaben a replication,
 And sayde, Thy reason is not woorth a myte,

As I shall proue with protestation :
 That no man take my words into despyte,
 I say, The temporall Princes haue the wyte,
 That in the Church such Pastors doe prouyde,
 To governe soules, themselves that cannot guide.

Long tyme after the Church toke Propertye,
 The Prelates liued in great perfection,
 Anth'all to Riches, or Sensualitie,
 Vnder the holie Spirits protection.
 Dyedlie chosen by election,
 As Gregore, Ierome, Ambrose, and Augustine,
 Benedict, Bernard, Clement, Clece, and Line.

Such patient Prelates entred by the port,
 Pleasing the people by predication :
 Now dyke-lowers doe in the Church resort,
 By simonie, and supplication,
 Of Princes by their presentation,
 So illie soules that are the Lord's Sheepe,
 Are giben to hungrie ravenous Wolues to keepe.

No marvell is, though wee religious men,
 Degenerated bee, and in our lpsse confused :
 But sing and drinke, none other craft wee ken,
 Our spirituall Fathers haue vs so abused,
 Agaynst our will these Traytors haue bene intrused :
 Laiclike men haue now religious men in cures,
 Profess Virgines in keeping of strong whores.

Princes, Princes, where is your high prudence,
 In disposition of your Benefices :
 The guerdoning of your Courticiens,
 Is some cause of these great enormities :
 There is a sort waiting lyke hungry Flies,

For spirituall cure, though they bee nothing able,
Whole grædie thirst beane insatiable.

Princes, I pray you, be no more abused,
To vertuous men having so small regard :
Why should Vertue through flatterie bee refused,
That men for cunning can get no reward ?
Alace, that ever a Bagger, or a Bawd,
A Whooze-master, or common Halature,
Should in the Church get anie kynde of cure.

Were I a man worthis to weare a Crowne,
Aye when theyr basked anie Benefices,
I should cause call a Congregation,
The principall of all the Prelacies,
Most cunning Clarkes of Universities,
Most famous Fathers of Religion,
With their advyce make disposition.

I should dispoñe all offices pastorals,
To Doctors of Divinitie, or Iure,
And cause Dame Vertue pull up all her sayles,
When cunning men had in the Church most cure,
Cause Lords sende their Sonnes, I you assure,
To seeke Science, and famous Schooles frequent,
Then them promote that were most sapient.

Great pleasure 'twere to heare a Bishop preach,
A Deane, or Doctor of Divinitie;
An Abbot which could well the Convent teach,
A Parson flowing in Philosophie :
A tyme my tyme, to with which will not bee :
Were not the preaching of the begging Friers,
Lost were the fayth amongst the Decullers.

As for their preaching (said the Papingo)
 I them excuse: for why? they beare so thral,
 To Propertie and her digne Daughters two,
 Dame Riches, and faire Ladie Sensuall,
 They may not vse no pastyme spiritnall,
 And in their habites they take such delpte,
 They haue renounc'd Russet and Rapploch white.

Taking to them Scarlet and Cramosie,
 With Peneber, Pertricke, Grace, & rich Armine,
 Their low heartes exalted are so hie,
 To see their Papall pompe it is a pyne:
 More rich array is now with frenchie syne,
 Upon the bairding of a Bishops Pole,
 Than euer had Paul or Peter against Pole.

Then faire Ladies their chaine may not escape,
 Dame Sensuall so such lorde in them hath solwe,
 Lesse shalith it were with licence of the Pope,
 That each Prelate a Wyle had of his owne,
 Whā for their ballards throughtout y^e Country bloun,
 For now bee they well commed from the scholes,
 They fall to worke, as they were common Bulles.

¶ Pew (said the Glead) thou preacheſt all in vaine,
 Bee seculare folkes haue of our case no cures:
 I grant (sayd shee) yet men will speake againe,
 How yee haue made an hundred thousand hures,
 Which had not beens were not your leacherous
 And if I lie, heartillie I mes repent. (lures:
 Was neber Bird, I know, more penitent.

Then shee her shraue with deuote countenance,
 To that false Glead which feigned him a frter:
 And

And when shee had fulfilled her pennance,
 full subtiltie at her hee gan enquire :
 Chuse you (said hee) which of vs bʒethzen heere,
 Shall haue of all your naturall goods the cures,
 You know none beene moze holie Creatures.

I am content (saide the pooze Wapingo)
 That you Frier Glead, & Cozby Monke your bʒos
 Haue cure of all my goods and no moe, (ther,
 Since at this tyme friendship I find none other:
 Wee shall bee to you true as to our mother:
 (Said they) and swoze to fulfill her intent :
 Of that (said shee) I take an Instrument.

The Wyat saide, What shall mine office bee
 Ouer-man (said shee) vnto the other two :
 The rowping Raven saide, Swete sister let see,
 Your whole intent, for it is tyme to goe :
 The greedie Glead said, Brother, doe not so,
 We will remaine, and beere hold vp her head,
 And neʒ'r depart from her till shee bee dead.

The Wapingo them thanked tenderlie,
 And saide, Since yee haue tane on you such cure,
 Then part my naturall goods rquallie :
 That euer I had, or haue of Dame Nature :
 First to the Howlet indigent and pooze,
 Which on the day for shame dare not bee seene,
 To her I leane my gray galbert of greene.

My bʒight depured eyes as Chʒystall cleare,
 Vnto the Wack yee shall them both present,
 In Phœbus presence which dare not appeare.
 Of naturall sight shee is so impotent:

My birnisht Beake I leaue with good intent,
 Vnto the gentle piteous Pelicane,
 To helpe to pierce her tender heart in twaine.

I leaue the Souke which hath no song but one,
 My Musicke with my voyce Angelicall:
 And to the Gole yee giue when I am gone,
 Mine Eloquence and tongue Rhetoricall:
 And take and dyp my bones great and small,
 Then close them in a Case of Ebur syne,
 And them present vnto the Phoenix syne.

To burne with her, when shee her lyfe renewes,
 In Arabie yee shall her finde but weere,
 And shall her know by her most heauenlie beues,
 Gold, Azure, Cowles, Purple, and Synoper:
 Her date is so: to liue five hundred yere:
 Make to that Bird my commendation,
 Also I make you supplication.

Since of my Corps I haue you giuen the cure,
 Pee speede you to the Court but tarrying,
 And take mine heart of perfect portrapture,
 And it present vnto my Soberaigne King:
 I know hee will it close into a Ring:
 Commend mee to his Grace, I pou exhort,
 And of my passions make him true report.

Pee three my trypes shall haue so: your trauell,
 With leuer and lung to part equall amongst you,
 Praying Pluto the potent prince of Hell:
 If yee faillie, that in his seete hee sang you.
 Bee to mee true, though I nothing belong you,
 Dore I suspect pour conscience beene too large:
 Doubt not (said they) we take it with the charge.

Adue Brethren (sayde the pooze Wapingo)
 To talke now moze, I haue no tyme to tarrie,
 But since my sprite must from my bodie goe,
 I recommonde it to the Ducene of Farie,
 Eternallie into her Court to tarrie,
 In Wildernesse amongst the holts hoze,
 Then shee enclynde her head, and spake no moze.

Plunged into her moztall passion,
 Full grisbonlie shee gripped to the ground:
 It were too long to make narration,
 With sighs full soze, with manie song and sound,
 Out of the wound the blood did so abound,
 A compasse round was with her blood made red,
 Without remead there is nothing but dead.

And by the had In manus tuas sayde,
 Extincted were her naturall wits fine,
 Her head full softlie on her shoulde sayde:
 Then yeelde the sprite with paynes pungitiue:
 The Raven began rudellie to rug and rine,
 Full Rabenous-lyke his emptie throate to feede:
 Eate softlie, Brother (sayde the greedie Glead.)

Whyle she is hote, let part her euen amongst vs,
 Take thou one halfe, and reach to mee another,
 Into our right. I wot, no wight dare wzong vs:
 The Wpof sayde, The fiende receiue the other,
 Why make you me Step-bairne, & I your brother?
 You doe me wzong (saith Glead) I shew your heart,
 Take there (sayde hee) the puddings for thy part.

Then, wote yee well, myne heart was wonder
 For to beholde that dolent departing: (saith,
 Her

Her Angell-feathers flying in the Ayre,
 Except the Heart, was left of her nothing:
 The Wyat sayde, That pertaynes to the King,
 Which to his Grace I purpose to present:
 Thou (sayd the Glead) shalt sayle of thine intent.

The Raven sayde, God no: I rare in a rope,
 If thou get this to cyther King or Duke:
 The Wyat sayde, Playne I not to the Pope,
 Then in a smiddie I be smozde with smooke:
 With that the Glead the piece caught in his clow,
 And fled his way: the rest with all their might,
 To chase the Glead, flew allout of my sight.

Now haue yee heard this little Tragedie,
 The soze complaynt, the testament, and mischance,
 Of this poore Bird, which did ascend so hie,
 Beseeching you excuse myne ignorance,
 And rude endyte, which is not to aduance:
 And to thee, Quare, I geue commandement,
 Make no repaire where Poets beene present.

Because thou beene of Rhetozicke so deuote,
 Wee neuer seene neare hand none other booke,
 With King, no: Queene, w Lord, no: man of god,
 With coat vncleane, clayme kintred to some Croke,
 Steale in a nooke, when they list on thee looke:
 For smell of smook men will abbozre to beare the,
 Here I so:swear the, wherfoze to lark go lear the.

THE DREAME OF SIR DAVID
L I N D E S A Y, familiare Seruiture to
King I A M E S the fifth.

The Epistle to the King's Grace.

Right potent Prince, of high Imperiall blood;
Unto thy Grace, I trust, it be well knowne,
My service done vnto thy Celstitude,
Which needeth not at length to be shewne.
And though my youth-hood neare be over-blowne,
Exerct in iervice of your Excellence,
Hope hath mee heght a goodlie Recompence.

When thou wast yong, I bare thee in mine Arme,
Full tenderlie, till thou beganst to gang;
And in thy Bed oft happed thee full warme;
With Lute in hand, then sweetlie to thee sang.
Sometyme in dancing sterlie I sang,
And sometyme playing sautes on the floore,
And sometyme on myne Ouse taking cure.

And sometyme lyke a Fiend transfigurate,
And sometyme lyke the griesellie ghost of Gy:
In diuerse formes oft tymes disfigurate,
And sometyme disaguyde full pleasantlie.
So since thy Birth I haue continuallie,
Beene exercise, and ape to thy pleasure,
And sometyme Steward, Capper, and Carbons.

Thy Purse-master, and secret Chesaurer:
Thine other eyes since thy nativitie:

And

And

And of thy Chamber chiefe Cubicularé,
 Which to this houre haue kepted my lawtie.
 Loving bee to the blessed Trinitie,
 That such a wretched woyme hath made so able,
 To such a Prince to bee so agreeable.

But now thou art by influence naturall,
 High of engyne, and right inquisitiue,
 Of antique Stoories, and deedes Partiall:
 More pleasantlie the tyme soz to ober-dryue,
 I haue at length the Stoories done descryue,
 Of Hector, Arthur, and gentle Iulius,
 Of Alexander, and worthy Pompeius,

Of Iason, and Medea, all at length,
 Of Hercules the Actes honourable:
 And of Samson the supernaturall strength,
 And of lielle Lovers the Stoories amiable.
 And oft tymes haue I reigned manie fable,
 Of Troylus the sorow and the joy,
 And siedges all of Tyre, Thebes, and Troy.

The Prophecies of Rymour, Beed, and Merling,
 And manie other pleasant Historie,
 Of the red Ecin, and the Gyre Carling:
 Comforting thee, when that I saw thee sozie.
 Now with support of the King of Glorie,
 I shall thee shew a Stoorie of the new,
 The which besoze I never to thee shew.

But humbly I beseech thyne Excellence,
 With ornate Tearmes though I cannot expresse,
 This simple matter soz lacke of Eloquence:
 Yet notwithstanding all my busynesse,
 With heart and hand my mynde I will addresse,

As I best can, and most compendious:
Now I begin, the matter happened thus,

THE PROLOGVE.

In the Kalends of Ianuarie,
When fresh Phœbos, by moving circulare,
From Capricorne was entred in Aquarie,
With blasts that had the branches made full bare:
The Snow and Sleet perturbed all the Ayre,
And flamed Flora from euerie banke and buffe,
Through support of the austere Eolus;

After that I the longsome Winters night,
Had lyen waking in my Bed alone;
Through heauie thoght, & no way aspe I might,
Remembering of diuerse things by-gone:
So vp I rose, and cloathed me anone:
By this, faire Titan with his lames light,
Over all the world had spread his banner bright:

With Cloake and Hood I dressed me helpe,
With double Shoes, & Mittaines on mine hâds,
Albeit the Ayre was right penetratiue,
Yet sure I smyth lanching over-through the lands,
Toward the Sea, to sport mee on the sands,
Because vnbloomed were both banke and bay,
And so as I was passing by the way,

I met Dame Flora, in dole-weede disguised,
Which into May was dulce and delectable:
With sturdie frownes her swartnesse was surprized:
Her beavenile bewes were turned into sable,
Which sometyme were to Lovers amiable:

Fled from the frost the tender flowres I saw,
Under Dame Natures Mantle lurking late.

The small fowles in flocks saw I lie,
To Nature making lamentation :
Then lighted betwene beside me on a tree,
Of their complaynt I had compassion :
And with a pitteous exclamation,
They sayd, Blessed be Summer, with thy flowres,
And wailed be thou, Winter, with thy flowres.

Alace, Aurora, the lillie Larke can cry,
Where hast thou left thy balmie liquoz sweete,
That vs rejoyced, we mounting in the sky ?
Thy Silber drops are turned into Steele.
O faire Phoebus, where is thy wholesome heate ?
Why sufferest thou thyne heauenlie pleasant face,
With mistie vapours to be obscur'd ? alace !

Where art thou, May, w June, thy Sister thans,
Well bordered with Daisies of delight ?
And gentle Iulie, with thy Mantle greene,
Enameled with Roses red and whyte ?
How olde and colde I annare, in despyte,
Keeth from vs all pastyme and pleasure.
Alace ! what gentle heart may this endure ?

Ouer-yled are with Cloudes odious,
The golden Skyes of the Orient,
Changing in sorrowing Song melodious,
Which wee had wont to sing, with good intent,
Resounding to the Heavens firmament :
But now our Day is changed into night.
With that they rose, and flew out of my sight.

Penſiue in Heart, paſſing full ſoberlie,
 Vnto the Sea ſo forward I paſſ anone :
 The Sea was out, the ſand was ſmooth and drye;
 Then vp and downe I miſed myne alone :
 Till that I ſpyde a little Caeue of ſtone,
 High in a Craig. Upward I did appoach,
 Without ſtaping, and clamber vp in the Roock.

And purpoſed ſoꝝ paſſing of the tyme,
 Not to defende from oſioſitie :
 With Pen and Paper to regiſter in Ryme,
 Some merrie matter of Antiquitie :
 But Volenelle, ground of Iniquitie,
 Shee made ſo dull my Spirits mee within,
 That I knew not at what ende to begin.

But ſate ſtill in that Caeue, where I might ſee,
 The waſtering of the wanes vp and downe :
 And this falſe worlds inſtabilitie,
 Vnto that Sea making compariſon :
 And of this wretched worlds variation,
 To them that fireth all their whole intent,
 Conſidering who moſt had, ſhould moſt repent.

So with myne Hand I happed mee full warme,
 And in my Cloake I ſolbed both my feete :
 I thought my corpie w cold ſhould take none harm,
 On Pittanes helde myne hands full well in heat :
 The ſcouling Roocke mee covered from the Sleet,
 There ſtill I ſate, my bones ſoꝝ to reſt,
 Till Morpheus with ſleepe my ſpſite oppreſſ.

So through the boſſterous blaſts of Eolus,
 And through my waking on the night befoze;

And through the Seas moving marbellous,
 As Neptune, with manie rout and roare,
 Constrayn'd I was to sleepe; withouten moze:
 And what I dreamed, in conclusion,
 I shall you tell a marbellous Vision.

The Dreame of SIR DAVID LINDSAY.

I thought a Ladie, of portraiture perfite,
 Did salute mee, with benigne countenance.
 And I, who of her presence had delgite,
 To her agayne made humble reuerente:
 And her demanded, having her pleasure,
 What was her name: She answered courteously,
 Dame Remembrance (sayde she) called am I.

Who am come heere, for pastyme and pleasure,
 Of thee, and for to beare thee companie:
 Because I see thy sprite without measure,
 So sore perturbed by Melancholie,
 Causing thy Corple to waxe colde and dry:
 Therefore get vp and goe anone with mee.
 So were wee both, in twinkling of an eye,

Down through y^e Earth, in midst of the Center,
 Ere ever I wist, into the lowest Hell:
 And in that carefull Caue when wee did enter,
 Pouting and howling wee heard, with manie yell.
 In flame of fire, right furious and fell,
 Was crying manie carefull Creature,
 Blaspheming God, and warping Nature.

There saw wee diuerse Popes and Emperours
 Without recouer, manie carefull Kings.
 There saw wee manie wronged Conquerours,

Withouften right. Readers of others Reignes.
 The men of Church lay bounden into Rings.
 There saw wee manie carefull Cardinall,
 And Arch-Bishops, in their Pontificall.

Prowe and perbest Prelates, out of number:
 Bishops, Abbots, and false flattring Friers.
 To specifie them all, it were a camber.
 Regular Channons, churle Donks, & Charterers:
 Curious Clerkes, and Priests, Secullers.
 There was some part of each Region,
 In holie Church which did abuson.

Then I demanded Dame Rememberance,
 The cause of these Prelates punition?
 Shee sayde, The cause of their unhappie chance,
 Was Covetice, Lust, and Ambition:
 The which now makes them lacke fruition,
 Of God, and here eternallie must dwell,
 Into this paynfull popsoned Pit of Well.

For they did not instruct the Ignozant,
 Proboking them to Penitence, by preaching:
 But served worldlie Princes insolent,
 And were promoted by their feigned fletching.
 Not for their Science, Wisdome, nor Teaching:
 Wher Simonie was their promotion;
 More for Deniers, than for Devotion.

Another cause of the punition,
 Of these unhappie Prelates imprudent:
 They made not equall distribution,
 Of holie Church Patrimonie, nor Rent:
 But tempozallie they haue it all mis-spent,

Which should haue bene triparted into three.
First, to upholde the Church in honestie :

The second part, to sustayne their Estates :
The third part, to bee given to the Pores.
But they dispoſe those Goods all other gates,
On Cards, and Dice; on Harlotrie, and Whores,
Whose ratiues take no count of their cures,
Their Church rebin, their Ladies cleanlie tied,
And richlie ruled, both at Wed and Bed.

Their bastard bairnes, prowdie they pproved:
The Church-goods largelie they did on them spend.
In their default, their Subdites were misgouerned,
And counted not their God so; to offende.
Which caus'd them lacke grace at the latter ende,
Kuling that Rout I saw in cuppes of Brasie,
Simon Magus, and Bishop Cajaphas :

Bishop Annas, and the Traytor Judas :
Mahomer, that Prophet porsionable :
Chore, Dathan, and Abiram there was.
Heretickes wee saw innumerable.
It was a sight right wondrous lamentable,
How that they lay into those flames flaxing,
With carefull cries, soze groaning, and weeping.

Religious men were punish't paynfullie,
For bayne glorie, and disobedience :
Breaking their constitutions wilfullie,
Not habing their over-men in reuerence.
To know their Rule, they took no diligence.
Unlawfullie they used Propertie,
Passing the bounds of wilfull Povertie.

Full sore weeping, with voyces lamentable,
They cryed lowe, O Emperour Constantine!
Allee may lyte thy possession paysonable,
Of all our great punition and pyne.
Albeit thy purpose was to a good fine,
Thou banisht from vs true Devotion,
Hauing such eye to our promotion.

There wee behelde a Den full doleous,
Where that Princes and Lords tempoall,
Were cruciate, with paynes rigoous.
But to exyeme their paynes in speciall,
It doeth exceede all my memoall.
Imposible payne they had, but comforting:
Their blood Royall made them no suppoorting,

Some catiue Kinges, for cruell oppresion,
And other some for their wongous conquest,
Were condemned, they and their succesion.
Some for publicke Adulterie, and Incest.
Some suffered people neuer to line in rest:
Delighting so in pleasure sensuall:
Wherefore their payne was there perpetuall.

There was the cursed Emperour Nero,
Of euerie vice the horrible vessell.
There was Pharao, with manie Princes moe,
Oppressours of the Childzen of Israel.
Herod, with manie moe than I can tell.
Ponce Pilate was there, hanged by the halfe,
With vnjust Judges, for their Sentence false.

Dukes, Marqueses, Earles, Barons, & Knights,
With their Princes, were punisht paynfullie.
Participant they were of their vnights.

Forward wee went, and let these Lords iye:
 And saw where Ladies, lamentable,
 Like mad Lyons, were carefullie crying,
 In flame of fire right furiously fying.

Empresses, Queenes, and Ladies of Honours,
 Marie Dutchesse, and Countesse, full of care,
 They pierc'd mine heart, those tender Creatures,
 So pyned in that Wit, full of Despaire:
 Plunged in payne with manie ruthfull care.
 Some for their Pryde, some for Adulterie:
 Some for their spilling men to Lecherie.

Some had beene cruell, and malicious:
 Some for making of wrongous Heritours.
 For to rehearse their lynesditions,
 It were a great stay to the Auditours.
 Of Lecherie they were the verie Lures:
 With their probocative impudicitie,
 Brought manie a Man to Infelicitie.

Some Women, for their pusillanimitie,
 Over-set with shame, they did them never shyue,
 Of secret sinnes, done into quietie:
 And some repented never in their lyue.
 Withoutten ruth these Ruffians did them rype,
 Rigorouslie, withoutten compassion.
 Great was their dole and lamentation.

That we were made, they cryde full oft, Alace!
 Thus tormmented with paines intollerable:
 We mended not when we had tyme and space,
 But took in Earth our Lusts delectable:
 Wherefoze with fiends, vglie and horrible,

Wee are condemned for evermore, Alace!
 Eternallie, withoutten helpe of Grace.

Where is the Meate, and Drinke, delicious,
 With which wee fed our carefull Carions?
 Golde, Silber, Silke, with Pearles precious,
 Our Riches, Rents, and our Possessions:
 Withoutten hope of our Remissions,
 Alace, our Paynes are insufferable,
 And our Torments to count innumerable.

When wee behelde, where manie a thousand,
 Common people lay slightering in the fire:
 Of euerie State there was a bailfull Band.
 There might bee seene manie a sorrowfull Syre:
 Some for Envie suffered, and some for Ire:
 And some for lacke of restitution,
 Of wondrous Gods, without Remission.

For-sworn Marchands, for their wrogous win-
 Houders of Golde, & common Usurers: (ning,
 False men of Law, in Cantels right cunning:
 Thieues, Reabers, and publicke Oppressours.
 Some part there were of vnleale Labourers.
 Craftes-men there saw we, out of number.
 Of each sort to declare, it were a cumber.

Also longsome for mee for to endyte,
 Of this Prison the paynes in spectall:
 The Heate, the Colde, the Dolour, and Despyte
 Wherefore I speake of them in generall:
 That dolefull Den, that Fornace infernall,
 Whose Reward, is Rew, without Remead:
 Ever dyng, and never to be dead.

Hunged

Hunger and Thirst, in stead of Meate & Drinke,
 And for their Cloathing, Toads, and Scorpions,
 That darke Mansion, is tapelless with Stinke:
 They see nothing, but horrible Visions.
 They heare but Scoone, and Derisions,
 Of soule fiends, and Blasphemations,
 Their feeling, is impoxtable Passions.

For Melodie, miserable Mourning.
 There is no Solace, but dolour infinite:
 In bailfull Beds, bitterlie burning:
 With sobbing, sighing, sorrow, and with syte,
 Their Consciences, their Hearts so did bite.
 To heare them syte, it was a cause of care,
 So in Despight, plunged into Despare.

A little aboue that dolorous Dungeon,
 Wee entred in a Countrey full of Care:
 Where that wee saw manie a Legion,
 Weeping and howling, with manie crierfull rare,
 What place is this (sayde I) of Blisse so bare?
 Shee answered: and said, † Purgatorie,
 Which purgeth Soules, ere they com to Glorie.

† The
 Author
 mocked
 at this
 first ex-
 pose, as
 before
 it ex-
 pressed.

I see no Pleasure here, but mickle Paine:
 Wherefore said I, leaue we this sozt in thzal:
 I purpose neuer to come heere againe,
 But yet I doe beliene, and euet shall,
 That the true Church can no way erre at all,
 Such thinges to bee, as Clerks doe conclude,
 Albeit mine hope stands most in Christ's Blood.

Above that, in the third Vision anone,
 Wee entred in a place of Perdition:
 Where manie Babes were making drearie mony,

Because they lacked the Fruition
Of GOD: which was the great punition,
Of Baptisme they lacked the ensenye.
Upward we went, and left that mirthlesse menye.

Into a Vault aboue that place of paine,
Unto the which but sojourn we ascended:
That was the Limbe in the which did remaine
Our fore-fathers because Adam offended,
Eating the Fruit, the which was so defended,
Manie a yere they dwelt in that Dungeon,
With Darknesse, and with Desolation.

Then through the Earth, of nature colde and drye,
Glad to escape those Places perillous,
Wee hastned vs right wonder speedily:
Yet wee beheld the secrets marvellous,
Of Pyres of Golde, and Stones preclous;
Of Silber, and of everie kynde Metall,
Which to declare it were too great a thrall.

Up through the Water sho: the wee intended,
Which environs the Earth withouten doubt;
Then through the Aire sho: the wee ascended,
His Regions through beholding in and out:
Which Earth and water closeth round about.
Some sho: the upward through the fire wee went,
Which was the highest, and hottest Element.

When wee had all these Elements over-pass,
That is to say, Earth, Water, Aire, and fyre,
Upward wee went withouten anierest:
To see the Heavens was our most desyre.
But ere we might win to the Heavens Empryre,

It behob'd vs to passe the way full eben,
Up through the Spheares of the Planets leaben.

First to the Pone, and vissed all her Spheare;
Queene of the Sea, and beautie of the Night:
Of nature moyst and colde, and nothing cleare:
For of her selfe shee hath none other light,
But the reflexe of Phoebus Beames bright:
The twelue Signes shee passeth round about,
In eight and twentie dayes, withouten doubt.

Then wee ascended to Mercurius,
which Poets call the god of Eloquence:
Right Doctoꝝ-lyke, with Tearmes delicious:
In Art expert, and full of Sapience:
It was pleasure to pause on his prudence,
Paynters and Poets are subiect to his curse:
And hote and dry hee is of his nature.

Also, as cunning Astrologiers sayes,
Hee doeth compleat his course naturallie,
In three hundred and eight and thirtie dayes.
Then upward wee ascended hastilie,
To saye Venus, where shee right lustilie,
was set into a seat of Silber sheene:
That fresh Goddess, that lustie Lones Queens.

Shee pierceth myne heart her blinkes amorous,
Albeit that some-tyme shee is changeable,
with countenance and cheare full dolorous:
Some-tyme right pleasant, glad, and delectable:
Some-tyme constant, and some-tyme variable:
Yet her Beautie resplendent as the fyre,
Swadgeth the wrath of Mars, that god of fyre.

This

This pleasant Planet, if I can right describe,
 Shee is both hote and moyst of her nature:
 That is the cause shee is probocative,
 To all them that are subiect to her cure,
 To Venus woelis so that they may endure,
 And shee compleats her courses naturall,
 In twelue Moneths, withoutten anie fayle.

Then pass we to the Spheare of Phœbus bright,
 That lustie Lampe, and Lanterne of the Heauen:
 And gladder of the Starres, with his Light,
 And principall of all the Planets seauen:
 And set in middest of them all full even,
 As Roy Royall, rolling into his Spheare,
 Full pleasantlie into his golden Chayre.

Whose influence, and vertue excellent,
 Giueth the lyfe to euerie earthlie thing:
 Which Prince of euerie Planet precellent,
 Doeth foster Flowers & causeth Verbes to spring,
 Through the colde Earth, & causeth Birds to sing.
 Also his regulare reigning in the Heauen,
 Is iust vnder the Zodiacke full even.

For to describe his Diademe Royall,
 Bordered about with Stones shynning bright:
 His Golden Cart, or Throne Emperiall,
 The foure Steedes, which aye draw it full right,
 I leaue to Poets, because I haue no sight.
 But of his nature hee is hote and drye,
 Compleating in one Yeare his Course truely:

Then by to Mars in hye wee haisted vs,
 Hondzous hote, and dryer than the Thunder.

His face flaming as fyre right furious :
 His boate & bzagmoze awfull than the Thunder,
 Made all the Heabes most lpe to shake in sander,
 Wha would beholde his Countenance and feare,
 Might call him well the god of Men of A Meate.

With Colour red, and Loke malicious :
 Right cholericke of his complexion.
 Austere, angrie, swere, and leditionous :
 Principall cause of the Destruction
 Of manie good and noble Region :
 Where not Venus his ire doeth mittigate,
 This world of Peace would bee right desolate.

This god of Griefe, withoutten sojourning,
 In yeares two his course he doth compleete.
 Then pass wee by where Iupiter the King,
 Sate in his Spheare right amiable and sweet :
 Complexionate with moyntnesse, and with heate.
 That pleasant Prince, faire, dulce, and delicate,
 Provoked Peace, and banished Debate.

The olde Poets, by superstition,
 Helde Iupiter the Father principall,
 Of all these gods, in conclusion,
 For his Pterogative in speciall,
 And by his vertues into generall.
 To olde Saturne hee maketh resistance,
 When in his malice he would worke Vengeance,

Thus Iupiter, withoutten sojourning,
 Passeth through all the twelue Signes full even,
 In peares twelue. And then but carryng,
 Wee pass vnto the highest of the seaven:
 To Saturnus, which troubles all the Heaben,

With heauble Cheare, and Colour pale as Lead:
In him wee saw but Dolour to the Dead.

And colde and dry he is of his nature,
Foule lyke an Owle. of evill condition.
Right vnpleasant hee is of Poytrapture:
His intoricate disposition,
It puts all things to perdition.

Ground of Sicknesse, and melancholious:
Pervertt, and poore; both false, and enbious.

His qualitie I cannot loue, but lackie:
As for his moving naturallie but wære,
About the Signes of the Zodiacke,
He doth compleat his course in thirtie Yeare.
And so we left him in his frostie Spheare.
Upward we did ascend incontinent,
But rest, till we came to the firmament,

The which was fired full of Starres bright,
Of figure round, right pleasant, and perfyte:
Whose influence, and right excellent Light,
And whose number may not be put in wygte.
Yet cunning Clerks doe naturallie endyte,
How he doeth ende his course, withoutten wære,
In the space of an hundred thirtie yeare.

Then the ninth Spheare, and mober principall,
Of all the rest, wee visied all the Heaben:
Whose daylie motion is continuall,
Both firmament, and all the Planets seaven,
From East to West, maketh them goe full even,
Into the space of foure and twentie yeares.
Yet by the mynde of the Astronomers,

The seauē Planets into their proper Spheres,
 From East to West they moue naturallie :
 Some swift, some slow, as to their kynde effeares,
 As I haue showane besoze especiallie,
 Whose motion causeth continuallie,
 Right melodious Harmonie and sound,
 And all thzough mobing of these Planets round,

Then mounted wee with right serbent desire,
 Up thzough the Heauen called the Chypstalline :
 And so wee entred into Heauens Emppze,
 Which to descriue it passeth myne Engyne :
 Where God into His bolie Thzone diuine,
 Reignes in His Glozie inestimable,
 With Angels cleare, which are innumerable.

In orders nine these Spirites glozious,
 Are diuided, the which excellentlie,
 Make great lobing, with sound melodious,
 Singing Sanctus, right wonder serbentlie.
 These Orders nyne they are full pleasantlie,
 Diuided into Hierarchies thzee,
 And thzee Orders in euerie Hierarchie.

The lowest Order, is the Angels bright,
 As Messengers to this low Region :
 The second Order, Archangels full of might,
 Vertuous Potestates, Principates of renowne.
 The first is called Domination :
 The seauenth, Thronus: the eight, high Cherubin.
 The ninth, and highest, called Seraphin.

And next vnto the blessed Trinitie,
 In His triumphing Thzone Emperiall :
 Thzee into one, and one substance in thzee :

Whose indibisible Essence eternall,
 The rude engyne of Mankynde is too small,
 To comprehend, whose Power infinite,
 And diuine Nature, no Creature can wyte.

So myne Engyne is not sufficient,
 For to treat of His high Diuinitie:
 All moztall men are insufficient,
 To consider these thzee in vnitie:
 Such subtyll matter I must needs let bee:
 To studie on my Creede it were full sare,
 And let Doctozs of such matters declare.

Then wee behelde the blest Humanitie,
 Of Christ, sitting on His Siege Royall,
 At the right hand of the Diuinitie,
 With an excellent Court Celestiall,
 Whose exercition continuall,
 Was in loving their Prince with reuerence,
 And on this wyse they kepted ordinance.

Next to the Throne we saw y^e Quēn of Quēns,
 Well companied with Ladies of delyte:
 Sweete was the Song of these blessed Virgines,
 No moztall man their solace may endyte.
 The Angels bright in number infinite,
 Euerie Order into their owne degree,
 Were Officers vnto the Deitie.

Patricke and Prophets honourable,
 Collaterall Counsellors in His Consultorie:
 Ebangelists, Apostles venerable,
 Were Capitaines vnto the King of Glorie,
 Which Christan-lyke had won the victorie,

The Dreame of
Of that triumphant Court Celestiall,
Saynt Peter was Lieutenant generall.

The Partyes were as noble stalward Knights,
Discomfitters of cruell Battels thre,
The flesh, the World, the Fiend, & all his mights.
Confessors, Doctors in Divinitie,
As Chappell Clerks vnto his Deitie.
And last, we saw infinite multitude,
Making service vnto His Celitude.

Which by the high Diuine permission,
Felicite they had invariable:
And of His God-head cleare cognition,
And compleat peace they had interminable.
Their Gloze and Honour was inseparable:
That pleasant place repleat of Pulchritude,
Unmeasurable it was of Magnitude.

There is plentie of all Pleasures perfitte.
And cleare Brightnesse, without Obscuritie:
Withouffen Dolor, Dolour, or Despyte:
Withouffen Rancor, perfect Charitie.
Withouffen Hunger, Satiabilitie.
O happie are the Soules predestinate,
When Soule and Bodie shall be glorificate.

These marvellous Mirthes so to declare,
By Arithmetike they are Innumerable.
The portraptures of that Palace preclare,
By Geometrie it is vnmeasurable:
By Rhetorike als impzonounciable.
There are none Cares may beare, nor Eyes may
Nor Heart may thinke, this their Felicitie. (sa,
where

Where-to should I presume for to endyte,
 The which Saynt Paul, that Doctor sapient,
 Cannot expresse, nor into Paper wyte,
 The high excellent Morte indelicient,
 And perfect Pleasure, ever permanent,
 In presence of that mightie King of Gloze,
 Who was, and is, and shall be evermore?

At Remembrance humblie I did enquire,
 If I might in that Pleasure still remayne?
 (Sayde shee) Agaynst Reason is thy Desire:
 Wherefore, my friend, thou must returne agayn,
 Into the World, where thou shalt suffer payne,
 And thole the Death, with cruell paynes soze,
 Ere thou beginst to reigne with him in Gloze.

Then wee returned, soze agaynst my will,
 Down through the Sphears of the Heavens cleare.
 Her commandement behobed I to fulfill,
 With sozie heart, wit yee, withoutten weere.
 I would full faine haue stayed there all yeare:
 But shee sayde to mee, There is no remead,
 Ere thou remainst heere, first thou must bee dead.

(Sayde I) I pray you heartfullie, Madame,
 Since wee haue had such Contemplation,
 Of heavenlie Pleasures, yet ere wee passe hame,
 Let vs haue some consideration,
 Of Earth, and of her situation.
 Shee answered, and sayde, That shall bee done.
 So were wee both brought in the Ayre full sone.

Where wee might see the Earth, all at one sight.
 But lyke a Moate, so it appear'd to mee,
 In the respect of the Heavens bright.

I haue marvell (sayd I) how this may bee :
 The Earth seemes of so small quantitie :
 The least Starre fixed in the firmament,
 Is moze than all the Earth, by my iudgement.

Shee said, Son, thou hast shovne the Veritie;
 The smallest Starre, first in the firmament,
 Indede it is of greater quantitie,
 Than all the Earth, after the intent
 Of wise and cunning Clerks sapient.
 What quantitie is then the Earth : said I.
 That shall I show (said she) to thee shortly.

After the mindes of the Astronomers,
 And speciallie the Authoz of the Spheare,
 And other dyvers great Philosophers,
 The quantitie of the Earth circulære.
 Is fiftie thousand Leagues withoutten weere :
 Seaven hundred and fiftie and no moe,
 Dwyding aye one League in Sples two.

And everie myle in eight Stades dwyde :
 Each Stade an hundred pace, twentie and siue :
 A pace, siue fot, who would them right decyde :
 A fot, foure palmes, if I can right descryue :
 A palme, foure inche : and who so would belgue
 The circuit of the Earth passe round about,
 Must bee considzed on this wyse, no doubt.

Suppone that there were none impediment,
 But that the Earth but perill were, and plaine :
 Then that the person were right diligent,
 And went each day ten Leagues in certaine :
 He might passe round about, and come againe,
 In foure yeares, sixtene weekes, and dayes two.
 Goe reade the Authoz, and thou shalt finde it so.

Then, certaintie, shee tooke mee by the hand,
 And said, My son, com on thy way with me:
 And so shee made mee cleerlie vnderstand,
 How that the Earth diuyled was in three:

In Africa, Europe, and Asie,
 After the mynde of the Cosmographours,
 That is to say, the Worlds Descriptours.

First, Asie is contained in the Orient,
 And is well more than both the other twaine:
 Africa and Europe in the Decident,
 And are diuyled by the Sea certaine:
 And that is called, the Sea Mediterraine,
 Which at the Strait of Marrocke hath entrie
 That is, betweene Spaine and Barbarie.

Toward the South-west lyes Africa,
 And in the North-west Europa doeth stand:
 And all the East containeth Asie:
 On this wyle is deuyded the faine Land.
 It were mickle for mee to take on hand,
 These Regions to declare in speciall:
 Yet shall I shew their names in generall.

In manie diuers famous Regions,
 Is diuyled this part of Asie:
 Well plenished with Cities, Townes, & Townes:
 The great Inde, and Mesopotamia;
 Pentapolis, Persia, and Syria:
 Cappadocia, Seres, and Armenie:
 Babylon, Chaldea, Parthe, and Arabic.

Sydon, Iudca, and Palestina:
 Upper Scythia, Tyre, and Galilie:
 Hiberia, Bactria, and Philestina:

264 The Division of the Earth.

Hispania, Campegena, and Samaria.

In little Asia standeth Galathie:

Paphlagonia, Iauria, and Leede:

Rhedia, Arethusa, Alsyria, and Meede.

Secondlie, wee considered Africa,

With manie fruitful famous Region;

As Ethiopie, and Tripolitana:

Zeuges, where standeth that triumphant Towne

Of noble Carthage, that Citie of renowne:

Garamantes, Napabar, and Lybia:

Egypt also, and Mauritania:

Fez, with Numidie, and Tingitane;

Of Africa these are the principall.

Then Europe wee considered in certaine,

Whose Regions shortly rehearse I shall:

These principalls I finde about them all,

Which are Spaine, Italie and France,

Whose Sub-regions were meete to advance.

Nether Scythia, Thrace, and Carmanie:

Austria, Histria, and Pannonia:

Denmarke, Gotland, Greenland, and Almanie:

Pole, Hungarie, Boeme, Norica, Rhetia:

Helvetia, and manie others ma.

Also in foure divided Italie;

Tuscane, Etruria, Naples, and Campanie.

And subdivided sundrie other wayes,

As Lombardie, Venice, and others ma:

Calaber, Romanes, and Genowayes,

In Grece, Epyrus, and Dalmacia:

Thessalia, Attica, and Illyria:

Achaia, Boetia, and Macedone:

Acadie, Picie, and Lacedemone.

And France weesaw divided into three;
 Belgica, Celtica, and Aquitaine.
 And subdivyded in Flanders, Picardie,
 Normandie, Gascoigne, Burgundie, and Brittainie,
 And others dyverse Dutcheries in certaine;
 The which were too long for to declare:
 Either, some of them, as now, I speake no more.

In Spainyie lyes Castile, and Arragone:
 Navarie, Galice, Portugall, and Granate.
 Then saw wee famous Isles manie one,
 Which in the Ocean Sea were situate:
 Them to descryue my wit was desolate:
 Of Cosmographie I am not so expert,
 For I did never studie in that Art.

Yet I shall some of their names declare,
 As Madagascar, Gades, and Taprobane,
 And other dyvers Isles good and faire,
 Situate into the Sea Mediterrane:
 As Cyper, Candie, Corsica, and Sabane;
 Crete, Abydos, Thoës, and Sicilia:
 Tapus, Eolie, and manie other ma.

Who would at length heare the description
 Of euerie Isle, as well as the firme Land,
 And proprietie of euerie Region:
 To studie, and to reade, must take on hand,
 And the authenticke woorkes to vnderstand,
 Of Plinius, and woorthie Ptolomie,
 Who were expert into Cosmographie.

Where shall they finde the names and proprietie,
 Of euerie Isle, and of each Region.
 Then I enquired of earthlie Paradyse,

Of the which Adam lost Possession.
 Then shewde shee me the situation
 Of that precelling place full of delecte,
 Whose properties were long for to endyte.

OF PARADISE.

This Paradise of all pleasure repleat,
 Situate I saw into the Orient:
 That glorious Earth of euerie flower both
 The lustie Lillies, the Roses redolent: (flæt,
 Fresh, wholesome fruits indeficient:
 Both Herbe and Tree there groweth ever græne,
 Through vertue of the temperate Ayre serene.

The sweete wholesome aromaticke odours,
 Proceeding from the Herbes medicinall:
 The heauenlie bewes of these fragrant flowers,
 It was a sight wonder Celestiall:
 The perfection to shew in speciall,
 And joyes of the Region diuine,
 Of mankynde it exceedeth the engyne.

And eke so high in situation,
 Surmounting the mid Region of the Ayre,
 Where no manner of perturbation
 Of weather may ascend so high as there:
 For floods flowing from a fountayne sayre,
 As Tygris, Ganges, Euphrates, and Nile,
 Which in the East transcurrerh manie a mile.


The Countrey closed is about full right,
 With walls high of hote and burning fire,
 And straislie kepted by an Angell bright,
 Since the departing of Adam our Grandpyre,

Which through his crime incurred Gods ire,
And of that place lost the possession,
Both from himselfe, and his succession.

When this louesome Ladie Remembrance,
All this foresayde had caused mee vnderstand,
I prayed her of her beneuolence,
To shew to mee the Countrey of Scotland:
Well Donne (sayd she) that shall I take on hand:
So suddenlie shee brought mee in certayne,
Even iust aboute the broad Ile of Britane.

Which stands North-west in the Ocean Sea,
And diuided in famous Regions two:
The South part England, a full rich Countrey:
Scotland the North, with manie Ples moe,
By West England, Ireland doeth stand also,
Whose properties I will not take on hand,
To shew at length, but onlie of Scotland.

Of the Realme of SCOTLAND.

 Which after my simple intendement,
And as Remembrance did to me report,
I shall declare the sooth and verement,
As I best can, and into tearmes short:
Wherefore effectnoullie, I you exhort,
Albeit my wryting be not to aduance,
Yet where I sayle, excuse myne ignozance.

When that I had obseru'd this Region,
The which of nature is both good and fayre,
I did propone a little question,
Beseeching her the same so to declare:
What is the cause our bounds beane so bare?

(Sayde I) O; what doeth moue our Miserie ?
O; where-of doeth procede our Pobertie :

For throughe the support of poore high p;ndence,
Of Scotland I perceiue the properties :
Also consider by Experience,
Of this Countrey the great commodities :
First, the aboundance of Fishes in our Seas :
And fruitfull Mountaines for our Bestiall :
And for our Cornes, full manie lustie Vale.

The rich Riuers pleasant and profitable :
The lustie Loghes, with fish of sundrie kyndes :
Hunting, Hawking, for Nobles conuenable :
Forrests full of Doe, Roe, Harts, and Wyndes :
The fresh fountains, whose wholsom crystal strads,
Kecretheth so the flowryshed greene Meades,
So lackie wee nothing that to Nature needes.

Of euerie Mettall wee haue the rich Mines,
Both Golde, Silver, and Stones precious :
Albeit wee lacke the Spices, and the Mynes,
Of other strange fruits delicious :
Wee haue as good, and more needfull for vs.
Great, drink, fire, cloths might there be caused abud,
Which else is not into the Mappo-Pano.

More sayre men, nor of greater engyne,
For of more strength great deedes to endure :
Wherefore, I pray you, that pee would define,
The principall cause wherefore wee are so poore :
For I marvell greatlie, I you assure,
Considering the People and the Ground,
That Riches should not in this Realme abound.

My Sonne (sayde shee) by my discretion,
 I shall make answer, as I vnderstand:
 I say to thee, vnder confession,
 The fault is not, I dare well take on hand,
 Neyther into the People no: the Land:
 As for the Land it lackes none other thing,
 But labour, and the peoples governing.

Then where-in lyes our inprosperitie,
 (Sayde I) I pray you heartfullie, Madame,
 You would declare to mee the veritie?
 O: who shall beare of our Barrat the blame?
 For by my trueth, to see I thinke great shame,
 So pleasant People and so fayre a Land,
 And so few vertuous deedes taken on hand.

(Sayde shee) I shall after my small judgement,
 Declare some causes into generall;
 And into tearmes short shew myne intent,
 And then transcend vnto more speciall:
 So this is my conclusion finall,
 Lacking of Justice, Policie, and Peace,
 Are cause of this unhappinesse, alace!

It is difficill Riches to encrease,
 Where Policie makes no residence;
 And Policie may never haue entresse,
 But where that Justice doeth diligence,
 To punish where there may bee sound offence:
 Justice may not haue domination,
 But where Peace maketh habitation.

What is the cause, then, would I vnderstand,
 That wee should lacke Justice and Policie,
 More than doeth France, Italie, or England?

Madame (sayde I) show mee the veritie:
Since wee haue manie Lawes in this Countrie,
Why lacke wee Lawes exercition?
Who should put Justice to execution?

Wherein doeth stand our principall remead?
Who may make amends of this mischiefe?
 (Sayde she) I finde the fault into the Head:
For they in whom doeth lie our whole reliefe,
 I finde them root and ground of all our grieve:
For when the Heads are not diligent,
The Members must of needs bee negligent.

So I conclude, The causes principall,
Of all the troubles of this Nation,
Are into Princes into speciall,
The which hath the gubernation,
And of the people domination:
Whose continuall exercition,
Should bee in Justice execution.

For when the sloathfull Herde doth slug & sleepe,
Taking no cure in keeping of his Flocke:
Who will goe search amongst such Herds & Sheep,
May able finde manie more scabbed crocke,
And going wplde at large withoutten locke:
Then Lupus comes, and Lawrence in a ling,
And without rueth the sillie Sheepe down thying.

But the good Herde, wake-rise, and diligent,
Doeth so, that all the Flockes are ruled right:
To whose whissell all are obedient.
And if the Wolves come, by day or night,
Them so deboure, then are they put to flight:

Hunted,

Hunted. and Hayne, by their well-daunted Dogs,
So are they sure, both Cwes, Lambs, and Hogs,

So I conclude, That through the negligence
Of our insatuate Heads insolent,
Is cause of all this Realmes indigence:
Which in Justice haue not beene diligent,
But to god Counsell disobedient:
Hauing small Eye vnto the Common-weale,
But to their singular profite euerie deale.

For when these Wolues by oppzession,
The poore people but pitie doe oppzesse:
Then should the Princes make punition,
And cause these Rebels for to make redzesse:
That Riches might bee, and Policie encrease:
But right difficill it wero to make remead,
When that the fault is so into the Head.

The Complaynt of the Common-wealth of Scotland.

AND thus as wee were walking to and fro,
We saw a bulkeous bierne come ower y bent,
But hoyle, on foot, as fast as hee might goe:
Whose rayment was all ragged, forne, and rent,
With visage leane, as hee had fasted Lent:
And forward fast his wayes hee did aduance,
With a right melancholious countenance.

With Scrip on Hip, & Wyke-staffe in his Hand,
As he had purposed to passe from hame.

(Sayde I) Good-man, I would faine vnderstand,
If that you please, to shew what were your Name?

(Sayd he) My son, of that I thinke great shame,
But since thou wouldst of my Name haue a stele,
Forsooth they call mee, Iohn the Common-weale.

Sir Commō-wealth, who hath you so disguised?
 (Sayde I) or what makes you so miserable?
 I haue marvell to see you so surprized,
 The which that I haue scene so honourable,
 To all the World you haue beene profitable,
 And well honoured in euerie Nation:
 How happeneth now your tribulation?

Alace, sayde hee, Thou seest how it doeth stand,
 With mee, and how I am disherited,
 Of all my Grace, and must passe off Scotland,
 And goe befoze where I was cherished:
 Remaine I heere, I am but perished,
 For there are few to mee that taketh tent,
 Which makes me goe thus ragged, reaben, & rent.

My tender friends are all past to the flight,
 For Policie is fled againe to France:
 My sister Justice almost hath lost her sight,
 That shee cannot holde rightlie the Ballance.
 Blayne wzong is Captayne of the Ordinance,
 The which debarreth Lawtie and Reason,
 And small remead is found for open Treason.

Into the South, alace! I was neare Nayne,
 Ouer all the Land I could finde no reliefe:
 Almost betweene the Mers, and Lochmabane,
 I could not know a leale Man, by a Thiefe.
 To show their Keafe, Theft, Murther & Dischiefe,
 And vitious works, it would infect the Ayre,
 Also longsome for mee so: to declare.

Into the High-land I could finde no remead,
 But suddenlie I was put to exile:
 These swiere & wingours, they took of me no pay.

For amongst them let mee remaine a while :
 Also in the out-Plas, and in Argyle,
 Unthrift, Swearnesse, false-hood, Robbertie, and
 Put Politie in danger of her lyfe. (Strype.

In the Low-land I came to seeke refuge,
 And purposed there to make my residence :
 But singular profite causde mee some deludge,
 And did mee great injuries and offence :
 And sayde to mee, Dorne, Harlot, hie thee hence :
 And in this Countrey see thou take no cures,
 So long as imps authoritie endures.

And now I may no longer make debate,
 For I know not to whom I should mee meene :
 For I haue sought all the spirituall State,
 Which take no count for to heare mee complaine;
 Their Officers they helde mee at disdain,
 For Simonie bee rules vp all that rout.
 And Covetice, that Churle, causde barre mee out.

Wyde hath chas'd from them Humilitie,
 Devotion is fled into the Friers,
 Sensuall pleasure hath banisht Chastitie :
 Lords of Religion they goe lyke Seculiers,
 Taking more count in telling their Deniers,
 Than they doe of their Constitution :
 Thus are they blinded by Ambition.

Our Gentle-men are all degenerate :
 Liberalitie, and Lawtie, both are lost :
 And Covetice with Lords is lawteate.
 Knightlie courage turned in brag and boast.
 The civill warre misguedeth everie host :
 Thers

There is not els but each man for himselfe.
 What makes mee goe thus banisht lyke an Elfe.

There fore adue, I may no longer tarrie :
 Farewell (sayd I) and with S. Iohn to boztow,
 But wot yee well, mine heart was wonder sozie,
 When Common-weale so sorowed was in soztow:
 Yet after the night comes the glad morew :
 Wherefore I pray pou show mee in certaine,
 When that you purpose for to come againe.

That question it shall be sone decyded,
 (Said he) there shall no Scot hane comforting,
 Of mee vntill I see the Countrey gubed,
 By wisdome of a good and prudent King,
 Which shall deelyte him most aboute all thing,
 To put Justice to execution,
 And on strong Traitors make punition.

And yet to thee I say another thing,
 I see right well that Proverbe is full true :
 Woe to the Realme that hath to poung a King.
 With that hee turnde his backe, and said, adew,
 Over Firch, and fell right fast, from mee hee flew,
 Whose departing to mee was displeasand,
 With that Remembrance toke mee by the hand.

And sone I thought he brought me to the Roach,
 And to the Cane where I began to sleepe:
 With that a ship did speedilie approach,
 Full pleasantlie sayling vpon the Depe,
 And then did slacke her sailes and gan to creepe,
 Toward the Land anent where that I lay :
 But wot pou well I got a sellon fray.

All her great Cannons shee let cracke at once,
 Downe shooke the streames from the topscastell,
 They spared not the powder nor the stones:
 They shot their Boats, & downe their anchors fell,
 The Mariners they did so shout and yell,
 That hastilie I start out of my Dreame,
 In a fray, and speedilie past hame.

And lightlie dyed with list and appetite:
 Then after past into an Oratoze,
 I toke my pen, and there began to wyte,
 All the vision that I haue showane befoze:
 Wit, of my Dreame as now thou getst no more,
 But I beseech GOD for to sende thee grace,
 To rule thy Realme in vnitie and peace.

An Exhortation to the King's Grace.

Sir, since that GOD of his preordinance,
 Hath granted thee to haue the governance,
 Of his people and create thee a King,
 Sayle not to print in thy remembrance,
 That hee will not excuse thine ignorance,
 If thou bee carelesse in thy governing:
 Wherefoze dresse thee aboue all other thing,
 Of his Lawes to keepe the obseruance,
 If thou thinke long in Royaltie to reigne.

Thanke him that hath commanded Dame Nature
 To paint thee of so pleasant portrature:
 Her gifts may bee clearlie on thee knowne:
 To Dame Fortune thou needst no Procureur:
 For shee hath largelie showane on thee her cure,
 Her gratitude shee hath vnto thee showns:

And since that thou must reape, as thou hast sown,
 Haue all thyne hope in God thy Creatoz,
 And aske Him Grace, that y mayst bee His owne.

And then consider thy Vocation,
 That soz to haue the gubernation,
 Of this Kingdome, thou art predestinate.
 Thou mayst well know, by true narration,
 What sozrow, and what tribulation
 Hath beene in this poore Realme infortunat,
 Now comfort them that haue beene desolate,
 And of thy people haue compassion,
 Since thou by God art so preoordinate.

Take manlie cowrage, and leaue insolence,
 And vse counsell of noble Dame Prudence,
 Ground thee firmlie on Fayth and Fortitude,
 Draw to thy Court Justice and Temperance,
 And to the Common-wealth haue attendance,
 And also I beseech thy Celistude,
 Hate vicious men, and loue them that are good,
 And each flatterer thou fleeme from thy presence,
 And false report out of thy Court exclude.

Doe equall Justice both to great and small,
 And bee example to the people all,
 Exercting vertuous deedes honourable:
 Bee not a wretch soz ought that may befall:
 To that unhappie vyce if thou bee thzall,
 To all men thou shalt bee abhominable,
 Ringes noz Knights are neuer conuenable,
 To rule people bee they not liberall,
 Was neder yet no wretch too honourable,
 And take example of the wretched ending,

To the King.

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Which made Midas of Thrace, the mightie King,
That to his gods made invocation,
Through greedinesse, that all substantiall thing,
That ever hee toucht, should turne but tarrping,
Into fine Golde, hee got his supplication,
All that hee toucht without dilation,
Turned in Gold, both meat, drinke and cloathing,
And died for hanger without recreation.

And I beseech thy Majestie serene,
From Lecherie to keepe thy bodie cleane:
Taste never that intoriate popson,
From that unhappie sensuall sinne abstaine,
Till that thou get a lustie pleasant Queene:
Then take thy pleasure, with my bennison.
Take heed how pridesfull Tarquine lost his crown,
For the defozcing of Lucrece the sheene,
And was depybed, and banished Romes towne.

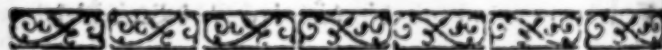
And in despite of his lecherous living,
The Romanes would bee subjected to no King,
Sanie long peere, as Stozies doe recozd,
Till Iulius by vertuous governing,
And princelie cowrage gan on them to reigne,
And chosen of Romanes Emperour and Lord:
Wherfore, my Soberaigne, into thy mind remozd,
That vitious lyfe makes oft an ill ending,
Except it bee by speciall grace restozd.

And if thou wouldst thy fame and honour grew,
Use counsell of thy prudent Lords true:
And see thou not presumptuously pretend,
Thine owne particulare well for to ensue:
Woꝛke with counsell, so shalt thou never reu:

Remember of thy friends the fatall end,
 Which to good counsell would not condescend,
 Till bitter Death, alace, did them perue:
 From such vnhap I pray GOD thee defend.

And finally, Remember thou must die,
 And suddenlie passe off this moztall Sea:
 And art not sicker of thy lyfe two houres,
 Since there is none from that Sentence may flee;
 King, Duene, noz Knight, of low Estate noz hie;
 But all must thole of Death the bitter Showres.
 Where are they gone, those Popes, & Emperours?
 Bee they not dead? So shall it fare with thee.
 Is no Remead, Strength, Riches, and Honours.

And so, for Conclusion, make our Provision,
 To get the Infusion, of His high Grace:
 Which bled with Effusion, with scorne and Derision,
 And died with Confusion, confirming out Peace,



THE COMPLAINT OF

Sir DAVID LINDESAY,
 to the King,

SIR, I beseech thyne Excellence,
 Heare my Complaint with patience:
 My dolent Heart doeth mee constraine,
 Of myne infortune to complaine:
 Albeit I stand in great doubtance,
 Whome I shall blame of my Mishance:
 Whether Saturnus Crueltie,

Reigning in my Patibitie,
By bad Aspects, which worke Vengeance,
Or other Heauenlie Influence.
Or if I bee predestinate,
In Court to bee infortunate.
Who haue so long in service bene,
Continuallie with King and Queene:
And entred to thy Majestie,
The day of thy Patibitie,
Where-through my friends bene ashamed,
And with my foes I am defamed:
Seeing that I am not regarded,
Nor with my Brethren of Court rewarded:
Blaming my sloathfull Negligence,
That seekes not for some recompence,
When others men doe mee demand,
Why getst thou not some piece of Land,
As well as other men haue gotten?
Then with I to bee dead and rotten:
With such extreame discomforting,
That I can make none answering.
I would some wise man did mee teach,
Whether that I should flatter or feach,
I will not slyte, that I conclude,
For crabbing of thy Celitude.
And to flatter I am defamed:
Lacke I Reward, then I am shamed.
But I hope thou shalt doe as well,
As did the father of Famel:
Of whom **CHRIST** maketh mention,
Who for a certaine pension,
Spred men to worke in his Vineyard:
But who came last, got first reward. **where**

Where-through the first men were displeased:
 But hee them pꝛudentlie ameased:
 For though the last Men first were serbed,
 Yet got the first that they deserbed:
 So I am sure, thy Majestie,
 Shall once reward mee ere I die,
 And rub the rust of myne Engyne,
 Which is soꝛ langour lyke to tyne,
 Although I beere not lyke a barde,
 Long service yeareneþ ays reward,
 I cannot blame thine Excellence,
 That I so long lacke recompence:
 Had I solistied lyke the laue,
 My reward had not beene to craue:
 But now I may well vnderstand,
 A dumbe man yet wanne neuer Land,
 And in the Court men gets nothing,
 Withoutten impoꝛtune asking:
 Alace, my slouth, and shamefastnesse,
 Debarred mee from all greedinesse,
 Cradie men that are diligent,
 Right oft obtaineth their intent,
 And faileth not to conquesse Lands,
 And namelie at young Princes hands:
 But I toke neuer none other cure,
 In speciall, but soꝛ thy pleasure:
 But now I am no moꝛe desparde,
 But I shall get Princlie reward,
 The which shall bee to mee moꝛe gloze,
 Than them thou didst reward befoze.
 When men doe aske ought at a King,
 Should aske his Grace a noble thing,
 To his Excellence honorable, And

And to the asker profitable,
 Though I bee in mine asking lither,
 I pray, thy Grace, so; to consider,
 Thou hast both made Lords and Lards,
 And hast given manie rich rewards,
 To them which were full farre to seeke,
 When I lay nightlie by thy cheeke.
 I take the Queenes Grace, thy Mother,
 My Lord Chancellor, and manie other:
 Thy Purse, and thine olde Mistresse,
 I take them all to beare witnesse:
 Olde Willie Dillie, were hee on lyue,
 My lyfe full well hee could descryue:
 How as a Chopman beares his packe,
 I bare thy Grace vpon my backe:
 And sometymes Stridelings on my necke,
 Danling with manie bend and becke:
 The first syllabs that thou didst mite,
 Was Pa-da-lyn vpon the Lute:
 When playde I twentie springs perqueare,
 Which was great pleasure so; to heare:
 From play thou letst mee neber rest,
 But Ginkerton thou lov'd aye best:
 And aye when thou cam'st from the schole,
 Then I behov'd to play the sole,
 As I at length into my Dreame,
 My sundrie service did expzeame.
 Though it bee better (as sayth the wyse)
 Hap to the Court than god service:
 I know thou lov'st mee better than,
 Than now some wyfe doth her God-man,
 Then men to other do record,
 Said Lindsey, would hee made a Lord,

Thou hast made Lords, Sir, by D. Geill,
Of some that haue not serb'd so well.

To you my Lords that stands by,

I shall you show the causes why:

If yee list carrie, I shall tell,

How my mis-fortune thus befell:

I prayd daylie on my knees,

My young Master that I might see,

Of age in his estate Ropall,

Habing power imperiall:

Then trusted I without demand,

To bee promoted to some Land:

But mine asking I got to none,

Because an Eclipse fell in the Mone,

The which all Scotland made on steere:

Then did my purpose runne acre,

The which were longsome to declare,

And eke mine heart is wondrous sore,

When I haue in remembrance,

The sudden change to my mischance:

The King was but twelue yeares of age,

When new Rulers came in their rage,

For Common-wealth taking no care,

But for the profite singulare,

Impudentlie lyke wisselesse fowls,

Thep tooke the young Prince from the Schooles,

Where hee vnder obedience,

Was learning Vertue and Science,

And hostile put in his hand,

The governance of all Scotland:

As who would in a stormie blast,

When Mariners beene all agast,

Through danger of the seas rage,

W^hould take a chyld of tender age,
 W^hich never had beene on the Sep,
 And to his bidding all obey,
 GIVING him the whole governall,
 Of Ship, Marchand, and Marinnall,
 For bread of Roches and Forceland,
 To put the Rutter in his hand:
 W^hithout G^oDs grace is no refuge,
 If there bee danger yee may iudge:
 I giue them to the Debill of Hell,
 That first debyled that Counsell:
 I will not say, that it was Treason,
 But I dare sweare, it was no reason;
 I pray God let mee never see reigne,
 Into this Realme, so young a King.
 I may not tarrie to decydeit,
 How then the Court a while was guyded,
 By them that partlie toke on hand,
 To guyde the King, and all Scotland,
 And eke longsome for to declare,
 Their facund flattering words faire.
 Sir (some would say) your Masellie,
 Shall now gos to your libertie:
 You shall to no man bee coacted,
 For to the Schoule no moze subiected;
 W^he thinke them verie naturall foles,
 That learnes over mickle at the Scholes:
 Sir, you must learne to runne a Speare,
 And guyde you lyke a man of weare:
 For wee shall put such men about you,
 That all the W^old, and moe shall doubt you:
 Then to his Grace they put a Guard,
 W^hich bastille got their reward:

Each

Each man after their qualitie,
 They did solist his Majestie:
 Some causde him rebell at the Racket:
 Some harled him to the hurle bucket:
 And some to thow their Courtlie Cozses,
 Would ryde to Liech, and runne their Hozses,
 And wightlie gallope over the Sands:
 They neyther spared Spurres, or Wands:
 Casting Gamonds, with Bends, and Beckes:
 For wantonnesse some brake their Peckes.
 There was no Play, but Cards, and Dyce,
 And age Sir Flatterie bare the ppyce:
 Rownding, and rowking, one to another:
 Take thou my part (sayde hee) my Brother,
 And make betweene vs sicker Bands,
 When ought shall baite amongst our Hands:
 That each Man stand to helpe his fellow:
 I holde there-to, Man, by All-hallow,
 So thou fish not with-in Bounds.
 That shall I not, by Gods sayre Moundes,
 (Sayde hee) but rather take thy part
 So shall I doe, by Gods deare Heart:
 And if the Thesaurer be our friend,
 Then shall wee get both Lacke and Liend.
 Take hee our part, then who dare wrong vs
 But wee shall part the Pelfe amongst us.
 But haste vs whyle the King is pounge,
 And let each Man keepe well a Tongue:
 And in each Quarter haue a spy,
 As to aduertise basely,
 When any Casualties,
 Shall happen into our Countries,
 Let vs make sute Provision,

Ere hee come to discretion.
So moze hee knowes, than doeth a Maynt,
What thing it is, to haue, or want:
So ere hee come to perfect Age,
Wee shall bee sicker of our Age,
And then let each Carle craue another.
That Mouth speake moze, sayde hee, my Brother.
For, God no? I care in a Rope,
Thou mightst giue counsell to the Pope.
Thus laboured they within few yeares,
That they became no Pages peeres.
So hastilie they made a Band;
Some gathered Golde, some conquest Land.
Sir, some would say, by Maynt Denice,
Giue to me some fat Benefice:
And all the profite you shall haue:
Giue me the Pame, take you the laue,
But by his Walles were well come hame,
To make serbice hee would thinke shame.
Then slip awag withoutten moze,
When hee had that hee sought befoze.
Me thought it was a piteous thing,
To se that saye young tender King,
Of whom these Gallants stood none awe,
To play with him, Plucke at the Crow.
They became rich, I you assure,
But aye the Prince remayned poore.
There was few of that Garison,
That learned him a god Lesson:
But some to cracke, and some to clatter:
Some playde the fowle, and some did flatter.
Sayde one, Deuill sticke me with a knyfe,
But, Sir, I know a Payde in Fife, One

One of the lustiest wanton Lasses,
 Whereto, Sir, by GOD'S blood shee passes.
 Holde thy Tongue, 23 other, sayde the other,
 I know a fairer, by fiftene sother:
 Sir, when you please to Lichgow passe,
 There shall you see a iustie Lasse.
 Now trittle trattle, trow low,
 Sayde the third man, thou doest but now:
 When his Grace comes to faire Sterling,
 There shall hee see a dapes darling.
 Sir (said the fourth) take my counsell,
 And goe all to the high Boddell,
 There may wee loope at libertie,
 Withouthen anie gravitie.
 Thus euerie man sayde for himselfe,
 And did amongst them part the selfe.
 But I, alace, ere euer I wust,
 Was troden downe into the dust:
 With heauie charge withouthen more,
 But I knew never yet wherefore:
 And basillie before my face,
 Another slipped in my place,
 Which full lightlie got his reward,
 And stiled was the ancient Larde.
 That tyme I might make no defence,
 But toke perforce in patience,
 Praying to sende them a mischance,
 That had the Court in gobernance:
 The which against mee did maligne,
 Contrare the pleasure of the King:
 For well I knew his Graces mynde,
 Was euer to mee true and kinde:
 And contrare their intention,

Causde pay mee well my pension.
Though I a while lacked presence,
Yet let mee haue none indigence.
When I durst neyther peeps no; looks,
Yet would I hyde mee in a noke,
To see these vnconth vanities,
How they lyke anie busie Bees,
Did occupie their golden houres,
With helpe of their new Governours:
But my Complaynt for to compleete,
I got the Sowze, and they the Sweets:
And Iohn Maccreie the Kings fool,
Got double garments against Poole.
Yet in his most triumphant Gloze,
For his Reward, got the Grandgoze.
Now in the Court seldeome hee goes,
In dead open trod vpon his Toes:
As I that tyme durst not bee seene,
In open Court, for both myne eene.

Alace, I haue no tyme to farrie,
To show you all the sarte sarte:
How those that had the Governance,
Amongst them-selues raise variance:
And who most to my skaithe consented,
Within few yeares full soze repented:
When they could make mee no remead:
For they were harde out by the head,
And others tooke the governing,
Well worse than they in all kind thing.
Those lords tooke no more regard,
But who might purchase best Reward.
Some to their friends got Benefices;
And other some got Bishopries:

For euerie Lord, as hee thought best,
 Brought in a Bird, to fill the Nest,
 To bee a Watch-man to his Parrow.
 They gan to drab at the Cat-parrow:
 The proudest Prelates of the Kirke,
 Were fayne to hyde them in the micke.
 That tyme so fayled was their sight,
 Sensine they might not thole the Light
 Of Christ's true Gospel to bee seene,
 So blynded is their corporall Eene,
 With worldlie lusts sensuall,
 Taking in Realmes the governall:
 Both gupding Court and Session,
 Contrare to their profession:
 Where-of, I thinke, they should haue shame,
 Of spirituall Priests to take the name:
 For Isaias into his warke,
 Calles them lyke Dogs that cannot barke,
 That called are Priests, and cannot preach;
 Nor Christ's Law to the people teach,
 If for to preach beene their profession,
 Why should they mell with Court, or Session?
 Except it were in spirituall things:
 Referring vnto Lords, and Kings,
 Temporal causes to bee decided.
 If they their spirituall Office gupded,
 Each man might say, They did their parts:
 But if they can play at the Cards,
 And mollet moylie on a Pole,
 Though they had never seene the Schole,
 Yet at this day, as well as than,
 Will bee made such a spirituall man.
 Princes that such Prelates promoues,

Account thereof to giue behoues,
 Which shall not passe without punishment,
 Except they mend and soze repent:
 And with due ministration,
 Make after their location.

I wish the thing that will not bee,
 These peruerse Prelates are so hie,
 When once that they beene called Lords,
 They are occasion of Discords:
 And largelie will Propynes heght,
 To cause each lord with other fight,
 If for their part it may auaile.
 So to the purpose of my Tale,
 That tyme in Court rose great Debate,
 And euerie lord did stryue for State:
 That all the Realmes might make no redding,
 Till on each side there was Blood-shedding:
 And fielded other in Land and Burgh,
 At Lithgow, Melros, Edinburgh.
 But to deploze I thinke great paine,
 Of noble men that there were slaine:
 And als longsome to bee reported,
 Of them which to the Court resorted,
 As Tyrants, Traytors, and Transgressours,
 And common publicke plaine Oppressours:
 Men-murthers, and common Thieues,
 Into that Court got their relieues,
 There were few lords in all those Lands,
 But to new Regents made their bands.
 When rose a reke, ere euer I wist,
 The which could all their bands byst:
 Then they alone which had the guiding,

They could not keepe their feete from sliding,
But of their lines they had such dread,
That they were faine to trot oher Tweed.

I Now potent Prince, I say to thee,
I thanke the holie Trinitie,
That I haue liu'd to see the day,
That all the World is went away,
And thou to no man art subjected,
Nor to such Counsellers coated.
The foure great Vertues Cardinalls,
I see them with thee Principalls:
For Justice holds her Sword on hie,
With her Ballance of Equitie,
And in this Realme hath made such order,
Both thzough the Highland, and the Border,
That Oppression, and all his fellows,
Are hanged high vpon the Gallows.
Dame Prudence hath thee by the head,
And Temperance doth thy Byble lead:
I see Dame Force make assistance,
Bearing thy Targe of assurance:
And lustie Ladie Chastitie,
Hath banisht Sensualitie.
Dame Riches takes on thee such cure,
I pray GOD that thee long endure:
That Povertie dare not bee seene,
Into thy house for both her reene:
But from thy Grace fled manie myles,
Amongst the Vnters in the Ples.
Dissemblance dare not show her face,
Which wont was to beguyle thy Grace.
Follie is fled out of the Towne,
Which age was contrare to reason.

Policie and Peace begins to plant,
 That vertuous men can neuer want :
 And as for sloathfull ydle Lozenges,
 Shall fettered bee in the Galyeons.
 John Vponland beene full glad, I troth,
 Because the Rush-bush keeps his Bow,
 So is there nought, I vnderstand,
 Without god order in this Land :
 Except the Spiritualitie,
 Praying thy Grace thereto haue eye :
 Cause them make ministration,
 Consozme to their Vocation,
 To preach with vnfeigned intents,
 And truelie vse the Sacraments,
 After **CHRIST'S** Institutions,
 Leauing their vaine Traditions,
 Which doe the sillie sheepe illude,
 For whom **CHRIST** **JESUS** shed his blood,
 As superstitious Pilgrimages,
 Praying to graven Images,
 Expresse agaynst the **LORD'S** Commande,
 I doe thy Grace to vnderstand,
 If thou to mens lawes assent,
 Against the **LORD'S** Commandement,
 As Ieroboam, and manemoe,
 Princes of Israel also,
 Consenters to Idolatrie,
 Which punisht were right piteouslie,
 And from their Realmes were rooted out :
 So shalt thou bee withoutten doubt,
 But heere and there withoutten mote,
 And lacke the euer-lasting gloze.

And if thou wilt thyne heart enclyne,
And kepe His blessed Law diuine,
As did the faythfull Patriarks,
Both in their words, and in their warke :
And as did manie faythfull Kings,
Of Israel during their Reignes:
As King David and Salomon,
Who Images would suffer none,
In their rich Temples so to stand,
Because it was not GOD'S Command:
But destroyed all Idolatrie,
As in the Scripture thou mayst see :
Whose rich reward was heauenlie blisse,
Which shall be thyne, thou doing this.
Since thou hast chosen such a Guard,
Now am I sure to get reward :
And since thou art the richest King,
That euer in this Realme did reigne,
Of Golde, and Stones precious,
Most prudent and ingenious,
And hath thyne honour done aduance,
In Scotland, England, and in France,
By martiall deedes honourable,
And art to euerie vertue able :
I know thy grace will not mis-ken mee,
But thou wilt eyther giue or lend mee.
Would thy Grace lend mee to a day,
Of Gold a thousand pound or tway,
And I shall fixe with good intent,
Thy Grace a day of payment,
With sealed Obligation,
Vnder this protestation,
When the Basse and the Ple of May,

Bees set vpon the Mount Sinay;
 When the Lowmond beside Falkland,
 Bees lifted to Northumberland:
 When Church-men pearnes no dignitie,
 Nor Apues no soveraigntie:
 Winter without frost, snow, wind, or Raine,
 Then shall I giue thy Gold againe:
 O I shall make to thee payment,
 After the day of Iudgement,
 Within a Moneth at the least,
 When Sainct Peter shall make a Feast,
 To all the fishers of Aberladie,
 So thou haue myne acquittance readie,
 sayling thereof by Sainct Phillane,
 Thy Grace gets neuer a Groat againe,
 If thou bee not content of this,
 I must request the King of blisse,
 That hee to mee haue some regard,
 And cause thy Grace mee to reward:
 For David King of Israel,
 Which was the great Propbet Hopall,
 Sayth. GOD hath whole at his command,
 The Hearts of Princes in his Hand:
 Even as hee list them for to turne,
 That must they doe without sojourne:
 Some to exalt to dignitie,
 And some to depzue in povertie:
 Sometime of low men to make lords,
 And sometime lords to bind in cords,
 And them all interlie destroy,
 As pleaseth GOD that noble Roy:
 For thou art but an Instrument,
 To that great GOD Omnipotent.

The Complaynt of
 So when it please thine Excellence,
 Thy Grace shall make mee Recompence:
 O Hee shall cause mee stand content,
 Of quyet lpe, and sober Rent:
 And take mee in my latter Age,
 Onto my simple Hermitage:
 And spende that myne Elders haue won,
 As olde Diogenes in his Tun,
 Of this Complaint, with mynde full meeke,
 Thy Graces answer, Sir, I beseeke,
 Quod Lindsey, to the King.

THE TRAGEDIE OF

DAVID BEYON, Cardinall, and
 Archbishop of Saint ANDREWES, &c. Compyled
 by the fore-named
 Author DAVID
 LINDSEY.

Mortales cum nati sitis, ne supra DEVM vos erexeritis,

The Prologue.

Of long agoe, after the houre of Pryme,
 Secretlie sitting in myne Chatozie,
 I toke a booke to exercise the tyme,
 Where I found manie Tragedie and Storie,
 Which Iohn Boccas had put in memorie,
 How manie Princes, Conquerours, and Kings,
 Were holefullie deposed of their Reignes.

How Alexander the potent Conquerour,
 In Babylon was poysonde piteously:
 And Iulius the mightie Emperour,
 Murdred at Rome, causelesse and cruelly:

Wydent Pompey in Egypt shamefullie,
Hæ murthred was. What needes processe moze?
Whose Tragedies were pittie to deploze.

I sitting so vpon my booke reading,
Right suddenlie befoze mee did appeare,
A wounded man, abountantlie bleeding,
With visage pale, and with a deadlie cheare,
Seeming a man of two and fiftie yeare,
In rayment red cloathed full curiouslie,
Of Helvet, and of Satine Cramosie.

With feeble voyce, as man opprest with payne,
Shortlie hæ made mee supplication:
Saying, My Friend, goe reade, and reade againe,
If thou canst finde by true narration,
Of any payne lyke to my passion:
Right sure I am, were Iohn Boccas on liue,
My Tragedie at length hæ would describe.

Since hæ is gone, I pray thee to endyte,
Of mine infortune some remembrance:
Or at the least my Tragedie to wyte,
As I to this shall shew the circumstance,
In termes short, of myne unhappie chance;
Since my beginning to my satall ende,
Which I would to all Creatures were kende.

I not (sayde I) make such memorizall,
But of thy name I had intelligence:
I am David, that carefull Cardinall,
Which doe appeare (said hee) to thy presence,
That sometyme had so great prebeminence:
Then hee began his deedes to endite,
As yee shall heare, and I began to wyte.

I David Beron, sometyne Cardinall,
 Of noble blood by Ipne I did descend :
 During my tyme I had no Perigall,
 But now, alace, is come my satall end.
 Ay gres by gree vpward I did ascend,
 So that into this Realme did neber reigne,
 So great a man as I vnder a King.

When I was a young gallant Gentle-man,
 Princes to serue I set myne whole intent :
 First to ascend at Arbroth I began,
 An Abbacie of great Riches and Rent.
 Of that estate yet was I not content,
 To get more Riches, Dignitie and Gloze,
 Myne heart was set, alace, alace, therefore.

I made such service to our Soberaigne King,
 Hee did promouue mee to more high estate :
 A Prince aboue all Priests to reigne,
 Arch-bishop of Sainct Andrewes consecrate.
 To that honour when I was eleuate,
 My prydefull heart was not content at all,
 Till that I create was a Cardinall.

Yet preast I to haue more authozitie,
 And finallie, was chosen Chancellor :
 And so, by holding of my dignitie,
 Was made Legate. Then had I no compare.
 I purchast so, my profite singulare,
 My Bores and my Treasure to aduance,
 The Bishopricke of Meropole in France,

Of all Scotland I had the governall,
 But myne adbpse concluded was nothing
 Abbot, Bishop, Archbishop, and Cardinall,

Into this Realme no higher could I reigne,
 But I had beene Pope, Emperour, or King.
 For shortnesse of the tyme, I am not able
 At length to shew mine acts honourable.

For through my princelie Prodigalitie,
 Amongst Prelates in France I bare the pryce :
 I shewed my lordlie liberalitie;
 In banquetting, playing at Cards and Dyce :
 Into such wisdom I was holden wyse,
 And spared not to play with King nor Knight,
 Thre thousand Crownes of Gold vpon a night.

In France I made sier honest voyages,
 Where I did acts digne of remembrance :
 Through me were made triumphant Marriages,
 To our Soueraigne both profite and pleasance,
 Queene Magdalene the first Daughter of France,
 With great Riches was into Scotland brought,
 That Marriage thogh my wisdom was wrought.

After whose death in France I past againe,
 The second Queene homeward I did convoy,
 That lustie Princesse, Marie de Lorane,
 Which was receiv'd with great triumph and joy,
 So serbed I our right redoubted Roy :
 Sone after that, Henric of England King,
 Of our Soueraigne desir'd a commoning.

Of that meeting our King was well content,
 So that in Yorke was set both tyme and place.
 But our Prelates and I would never consent,
 That hee should see King Henric in the face :
 But wee were well content, albeit his Grace,

Had sayde the Sea to speake with anie other,
Except the King, who was his mother brother.

Whereby there rose great warre & mortall strife,
Great her ships, hunger, dearth, and desolation,
On eyther syde did manie losse their lyfe;
If I would make a true narration,
I caused all that tribulation,
For to take peace, I neber would consent,
Except the King of France had beene content.

During this Warre were taken prisoners,
Of noble men fighting full furiously:
Wants a Lord, Barron, and Batchelers,
Wherethrough our King took such Melancholie,
Which drowne him to the death right dolesullie:
Extream dolour did so overset his heart,
That from this lyfe, alace, hee did depart.

But after that both strength and speach is leased,
A paper blanke I made his Grace subscriue,
Into the which I wrote all that I pleased:
After his death, which long were to descriue,
Through that Wytting I purposed belue,
With support of some Lords benevolence,
In this Region to haue preheminance.

As for my lord our righteous Governour,
If I would shortly show the veritie,
To him I had no manner of labour,
During that tyme I purposed that hee,
Should neber come to none authoritie,
For his support therfore hee brought amongst vs,
North of England the noble Earle of Angus.

Then

Then was I put abacke from my purpose,
 And suddenlie cast in Captiuitie :
 My prydesfull heart to daunt, as I suppose,
 Deuysed by the high diuinitie.
 Yet in myne heart sprang no humilitie :
 But now the word of God, full well, I know,
 Who doth exalt himselfe, God will him low.

In the meane tyme when I was so subiected,
 Ambassadors were sent into England,
 Where they both peace and Marriage contracted,
 And moze suretie for to obserue that Band,
 Were promise dyuerse pledges of Scotland :
 Of that Contract I was no wyle content,
 For never would thereto giue my consent.

To Capitaines that keepe me in Ward,
 Gifts of Golde I gaue them great plentie:
 Rulers of Court richlie I did rewarde :
 Wherethrough I scaped from Captiuitie.
 But when I was free at my libertie,
 Then lyke a Lyon losed of his Cage,
 Out through the Realme I gan to raile and rage.

Contrare the Governour, and his companie,
 Oftentimes made I insurrection:
 Purposing for to haue him hastilie,
 Subdued vnto my correction,
 Or put him to extreame subjection.
 During this tyme if it were well decyded,
 This Realme by mee was vtterlie diuided,

The Governour purposing to subdue,
 I rayse an hoste of manie a bold Baron,
 And made a rade that Lichgow yet may rue:

For we destroyde a myle about the Colone,
 For that I got manie blacks malison:
 Yet contrarie the Governours intent,
 With our young Prince wee vnto Sterling went.

For high contemption of the Governour,
 I brought the Earle of Lennox out of France,
 That lustie lord living in great pleasure,
 Did lose that Land and honest Ordinance:
 But hee and I fell soone at variance,
 And though my counsell was within short space,
 Forfault and flæmde: hee got none other grace.

Then though my prudence, practicks & engyne,
 Our Governour I caused to consent,
 Full quyetlie to my counsell inclyne,
 Whereof his Nobles were not well content:
 For why? I caused dissolue in Parliament,
 The band of peace contracted with England,
 Wherethrough came harme & her ship to Scotland.

The peace broken, arose new moztall weares,
 By Sea and Land such Reafe without reliefe,
 Which to repozt my scraped heart affeares,
 The veritie to show in tearmes brieve,
 I was the root of all this great mischiefe:
 The South Countrie may say it had bæne good,
 That my Purse had smozed mee in my coud.

I was the cause of mickle more mischance,
 For vpholde of my gloze and dignitie,
 And pleasure of the potent King of France,
 With England would I haue none vnitie:
 But who consider would the veritie,
 We might full well haue liu'd in peace and rest,
 Pines o2 ten yeares, and then playd loose o2 fast.

Had wee with England keeped our Contrasts,
 Our noble men had lib'd in peace and rest :
 Our Marchands had not lost so manie packes,
 Our common people had not beene opprest :
 On either side all wzongs had beene redrest,
 But Edinburgh since then, Lieth, and Kingorne,
 The day and houre may ban that I was bozne.

Our Governour to make him to meesure,
 With sweet and subtile words I did him syle,
 Till I his sonne and heire got in my cure :
 To that effect I found that craftie wple,
 That hee no manner of wap might mee beguile :
 When leugh I when his Ledges did alledge,
 How I his sonne had gotten into pledge.

The Earle of Angous, and his germane bzother,
 I purposed to make them lose their lpe:
 Right so to haue destroyed manie other :
 Some with the fire, some with the swozd and knife:
 In speciall manie gentle men in Fife:
 And purposed to put to great tormment,
 The labourers of the olde and new Testament.

Then euerie man they toke of mee such feare,
 That tyme when I had so great gobernance:
 Great lords dreading I should doe them deare,
 They durst not come to Court without assurance,
 Since then there hath not beene such varlance :
 Now to our Prince, Barons obedientlie,
 Without assurance come full courteouslie.

Mine hope was most into the King of France,
 Together with the Pope's holinesse,
 More than in GOD, my worship to advance :

I trusted so into their gentlenesse,
 That no man durst presume mee to oppresse:
 But when the day came of my satall houre,
 Farre was from mee their support and succour.

When to preserve my Riches and my Lyfe,
 I made a strength of walls high and hynde:
 Such a Fortresse was never found in Fife,
 Believing there no man durst mee invade.
 Now finde I true the Saw which David sayde,
 Except God of an house bee Master of warke,
 Hee worke in vaine, though it be never so sharke.

For I was through the whole power diuine,
 Right dolesullie beat downe among the ash.
 Which could not be through mortall mans engine,
 But as David did kill the great Goliath,
 Or Olopherne by Iudith killed was,
 In midst among his triumphing armie,
 So was I slaine into my chiefe Citie.

When I had greatest domination,
 As Lucifer had in the Heavens Empyre,
 Came suddenlie my deprivation,
 By them which did my dolent death conspyre:
 So cruell was their furious burning yre,
 I got no tyme, leasure, nor libertie,
 To say, In manus tuas Domine.

Beholde my satall infelicitie,
 I being in my strength incomparable,
 That dreadfull Dungeon made mee no supplie,
 My great Riches and Rents profitable,
 My silver worke, Jewels inestimable,
 My papall pompe of gold, my rich treasure,
 My lyfe and all I lost in halfe an houre.

To the people was made a spectacle,
 Of my Death, and deformed Carion:
 Some sayde, it was a manifest miracle:
 Some sayde, it was diuine punishment,
 So to bee slaine into my strong Dungeon.
 When euerie man had judged as him list,
 They salted mee, then closde mes in a list.

I lay vnburied thus Moneths and moze,
 Ere I was bozne to Closter, Church, or Queere,
 In a Dunghill, great pittie to deploze,
 Without suffrage of Channon, Ponke, or Frier.
 All proud Prelates at mee may lessons leere,
 Which reigne so long and so triumphantlie,
 Dyne in the dust dung downe so dolesullie.

To the Prelates.

Hee my Brethren, Princes of the Priestes,
 I make you heartlie supplication,
 Both night & day reboles into your bresses
 The processe of my deprivation:
 Consider what beene your vocation,
 To follow mee I pray you not pretend you,
 But reade at length this Cedull that I send you.

Woe know how Iesus his Disciples sent,
 Ambassadors to euerie Nation,
 To shew his Law, and his Commandement,
 To all people by p[re]dication:
 Therefore to you I make narration,
 Since pee to them are herie Successours,
 Pee ought to doe as did your Predecessours.

How dare you bee so bold to take on hand,
 For to bee Traitors to so great a King,

To beare his Message both to Burgh and Land,
 Pee being dumbe, and can pronounce nothing,
 Like Pinstrels that can neyther play nor sing:
 O why should men giue to such birds hyze,
 That cannot guyde their flocke out of the myze?

Ashame pee not, to bee Christ's Serbitures,
 And soz your hyze haue great tempozall Lands,
 Since of your Office pee cannot take the Cures,
 As Canon Law and Scripture you commands?
 Pee will not lacke tiend Sheafe, nor Offerands:
 Tiend wolle, tiend Lamb, tiend Calse, tiend Gryse &
 To make service ye ate all out of vse. (goose,

O my deare Brethren, doe not as pee were wont,
 Amend your lyues, now while your day endures:
 Trust well you shall bee called to your count,
 Of euerie thing belonging to your cures:
 Leauē basartie, your harlotrie and hures,
 Remembryng on myne vnprobyded Dead:
 For after Death may no man make remead.

Pee Prelates that haue thousands soz to spend,
 Pee send a simple Frier soz you to preach:
 It is your craft I make it to you kend,
 Your selues into your Temples soz to teach.
 But marbell not though sillie Friers teach:
 For if they plainlie show the veritie,
 Then will they want the Bishops charitie.

Wherefore is giben you such Royall Kent,
 But soz to finde the people spirituall food,
 Preaching to them the Old and New Testament
 The Law of GOD both plainlie so conclude,
 Put not your hope into vaine worldlie good,

As I haue done, behold, my great treasure,
Made mee no helpe at myne unhappie hours.

That day when I was Bishop consecrate,
The great Bible was bound vpon my backe:
What was therein, I little knew, God wats,
More than a beast bearing a pꛛecious packe.
And haſtillie my covenant I bzake:
For I was obliſt with myne owne conſent,
The Law of God to pꛛeach with good intent.

Brethren, right ſo, when yee were consecrate,
Yee obliſt you vpon the ſelfe ſame wyſe:
Yee may bee called Bishops counterſaite,
As Gallants buſked for to make a gypſe:
Now thinke I, Princes are nothing to pꛛyſe,
To giue a famous Office to a ſoule,
As who would put a mitre on a ſoule.

Alace, if yee that ſorrowfull ſight had ſeene,
How I lay bullering bathed in my blood,
To mende your lſe it had occaſion beene,
And leaue your olde corrupted conſuetude.
Failing thereof, then ſhortlie I conclude,
Except yee from your Rebellie ariſe,
Yee ſhall bee ſerued on the ſelfe ſame wyſe.

To the Princes.

I Prudent Princes, without diſcretion,
Hauing in Earth power imperiall,
Yee haue beene cauſe of this tranſgreſſion.
I ſpeake vnto you all in generall,
Which doe diſpoſe all Office ſpirituall,

Gibing the soules, which are Christ's sheepe,
To blind Pastors, but conscience, to keepe.

When the Prince doth lacke an Officer,
A Baker, Brewster, or a Paster-coke,
A trim Taylor, a cunning Cordener,
Ouer all the Land at length hee will cause look:
Possible men such Offices to bryoke,
A Brewster that can brew most wholesome Aile,
A cunning Cooke, that best can season Caille.

A Taylor, who hath sojourned bene in France,
That can make garments of the gayest gypse.
The Princes are the cause of this mischance,
That when there doth vaile anie Venifce,
Hee ought to doe vpon the selfesame topse:
Cause search and seeke both in Burgh and Land,
The Law of God who can best vnderstand.

Make him Bishop that prudently can preach,
As doeth pertaine to his Elocution,
A Parson who his Parishon can teach:
Cause Vicars make due ministration.
Also I make you supplication,
Make your Abbots right religious men,
Which to the people Christ's Law can ken.

But not to Rebels, new come from the roff,
Nor of a stuffet stolne out of a Stable,
The which into the schoule made neuer no roff,
Nor neuer was to spirituall Science able,
Except the Cards, the Dice, the Ches, and Table,

Of Rome-takers, noz of rude Russians,
Of Callay-pakers, noz of Publicanes.

Noz of fantasticke feigned Flatterers,
Most meeke to gather Nettles into May,
Of Comhubies, noz of Clatterers,
That in the Church can neither sing noz say,
Though they bee cloaked vp in Clerks array,
Lyke doated Dodo's new come out of Athens,
And mumble oer a paire of mangled Patens.

Not qualified to keepe a Benefice,
But through Sir Simon's sollicitation,
I was promoted on the selfesame wyle:
Alace, through Princes supplication,
And made at Rome through false narration,
Bishop. Abbot, but no religious man,
Who me promoted I now their bones ban.

Albeit I was Legate and Cardinall,
Little I knew therein what should be done:
I vnderstood no Science spirituall,
No more than did blinde Allane of the Monke,
I dread the King that sits high aboue,
On you Princes shall make soze punishment,
Right so on vs through righteous iudgement.

On you Princes soz vndiscreet giuing,
To Ignorants such Offices to vse:
And wee soz our impoztune asking,
Which should haue done such dignittie refuse:
Our ignorance hath done the World abuse,
Throughly Cobetice of Riches and of Rent,
That euer I was a Prelate I repent,

Whinges, take yee no care to giue in cure,
Virgines profess into Religion.

Into the keeping of a common hure :

To make thinke yee not great detision,

A woman Parson of a Parishon,

Where there is two thousand soules to gupde,

That from harlots cannot her hips hyde ?

What if King David liued in these daies,

Dout of Heauen what if hee looked downe ?

The which did sound so manie faire Abbayes,

Seing the great abomination,

In manie Abbayes of this Nation,

Hee would repent that narrowed so his bounds,

Of pearellie Kent threescore of thousand pounds.

Wherefoze I counselle euerie Christian King,
Within this Realme making Reformation,

And suffer no more Rebalds so; to reigne,

Aboue Christ's true Congregation :

Saying thereof, I make narration,

That the Princes and Prelates all at ones,

Shall buried bee in Hell soule, blood, and bones.

That euer I kepted Benefice, soze I rue,

O; to such hight so proudlie did pretend :

I must depart : Therefore my friends adue,

Where euer it pleaseth God now must I wend,

I pray the to my friends mee recommend,

And saile ye not at length to put in Myrte,

My Tragedie, as I haue done endyte.

The deplo ration of the death of Queene
MAGDALENE.

D Cruell Death, too great is thy puissance,
Deuourer of all earthlie living things.
Adam, we may blame thee of this mischance,
In thy default this cruell Tyrant reignes,
And spareth neither Emperours nor Kings,
And now, alace, hath rest out of this Land,
The flowre of France, and comfort of Scotland.

Father Adam, alace, that thou abusedst,
Thy free-will, being disobedient,
Thou choosedst Death, and lasting lyfe refusedst,
Thy succession, alace, that may repent,
That thou hast made Mankynde so impotent,
That it may make to Death no resistance,
Example of our Queene, the flowre of France.

O dreadfull Dragon, with thy dolefull dart,
Which didst not spare of feminine the flowre,
But cruellie did pierce her through the heart,
And wouldst not giue her respect for an houre,
To remaine with her Prince, and Paramour,
That she at leasure might haue tane licence:
Scotland on thee may cry, a loude vengeance.

Thou let Methusalem liue nine hundred yere,
Threescore, and nine: But in thy furious rage,
Thou didst deuoure this young Princesse but yere
Ere she was compleete seventeene yeres of age.
Grædie gozmand, why didst thou not asswage,
Thy furious rage contrare that lustie Queene,
Till wee some fruit had of her bodie seene?

O Dame Nature, thou didst no diligence,
Contrare this thiefe, who all the world confounds,

310 The deploration of the Death
Hadst thou with naturall Larges made defence,
That Wyper had not come within her bounds,
And had beene saved from such mortall sounds,
This manie a peare; but where was thy discretion;
That let her passe, till wee had seene succession?

O Venus, with thy blind sonne Cupido,
Fye on you both, that made no resistance,
Unto your Court pou never had such two,
So leele Lovers without dissimulance,
As Iames the fifth, and Magdalene of France;
Descending both of blood imperiall,
To whom in loue I finde no perigall.

Foz as Leander swamme out thzough the flood,
To his faire Ladie Hero manie nights:
So did this Prince thzogh bullering streams woad,
With Carles, Barons, Squyers, & with Knights,
Contrare Neptune and Eole, and their mights,
And left this Realme into great desperance,
To seeke his Loue, the first daughter of France.

And shee lyke prudent Queene Penelope,
Right constantlie wold change him foz none other,
And foz his pleasure left her owne Countrie,
Without regard to father, or to mother,
Taking no care of sister no; of brother,
But shortly toke her leaue and left them all,
Foz loue of him to whom loue made her th;all.

O Dame Fortune, where was thy great cōsozt,
To her to whom thou wert so favourable?
Thy syding gifts made to her no suppozt,
Her high linage, no; Riches intellable;
A se thy puissance is but variable:

When her Father, the most deare Christian King,
To his deare Chylde might make no supporting.

The potent Prince, her lustie Loue, and Knight,
With his most hardie Nobles of Scotland,
Contrare that bailfull Byber had no might,
Though all the men had beene at his command,
Of France, Flanders, Italie, and England,
With fiftie thousand millions of treasure,
Might not prolong that Ladies lyfe one houre.

¶ Parise, of all Cities principall,
Who did receine our Prince with laude and glozie,
Solemnely through Arches triumphall,
Which day beene digne to put in memozie:
For as Pompey after his victorie,
Was into Rome receiued with great ioy,
So thou recei'd our right redoubted Roy.

But at his Marriage made vpon the mozne,
Such solace and solemnization,
Was neber seene before since Christ was bozne,
Nor to Scotland such consolation:
There sealed was the Confirmation,
Of the well kepted ancient alliance,
Made betweene Scotland and the Realme of France.

I neber did see a day more glorious,
So manie in so rich abilllements,
Of silke, and golde, with stones precious,
Such banquetting, such sound of Instruments,
With song, and dance, and Partiall toznaments:
But lyke a storme after a pleasant morrow,
Soone was our solace changed into sorrow.

O traytoꝝ Death, whom none may contramand,
 Thou mightst haue seene the preparation,
 Made by the thzee Estates of Scotland,
 With great comfozt and consolation,
 In euerie Citie, Castle, Towꝛe, and Towne,
 And how each Noble set his whole intent,
 To bee excellent in abillement.

Thiese, sawest thou not the great preparations,
 Of Edinburgh, that famous noble Towne?
 Thou sawest the people labouring foꝛ their lyues,
 To make triumph with Trumpe and Clarion,
 Such pleasure was never seene in this Region,
 As should haue bene the day of her entresse,
 With great Proppnes given vnto her Grace.

Thou sawest making right costlie scaffolding,
 Depainted well with Gold and Azure fyne,
 Readie prepared foꝛ the bp-setting,
 With fountaines flowing water cleare and wine:
 Disguysed folkes, lyke Creatures diuine,
 On each Scaffolde, to play a sundrie Storie:
 But all in weeping turned thou their Glorie.

Thou sawest full manie fresh Galland,
 Well ordꝛed, foꝛ receiuing of their Queene:
 Each Craftg-man with his bent bow in his hand,
 Right gallantlie in short cloathing of greene,
 The honest Burgesse clad thou shouldst haue seene,
 Some in scarlet, and some in cloath of graine,
 Foꝛ to haue met their Ladie Soberaigne.

Probest, Ballies, and Loꝛds of the Towne,
 The Senatours in order subsequent,
 Glad into Silke of purpure blacke, and browne:

Then the great Lords of the Parliament,
With manie Knightlie Baron and Baront,
In silke and gold, in colours comfoztable,
But thou, alace, all turnedst into sable,

Then all the Lords of Religion,
And Princes of the Priests venerable,
Full pleasantlie in their procession,
With all the cunning Clerkes honourable.
But thesteouslie, thou tyrant treasonable,
All their great solace and solemnities,
Thou turnedst into dolefull Dirigies.

Then next in order passing through the Towne,
Thou shouldst haue heard y noyse of Instruments,
Of Taberne, Trumpet, Shalme, and Clarion,
With reerd resounding through the Elements:
The Heraulds with their awfull vestiments,
With Bases vpon eyther of their hands,
To rule the p[re]asse with burnisht silver wands.

Then last of all, in order triumphall,
That most illustre Princesse honourable:
With her the lustie Ladies of Scotland,
Which would haue beene a sight most delectable.
Her rayment to rehearse I am not able,
Of gold, and pearle, and precious stones bright,
Twinkling lyke Starres into frostie night.

Under a Pale of gold shee should haue pass,
By Burgeses bozne, cloathed in silkes fyne,
The great master of house-holde at the last,
With him in order all the Kings traine,
Whose ordinance were longsome to desyne,
On this manner shee passing through the Towne,
Should haue receiued manie bennison.

The deplo ration of the death
 Of Virgines, and of lustie Burgesse Wives,
 Which should haue bene a sight Celestiall,
 Vive la Royne, crying for their liues,
 With an harmonious sound Angelicall,
 In euerie Corner mirths muscally,
 But thou Tyrant, in whom is found no grace,
 Our Alleluia hath turned in a lace.

Thou shouldst haue heard the Dynate Dynatours,
 Making her highnesse salutation,
 Both of the Clergie, Towne, and Counsellours,
 With manie notable Narration,
 Thou shouldst haue seene her Coronation,
 In the faire Abbay of the holie Rude,
 In presence of a mirthfull multitude.

Such banquetting, such awfull tozament,
 On horse & foot, that tyme which should haue bene,
 Such Chappell Ropall, with such instruments,
 And craftie Musicke singing from the spleene,
 In this Countrey was neber heard nor seene,
 But all this great solemnitie and game,
 Thou turned hast in Requiem eternam.

Unconstant World, thy Friendship I defy,
 Since strength, nor wisdom, riches, and honour,
 Vertue, nor beautie, none may certifie,
 Within thy bounds for to remaine one houre:
 What availes to bee King or Emperour,
 Since Princelie puissance may not bee excremed
 From Death: whose dolour cannot be expreemed.

Since man on Earth hath no place permanent,
 But all must passe by that horrible port;
 Let vs pray to the Lord Omnipotent,

That dolefull day to bee our great comfort,
 That in this Realme with Him wee may resort,
 Which from the Hell with his blood ransome hee,
 With Magdalene, sometyme of Scotland Queene.

O Death, though thou the bodie may deuoure
 Of euerie man, yet hast thou not puissance
 Of their vertue, so to consume the gloze,
 As shall bee seene of Magdalene of France.
 Sometime our Queene, whom Poets shall advance,
 And put her in imperiall memorie,
 So shall her fame of thee haue victorie.

Though thou hast kild y^e heauenlie flour of France,
 Which impied was into the Chistle keene,
 Wherein all Scotland saw their whole pleasure,
 And made the Lyon rejoyced from the spleene:
 Though not bee pulled from the leaues greene,
 The smell of it shall in despite of thee,
 Keepe aye two Realmes in peace and amitie.

Sir David Lindeſay his Answer, to the King's Flyting.

Redoubted Roy, your ragment I haue red,
 Which doth perturb my dull intendment,
 From your flyting, wold God y^e I were freed:
 Or else some Tyggers tongue were to mee lent:
 Sir, pardon mee though I bee impatient,
 Which am so with your prunyeing pen detracted,
 And rude report from Venus Court defected,

Lustie Ladies, that on your Libell looke,
 My companie doe holde abhominable:
 Commanding mee beare companie to Cookes:
 As if I like a Deuill they holde mee detestable:

They banish mee, saying, I am not able,
Them to compleasse or pzease to their pzeasence,
Upon your pen I cry a loude vengeance.

Where I a Poet, I should pzease with my pen,
To wake mee on your venemous wytyng
But I must doe as Dog both in his den,
Fold both my feete, or sit farre from your sytyng.
The miekle Debill may not endure your dytyng:
Wherefoze Cor mundam crea in me, I cry,
Proclaiming you the Prince of Poetrie,

Sir, with my Prince pertaines mee not to pley,
But since your Grace hath given me such comānd,
To make answer, I must it needs obey,
Though yee bee strong, now lyke an Elephant,
And into Venus woorks most vallant,
The day will come, and that within few yeares,
That you will draw at leasure with your seares.

What can you say further, but I am sapled,
In Venus woorks? I grant, Sir, that is true:
The tyme hath beene I was better artailed,
Than I am now, but yet full soze I rue,
That eber I did mouth-thanklesse so persue:
Wherefoze take heede, and your fine powder spare,
And waste it not, but if you know well where.

Though you run rudellie, lyke a restless Ram,
Shooting your bolt at manie synndrie shels,
Belieue right well it is a byding game:
Wherefoze beware with doubling of the bells,
For manie one doe haste their owne soule knells,
And speciallie when that the Well goes dry,
Then cannot get agains such stufte to buy.

I giue your Counsell to the fiend of Hell,
 That would not of a Princesse you proude,
 Suffering you run shooting from shell to shell,
 Wasting your Corps, letting the tyme over-flyde,
 For lyke a boisterous Bull you run and ryde,
 Riotouslie lyke a rude Rabiatoz,
 My sucking lyke a furious Fornicatoz.

On Ladrons for to lounge yee will not lat,
 How euer the Carribalds cry the cozinogh:
 Remember how beside the Mashing-fat,
 You cast a Queane overthwart a stinking trogh,
 That stens with sulling, or her roasted hogh,
 Cast downe þæt fat, wherthogh drink, drasse & iugs,
 Came rudelie running downe about your lugs.

Would God, the Ladie that loues you best,
 Had seene you there lye swatterring like two swine.
 But to endyte how that duddon you dyest,
 Drowped wð dregs whimpzing wð manie whyrne.
 That Processe to report it were a pene,
 On your behalfe I thanke God tymes ten score,
 That you preserued from gut & fram Grandgoze.

Now, Sir, farewell, because I cannot flyte:
 And though I could, I were not to aduance,
 Against your oryate Meeter to endyte:
 But yet beware, with labouring of your Lance,
 Some sayes, there comes a Buckler out of France,
 Which shall endure your Dints, though they be doure.
 Farewell, of flowing Rhetoricke the Flowze.

Quod *LINDESAY* in his dyting,
 Against the King's flyting.

The Complaint of the King's olde Hound, called
Bashe: directed to Bawtie, the King's best
beloved Dog, and his Companions. Made
at command of King IAMES the fifth by
Sir DAVID LINDESAY. 1567.

Alace, to whom should I complaine,
In myne extreame necessitie?
O, to whom to should I make my moone,

In Court no Dog will doe for mee,
Beseeching some for Charitie,

To beare my supplication,
To Scudlar, Lufra, and Bawtie,

How ere the King passe off the Towne,
I haue followed the Court so long,

While in good faith I may no mair,
The Countrey knowes I may not gang,

I am so crooked, olde and saire,
That I know not where to repaire:

For when I had authoritie,
I thought mee so familiar,

I neuer dread necessitie.
I rue the race that Georgie Steele,

Brought Bawtie to the King's presence:
I pray God let him neuer doe well,

Since then I got none audience,
For Bawtie now gets such credence,

That hee lyes on the Kings night gollene,
Where I perforce for myne offence,

Must in the Close lye like a lowne,
For I haue bene ay to this houre,

A twittler of Lambe and Hog,
A Tyrant and a Cuiperour,

A murderer of manie a Dog,
Ayne fowles I chaste out through a Scrog:

Wherefore their Mothers did mee warke,
 For they were all drowned in a Bog:
 Spere at Iohn Gordon of Pictarie.
 Which in his house did bring mee by,
 And vsed mee to kill the Deers:
 Sweete milke and meale hee made mee sup,
 What trade I learned some perquiers,
 All other vertues can arriere:
 When I began to barke and flyte,
 For there was neyther Monke nor Friere,
 Nor Wyfe, nor Chylde, but I would byte.
 When to the King the case was knowne,
 Of myne unhappie hardinesse,
 And all the sooth vnto him showane,
 How euerie Dog I did oppresse:
 Then gaue his Grace command expresse,
 I should bee brought to his presence,
 Notwithstanding my wickednesse,
 In Court I got great audience.
 I shewed my great ingratitude,
 To the Captaine of Badyeno,
 Which in house did finde mee fed,
 Two yeares with other Hounds mee:
 But when I saw that it was so,
 That I grew high into the Court,
 For his reward I wrought him woe,
 And cruellie I did him hurt,
 So they that gaue mee to the King,
 I was their mortall enemy:
 I toke cure of no kind of thing,
 But please the King his Passie.
 But when hee knew my crueltie,
 My falsst and my plains oppression,

Hee gave command, that I should bee
 Hanged without confession.
 And yet because that I was old,
 His Grace thought pittie for to hang mee,
 But let mee wander where I wold.
 Then set my foes for to hang mee,
 And euerie Butcher dogge downe hang mee:
 When I trowed best to be a Laird,
 Then in the Court each might did wrong mee,
 And this I got for my reward,
 I had worried blakke Mackelson,
 Where not the Rebel came and red,
 But hee was fleemed off the Towne,
 When once the King saw how I bled:
 Hee cause lay mee vpon a bed,
 For with a knife I was mischiev'd.
 This Mackelson for feare hee fled,
 A long tyme ere hee was reliev'd.
 And Patrickke Stirling in Argyle,
 I bare him backward to the ground,
 And had him slaine within a whyle,
 Where not the helping of an wound:
 Yet got hee manie bloodie wound,
 As yet his skin will shew the marks:
 Finde mee a Dogge where euer yee sound,
 Hath made so manie bloodie sarkis.
 God brother Lance-man, Linde sayes Dog,
 Which euer hath kept the lawtie,
 And never worried Lambe nor Hog,
 Pray Lufra, Scudler, and Bayrie,
 Of mee [Bash] to haue pittie,
 And prouyde mee a portion
 In Dumfermeling, where I may drie

Pennance for myne extortion.

Get by their solistation,
A letter from the King's Grace,
That I may haue collation,
With fire and candle in the place;
But I will lye short tyme, alace:
Lacke I good fresh flesh for my gammes,
Betweene Aſhweſnesday and Paſche,
I muſt haue leane to wirrie Lambes.

Bawrie, conſider well this Bill,
And reade this Cedull that I ſend you:
And euerie poynt thereof fulfill,
And now in tyme, of miſſe amend you.
I pray you that you not pretend you,
To climbe too high, nor doe no wrong:
But from your foes with right defend you,
And take example how I gang.

I was, that no man durſt come neare mee,
Nor put mee ſorth of my lodging:
No Dog durſt from my dinner ſkar mee,
When I was tender with the King.
Now euerie Tplie doeth mee downe thying,
The which beſore by mee were wronged,
And ſweares, I ſerne none other thying,
But in an Walter to bee hanged.

Though yee bee homeliſh with the King,
Yee Scudlar, Luſra, and Bawrie,
Beware that yee doe not downe thying,
Your neighbours through authoritie:
And your example make by mee,
And beliene well yee are but Dogs,
Though yee ſtand in the higheſt gre,

See yee byte neyther Lambes nor Hogges.

Though yee haue now great audience,
See that by you none bee oppressed,
Yee will bee punisht for your offence,
When once the King bee well confest,
There is no Dog that hath transgressed
Through Crueltie, if hee may tang him,
His Majestie will take no rest,
Till on a Gallows hee cause hang him.

I was once as farre ben as yee are,
And had in Court such audience,
And aye pretended to bee higher:
But when the King's Excellence,
Did know my falsset and offence,
And my proudfull presumption,
I got none other recompence,
But hoyde and hunted out of the Towne.

Was never so unkinde a Coze,
As when I had authoritie:
Of my friends I toke no force,
The which befoze had done for mee.
This proverbe is of veritie,
Which I heard reade into a letter,
Highest in Court, next to the Middle,
Except hee guyde him all the better.

I tooke no more thought of a Lord,
Than I did of a kitching hname:
Thongheverie day I made discozd,
I was set vp above the lane:
The gentle Hound was to mee flane,
And with the King's owne fingers fed,
The little Katches would I reave,
Thus for myne ill deedes I was dzed.

there-

Therefore Bawtie, looke best about,
 When thou art highest with the King:
 For then thou stands in greatest doubt,
 Bee thou not good in governing,
 But no pooze tyke from his feeding,
 Noz pet no illie Katches reane,
 Wee sits aboue that sees all thing,
 And of a Knight can make a knave.

When I came stepping ben the flooze,
 All Katches great roome to mee red:
 I of no Creature tooke care,
 But lay vpon the Kings bed,
 With cloath of gold though it were spied,
 For feare each freeke would stand on fatts,
 With euerie Dog I was so dread,
 They trembled when they heard mee natts.

Good brother Bawtie, heare thee eent,
 Though with thy Prince thou bee potent,
 It cryes a vengeance from the Heauen,
 For to oppresse an innocent:
 In wealth bee then most diligent,
 And doe no wrong to Dog, noz Witch,
 As I haue, which I now repent,
 No Hellane reate to make thee rich.

Noz for augmenting of thy bounds,
 Aske no reward, fir, at the King,
 Which may doe hurt to other Hounds,
 Expresse against GODS bidding,
 Chase no pooze Tyke from his midding,
 Though cast of Court, oz Kings request,
 And of thy selfe presume nothing,
 Except thou bee a byntall bea.

Trust well, there is no Oppressour,
 No butcher dog, drawer of blood,
 A Tyrant, no: a Transgressor,
 That shall now of the King get good,
 From tyme forth that his Celitude,
 Doeth clearlie know the veritie,
 But hee is sleemde, so: to conclude,
 D; hanged high vpon a tree.

Though yee bee coupled altogether,
 With like and sowles of silver tyne,
 A Dog may come out of Balwhidder,
 And make you leade a lower tyne:
 Then shall your pleasure turne in pynne,
 When a strange hunter blowes his hoerne,
 And all your credence make you tynne,
 Then shall your labour bee sozelozne.

I say no moze, good friends adue,
 I dread wee neber meete agayne:
 That eber I knew the Court, I rue,
 Was neher Wight so will of wane.
 Let no Dog now serue our Soberaigne,
 Except hee bee of good condition:
 Bee hee perberst, I tell you plaine,
 Hee hath neede of a good remission.

That I am on this wyse mischiebed,
 The Carle of Hurtle I may warie:
 Hee weende that I had beene relieved,
 When to the Court hee cause me carrie.
 Would God I were now in Pirurie,
 Because I haue beene so evill deedie.
 Adue, I dare no longer tarrie:
 I dread I waue into a Whodir.

Sir David Lindeſay his Supplication to the King, in
contempt of ſide Tayles, and muzzled Faces.

Sir, though your Grace hath put great order,
Both in the Highland, and the Border,
Yet I make Supplication,
To haue ſome Reſormation,
Of a ſmall Fault, which is not Treason,
Though it bee contrarie to Reaſon,
Because the matter beene ſo vyle,
It map not haue an ornate Style:
Wherefore I pray your Excellence,
To heare mee with great patience:
Of ſinking Sleeues maculate,
No man map weare a Koſe-chaplate.
Soveraigne, I meane of theſe ſide Tayles,
Which through the Duſt and Dubſtrailes,
Three quarters long behinde their Heeles,
Exprefſe againſt all Common-weales.
Though Biſhops, in their Pontificalles,
Haue Men ſo; to beare vp their Tayles,
For dignitie of their Office:
Right ſo a Queene, or an Emperice,
Albeit they uſe ſuch gravitie,
Confirming to their Maieſties:
Though their Robe Royalls be vpborne,
I thinke it be a verie ſcozne,
That euerie Ladie of the Land,
Should haue her Tayle ſo ſide trailand,
Albeit they bee of high eſtate,
The Queene thep may not counterfaite:
Where euer thep goe if may bee ſeene,
How Churche and Calſay thep ſweepe cleane

The Images into the Airke,
 May thinke of their Awe Tayles great irke,
 For when the weather beene most faire,
 The dust flies highest in the Aire:
 And all their faces with begarie,
 If they could speake, they would them warie;
 To see, I thinke a pleasant sight,
 Of Italie the Ladies bright,
 In their cloathing most triumphant,
 Aboue all other Christen Land:
 Yet when they travell through the townes,
 Men see their feete beneath their gownes,
 Foure inches aboue their proper heeles,
 Circulate round about as wheelles,
 Wherethrough there doth no powder passe,
 Their faire white limbes to supprise:
 But I thinke most abusion,
 To see men of Religion,
 To beare their Tayles through the streetes,
 That folke may behold their feete,
 I trow, Sainct Bernard, no, Sainct Blase,
 Can be never man beare by their clais,
 Peter, no, Paul, no, Sainct Andrew,
 Can be never beare by their Tayles, I trow,
 But I laugh best to see a Nun,
 Cause beare her Tayle aboue her bun,
 For nothing else, as I suppose,
 But for to shew her lillie white hose:
 In all their rules they will not finde,
 Who shoulde beare by their Tayles behinde,
 But I haue most into despyte,
 More Claggocks clad in Raploch white,
 Which haue scarce two inches for their feete,

Will haue two ells beneath their knees:
 Kittocks that clecked was yestrene,
 The mozne will counterfalte the Queens:
 A mozeland Meg that milkes the mowes,
 Clagged with Clay about the howes,
 In barne, nor byre, shee will not hyde,
 Except her kittle taylor bee syde:
 In Burrowes wanton Burges Wyues,
 Who may haue sydest Tayles stryues,
 Well bordered with Welwet syne,
 But following them it is a pyne:
 In Summer when the streets dryes,
 They raise the dust about the Skyes:
 None may goe neare them at their ease,
 Except they cower mouth and nease,
 From the powder to keepe their sene:
 Consider if their cloaues bee cleane,
 Betweene their cleaving and their lines,
 Who would beholde their sweatie thins,
 Begarled all with dirt and dust,
 It were enough to stanch the lust,
 Of anie man that saw them naked:
 I thinke such Giglots are but glaihed,
 Without profite to haue such pryde,
 Darling their clagged Tayles so syde,
 I would the Burrows-towne bairnes had breeks,
 To keepe such mist from Makins cheekes,
 I dread rough Makine die for drowth,
 When such drye dust blowes in her mouth,
 I thinke most paine after a raine,
 To see them towded by againe.
 Then when they step out through the street,
 Their folding flappes about their feet:

Their loathlie lying forthward slyped,
 That hath the muche and middings wyped:
 They wasse moze cloath within few yeares,
 Than would cloathe fiftie scoze of friers;
 When Marion from the midding goes,
 From her mozne darge they stripes the nose;
 And all the day tohere eber they goe,
 Such liquoz theelickes by also:
 The turcums of her taile, I trow,
 Might bee a supper to a sow.
 I know a man that sware great oaths,
 How hee did lift a Kitrocks cloaths,
 And would haue done I wot not what:
 But soone remeade of loue hee gat:
 Hee thought no shame to make it witten;
 How her side taile was all bechitten;
 Of filth such stowe strake to his heart,
 That hee behowded for to depart.
 (Said shee) good sir, mee thinke you rue.
 (Said hee) your taile casts such a stue,
 That by Sainct Bryde I cannot hyde it,
 You were not wyse that would not hyde it.

¶ Of talles I will no moze endyte:
 For dread some dubbzon mee despyte.
 Notwithstanding I will conclude,
 That of syde talles can come no good,
 Syder than may their hanchets hyde,
 The remanent proceedes of pryde.
 And pryde proceedes of the Deuill:
 Thus alwayes they procede of euill.
 Another fault, Sir, may bee seene,
 They hyde their face, all but the rene:
 When Gentle-men bid them good day,

Without reuerence they syde away :
 That none may know, I you assure,
 An honest woman, by an hure :
 Except their naked face I see,
 They get no more good dayes of mee.
 Haile a French Ladie when you please,
 Shee will discover mouth and nease :
 And with an humble countenance,
 With visage bare make reuerence :
 When our Ladies doe ryde in raine,
 Should no man haue them at disdaine :
 Though they bee covered mouth and nease,
 In that case they will none displease.
 For when they goe to quyet places,
 I them excuse to hyde their faces :
 When they would make collation,
 With anie lustie Companion :
 Though they bee hid then to the wene,
 Pee may consider what I meane.
 But in the Church and market places,
 I thinke they should not hyde their faces.
 Except these faults bee sure amended,
 My sytting, Sir, shall never bee ended.
 But would your Grace my counsell take,
 A proclamation you should make,
 Both in the Wand and Burrows towne,
 To show their face, and cut their gownes.
 None should from them excoed bee,
 Except the Queenes Masellie.
 Because this matter is not faire,
 Of Rhetorick it must bee bare.
 Women will say this is no boutte,
 To wyte such vyle and filthy wote :

But would they cleanse their filthy Tayles,
Which ober the myzes and midding trailes,
Then should my wytyng cleansed be,
None other mends they get of me:
The truneth should not bee holden close,
Veritas non querit angulos.

I know god women that beens wyse,
This rualle tyme will not dyspryse;
None will me blame, I you assure,
Except a wanton glorious hure,
Whose sytting I feare not a flie:
Farewell, yes got no more of me,

Quod Lindeley, in contempt of s^{ch} Tayles,
That buddens and byntibours through the bybs trailes.

~~XX~~
Kitties Confession, compyled by the same Author,

The Curate, and Kittie.

The Curate Kittie could confesse:
And thes tolde on, both moze and lesse.

When shee was talking as shee wist,

The Curate Kittie would haue kist:

But pet a countenance hee bare,

Digess, debate, dane, and demure,

And then began her to exame,

He was best at the after Game.

Said hee, Haue you anie wryngons Deare?

Said shee, I stole a pecke of Beare.

Said hee, That should restored be:

Therfore delpher it to me.

Tibbie and Peter haue mes speare,

By my Conscience, they shall it heare.

Said hee, Wtne you in leacherie?

Said shee, Will Leno molped me,

Said

Said hee, His Wapfe that shall I tell,
 To make my quaintance with her sell.
 Said hee, Know you no Heresse?
 I know not what that is, said shee.
 Said hee, Heard you no English Wokes?
 Said shee, My Master on them lokes.
 Said hee, The Bishop shall that know:
 For I am sworne that soz to know.
 Said hee, What said hee of the King?
 Said shee, Of god hee spake nothing.
 Said hee, his Grace of that shall wit,
 And hee shall lose his life soz it.
 When shee in mynde did moze rebolue,
 Said hee, I cannot you absolue:
 But to my Chamber come at Even,
 Absolued soz to hee, and shriben,
 Said shee, I will passe to another,
 And I met with Sir Andrew my brother,
 And hee full cleanlie did mee shryue:
 But hee was somewhat talkatiue,
 Hee asked manie a strange case,
 How that my loue did mee embrace,
 What day, how oft, what sozt, and where.
 Said hee, I would I had beene there.
 Hee mee absolued soz a plackie,
 Though hee with mee no pryce would make,
 And mickle Latine hee did mumble,
 I heard nothing but humble bumble:
 Hee shewde mee not of God's word,
 Which sharper is than anye sword,
 And deepe into our heart doeth print
 Our sinne, wherethrough wee doe repent,
 Hee put mee nothing into feare,

Wherethrough I should my sinne sozbeare:
 Hee shoudeme not the malediction
 Of GOD, soz sinne, noz the affliction,
 And in this lyfe the great mischiese,
 Ordained to punish here and thiese:
 Hee shoudeme not the Helles paine,
 That I might feare, and by ce restraine:
 Hee counselede mee not to abstaine,
 And leade an holie lyfe and cleane:
 Of CHRISTES blood nothing hee knew,
 Noz of His p^romises full true,
 That sabeth all that well beliene,
 That Dathan shall be neuer grieve.
 Hee teached mee not soz to traile,
 The comfort of the holie Chaile:
 Hee bade mee not to CHRYST be kynde,
 To kepe his Law with heart and mynde,
 And loue and thanke his great metcie,
 From sinne and Hell that saved mee,
 And loue my nieghbort as my self,
 Of this nothing hee could mee tell,
 But gaue mee pennance euerie day,
 An Ave Maria soz to say,
 And Frydayes fise no Rish to eate,
 But Butter and Egges is better meate,
 And with a placke to buy a Melle,
 From drunken Sir Iohn Latin-lesse.
 Saide hee, A placke I will raufe Sandie,
 Fine thee againe at handle dandle:
 Then into Pilgrimage to passe,
 The verie way to wantonnesse:
 Of all this periance I was glad,
 I had them all perqueare, I said,

To mow and steale I know the pypce,
I shall it set on cinque and sylle.

But hee my counsell could not keepe,

Hee made him by the fire to sleepe,

Then cryed, Collers, Bease, and Coales,

Hose, and Shooes with double Soales,

Cakes, and Candle, Greese, and Salt,

Coynes of Peale, and handfulls of spalt,

Wollen, and Linnen, Warpe, and Woll,

Dame, keepe the keyes of your Woll-lost.

Though drinke and sleepe made him to rouse,

And so with vs they play the knaue.

Friers sweare by their pprofession,

None can bee safe without this Confession,

And make all men to vnderstand,

That it is GOD'S owne Command:

Yet it is nothing but man's dreame,

The people to confound and shame:

It is not else but mens law,

Made mens minds so, to know:

Wherethrough they syle them as they will,

And make their lawes confirme theretill,

Sitting in mens conscience,

Above GOD'S Magnificence,

And doe the people teach and tyse,

To serue the Pope and Antichrist.

To the great GOD Omnipotent,

Confesse thy sinne, and thee repent:

And trust in **CHRIST**, as wryteth Paul,

Which shed his blood to saue thy saull:

For none can thee absolve but hee,

For take away thy sinne from thee.

If of good counsell thou hast neede,

O hast not learned well thy Creed:
 O wicked vices raigne in thee,
 The which thou canst not moztifie:
 O bee in desperation,
 And wouldest haue consolation,
 Then to a Preacher true thou passe,
 And shew thy sinne, and thy trespassse:
 Thou needst not to shew him all,
 For tell thy sinne both great and small,
 Which is impossible to bee,
 But shew the vice that troubles thee,
 And hee shall of thy soule haue ruth,
 And thee instruct into the trueth,
 And with the word of veritie,
 Shall comfort and shall counsell thee,
 The Sacraments shew thee at length,
 Thy little faith to strong and strength:
 And how thou shouldest them rightlie vse,
 And all hypocrisie refuse:
 Confession first was ordainde firs,
 In this sort in the Church to bee,
 So to confesse, as I describe;
 Was in the good Church primitive:
 So was confesion ordainde first,
 Though Codrus Rype shall cleane and birke.

The iusting betweene *James Watson*, and *Iohn*
Barbour, in the presence of King *James the first*.

In Saint-Andrewes on Whitson-munday,
 Two Champions their manhood to assay,
 Past to the Barrate charmed head and hands,
 Was neuer seene such iusting in no lands,
 In presence of the King's Grace and Quene;

Where manie a lustie Ladie might bee seene,
Was a Knight, Baron, and Barent,
Came so; to see that awfull tozament.
The one of them was gentle James Watson,
And Iohn Barbour that gentle Champion,
Unto the King they were familiars,
And of his Chamber both Cubiculars.
James was a Man of great intelligence,
A Mediciner full of experience,
And Iohn Barbour hee was a noble Leech,
Cruel Carlings hee would cause them get speech.
When once they entred were into the field,
Full womanlie they wielded speare and shield,
And wightlie waded in the wind their heeles,
Hobling lyke Cadgers ryding on their Cresles:
But either ran at other with such haste,
That they could never their speare get in the raste.
When gentle James trow'd best with Iohn to meete,
His speare did fall amongst his horses feet.
I am right sure good James had benee vndone,
Were not that Iohn his markes took by the spone.
Said Iohn, Albeit thou thinkest my legs lyke rocks,
My speare is good, now keepe thee from my knocks.
Carrie a while, said James, For by my chaunce,
The fiend a thing I can see but the life.
No more can I, said Iohn, By GOD'S bryde,
I see nothing except the Steeple head:
Yet though my byans bee lyke two barrow trawes,
Defende thee, man. When ran they to lyke Rams,
At that rude rinke James had benee stricken down,
Were not that Iohn so; fiercenelle fell in towne.
And right so James to Iohn had done great deare,
Were not amongst his horse feete broke his speare.

Sayde launces to Iohn, Yet for our Ladies sake,
 Let vs together stryke three Marcket stokes.
 I holde, sayde Iohn, that shall on thee bee wroken:
 But ere he spurr'd his Horse, his spear was broken.
 Fro time w' speares none can their marrow meet,
 James drew a sword with a right awfull spite,
 And ran to Iohn, and would raught him a rout:
 Iohn's sword was cousted, & wold no way come out.
 Then James let dyue at Iohn with both his fists,
 Wee mist the man, and bang upon the lists:
 And w' that stroake he strowd that Iohn was slain.
 His sword sticke fast, and got it never againe.
 W' this good Iohn had gotten out his sword,
 And ran to James with manie awfull word:
 W' furionsnesse, forsooth, now shalt thou finde,
 Striking at James, his sword flew in the wind.
 Then gentle James began to cracke great words,
 Alace (sayde hee) this day, for lacke of sword.
 Then otherran at other with new blades,
 With blowes of plate they beat at others faces.
 Who won the felde, no Creature could name,
 Till at the last Iohn cryed, Red, for shame.
 Red, red, sayde James, for it is my desire:
 It is an houre since I began to fyre.
 So by they had ended that royall iustle,
 Into the felde might no man stand so stikle.
 When euerie man that stode on farrs, cryed, Aye,
 Howing adue, for dirt parts companie.
 Their Horse, harnessse, and all thing was so good,
 Lying to God, that day was shed no blood.

Finis, quod LINDSAY, at command
 of King James the fifth.

[illegible]